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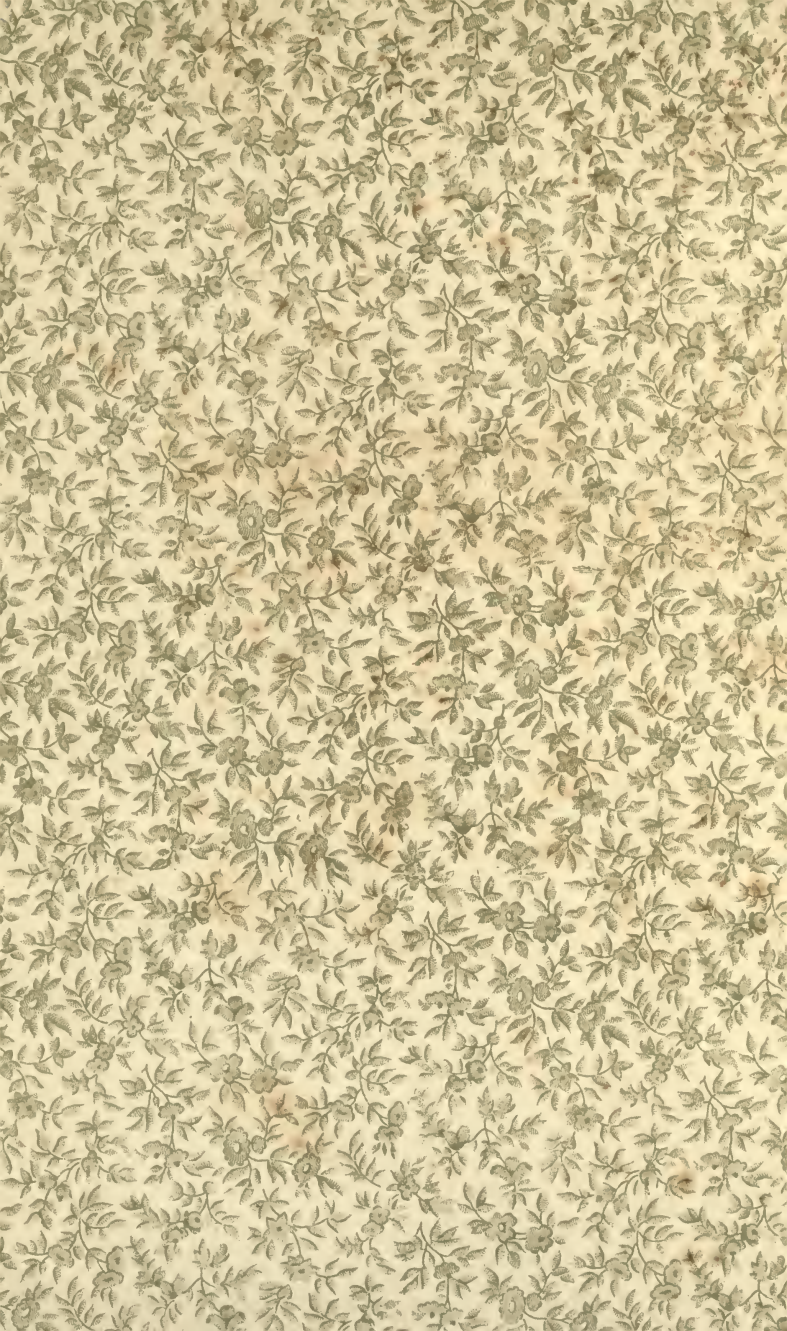
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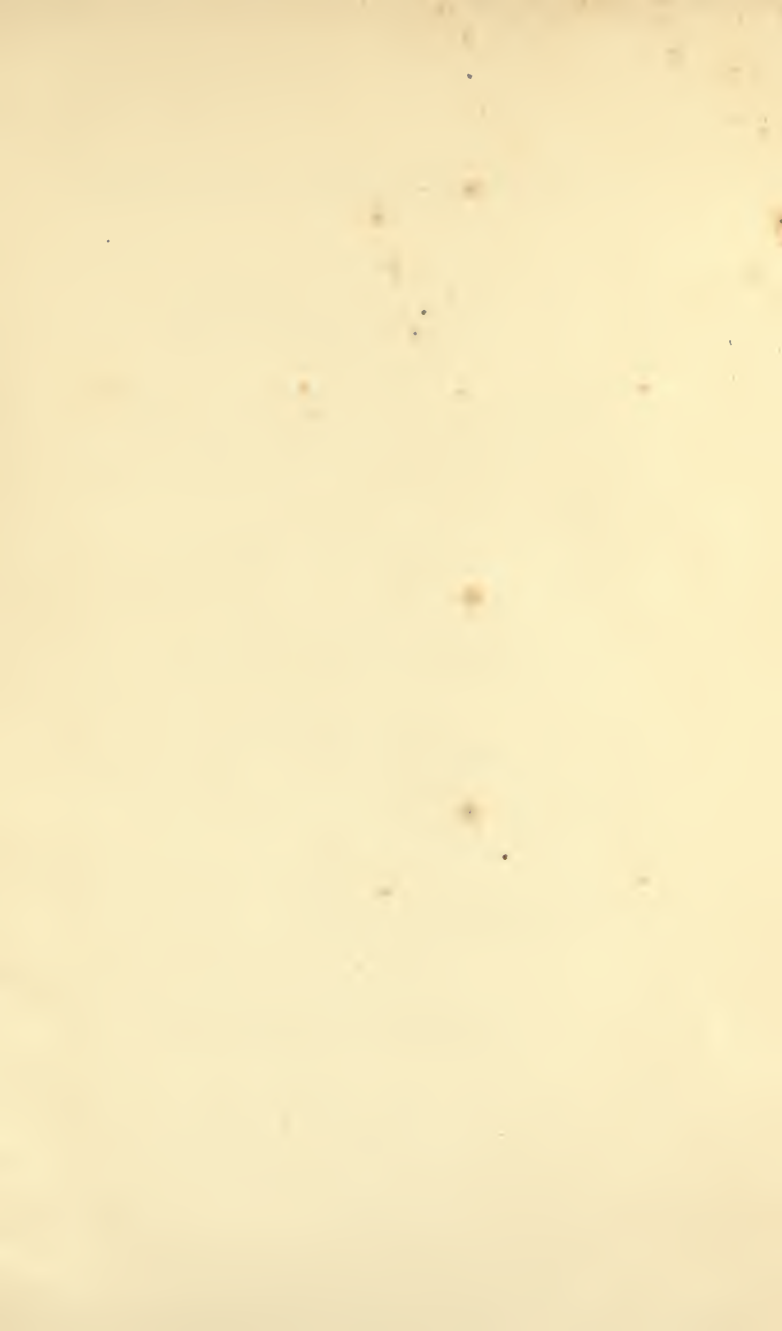
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# THROUGH UNKNOWN WAYS

OR

*THE JOURNAL-BOOKS OF*

MRS. DORATHEA STUDLEY

BY

LUCY ELLEN GUERNSEY

AUTHOR OF "LADY BETTY'S GOVERNESS," "OLDHAM,"  
"THE FOSTER-SISTERS," ETC.

NEW YORK  
THOMAS WHITTAKER  
2 AND 3 BIBLE HOUSE  
1888

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THE FIRST BOOK.







## MRS. STUDLEY'S DIARY.

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### BOOK I.

*December 10, 1684.*

**P**ERHAPS I may as well begin this book by telling how I came to write it at all. Lady Corbet, my mistress (I suppose I ought to say mine *honored* mistress, but I sha'n't: I am going to have the comfort of speaking my mind in these pages, if nowhere else). But to begin again, in a more orderly fashion. Lady Corbet, with whom I am living as waiting-gentlewoman, companion, and general butt for ill-humors, — there I go again, — well, Lady Corbet took it in her head to give me the use of this cabinet. She was making a tour of inspection of the whole house to which we have just removed, and had been put into a better humor than was usual with her so early in the day by finding in this very cabinet a purse with three gold pieces and some silver, left here I suppose by Sir Charles's first wife, — poor, pretty Lady Jemima, whose portrait by Lely hangs in the great parlor. My lady

clutched the purse as a dog snaps at a bone, and dropped it into her pocket. Then she took up a knot or favor of rose-colored ribbon spangled with silver which lay beside it, still fresh and pretty, and smelling of roses like every thing else in the cabinet.

“See there, child!” said she, turning to me. “The poor bedizened thing had to leave all her finery and fallals behind her when she went to the grave. There is a lesson for you.”

“And her money also, madam,” said Mrs. Williams, her woman, who had followed us with a light cloak which she laid about Lady Corbet’s shoulders. Mrs. Williams is not afraid of my lady, as I am; but then, she can leave when she pleases.

“What do you mean, Williams?” asked my lady. “Of course I know that. We must leave every thing behind us when we die. You have heard me say that a thousand times.”

“Not quite every thing,” said Mrs. Williams. “I think, my lady, this would be a good room for Mrs. Dolly. It is not near enough for her to disturb you, and yet she can hear when you whistle.”

My heart jumped at this proposal; but, knowing my lady, I was careful not to show any pleasure: on the contrary, when Mrs. Williams appealed to me, I answered, “It would do well enough, I supposed.”

“Well enough! Yes, I think it will do well enough and too well for a chit like you, since it has

served an earl's daughter in its time," said my lady tartly. "You shall have this room, and no other, do you hear? and you can have this cabinet to keep your finery in."

"Yes, I have so much finery!" I could not help saying.

"Oh, you are not so badly off as all that!" answered my lady. "One would think you had not clothes to your back!"

"Mrs. Dolly will need some new gowns, my lady," said Mrs. Williams. "I had better buy her a camlet for Sundays, and some stuff for every day."

"Nonsense! You can make over my gray camlet for her, if she needs it. However, I don't mind for once. Here, child, is a guinea for you, and mind you take care of it. You were best let Williams buy your gowns, however. There, I won't go any farther to-day. Tell Jeremy to bring your mail up here, and you can be putting your things in order while I am resting, but don't disturb me with your noise, and be ready to read to me when I wake."

This conversation took place the day before yesterday, on which day my Lady Corbet removed from her own house, where she has lived ever since she became a widow, to this which was the mansion of her late husband, Sir Charles Corbet. She has never been here before since his death, but has lived in her own house in the city. But the land having become valuable, and this house

standing empty, she all at once made up her mind to remove. The house was already furnished, so it was no great trouble. For some reason which I don't understand, it has never been lived in since Sir Charles died, and was damp and dingy enough; but a few charwomen, under Mrs. Williams's active superintendence, soon gave it another aspect, and now it is nice and pleasant, and even my lady admits is far more sunny and healthful than her city abode.

For my part, I am glad of the change with all my heart. It *is* a change, for one thing, and I have had but little variety heretofore. Then we are at the court end of the town, not far from Whitehall, and there is a deal of coming and going of fine equipages and of well-dressed ladies and gentlemen. Best of all, I can see from mine own window a good piece of the park and of the water where the king keeps his tame fowls. They say he walks there early every morning: so, if I rise soon enough, I may chance to see him.

To return to my story. I unpacked my mail, which was no heavy task, seeing I have so few personal belongings, and then set myself to examine the cabinet. It is large and very pretty, inlaid with ivory and brass work, and having many drawers and compartments. I discovered nothing save a few old-fashioned trinkets in a private drawer, some odds and ends of ribbon and lace, and a great heap of letters and bills, very few of which were receipted. There were two or

three cupboards in the room ; and on the top shelf of one of these I deposited all the papers, meaning to look over the letters at my leisure.

In clearing out one of the compartments, I touched a spring, it seems ; for the whole panel at the back slipped aside, and disclosed a tolerably deep recess, wherein was a pile of books, neatly bound and clasped. Eagerly I pulled them out and opened them, hoping to find something in the way of entertaining reading, but they were all blank paper. In the beginning of the largest was written, in a somewhat stiff hand, this inscription : —

“ When I was wedded, my dear and honored mother gave me a set of books like to these, in order that I might keep an account of my private expenses, and also set down such matters of interest as I might wish to remember, and such pieces of devotion as should be useful to me. I have followed her counsel in this matter all my life, and have found great benefit therein. I give these books to my dear daughter Jemima, that she may follow the same practice.”

But it seems Lady Jem never did follow it to any great extent ; for the books are all blank, with the exception of a few items set down on the first page of the account book, and two or three receipts for washes and cordials in the others. I was musing over the old-fashioned, cramped handwriting, and wondering what the good old lady would have said to her daughter's gay career, — but she died, happily or unhappily, soon after Lady Jem's marriage, — when the

thought occurred to me, why should not I keep a journal, and so have some place to pour out my thoughts, which place I have not now. Mrs. Williams is kind to me always, and I believe she is truly my friend; but she never encourages me to talk about myself or my mistress. Perhaps she is right and wise; but, at any rate, that is her way. I used to make something of a confidant of Mrs. Ursula Robertson, my lady's cousin, who visits here now and then. But one day I heard her repeating to my lady some slighting remarks which Mrs. Pendergast, the minister's wife, had made about her, and that was enough for me. "A dog that will fetch a bone will carry a bone," is an old, and mayhap a somewhat vulgar, proverb, but it is a true one. I have no doubt now that she led me on to say things about my mistress which she afterward repeated to her, and thus helped to set her against me. Well, all of a sudden the thought came into my mind, "Why should not I make a friend of these books, and confide to them. They at least, will not tattle again, since I have a snug hiding-place for them." I am usually sure of two hours every day, while my lady takes her afternoon nap, and I can sometimes gain another by early rising in summer, — not at this time of year, however, for my lady keeps count of every inch of candle burned in the house.

*December, 21.*

It was late when I found my treasures yesterday, and I had little time to write; but my lady to-day

dismissed me earlier than usual, and I hastened to my retreat. I cannot enough thank Mrs. Williams for securing it to me. Where we lived before, my room was directly over my lady's, and I could not stir but she heard me; but here I might dance a reel, and she be none the wiser. But I said I would begin with the story of my life, and here it is.

I was born on Christmas Day in 1667, and ought therefore to be a very lucky child; but my luck, if I ever fulfil my destiny, is yet to come. I do not remember my father at all. He was a cousin of Sir Charles Corbet's, and died fighting the Moors at Bombain,<sup>1</sup> — that barren piece of the queen's dowry, which is like to cost a good deal more than it will ever come to. (I believe, after all, they were Indians and not Moors, and that the Moors live at Tangier: but it does not greatly matter.) My mother being left a widow, with but small means, — for she never had even my father's back pay, much less the pension which was promised her, — bethought herself of turning her very good education to account by opening a school for young ladies at Hackney, where we then lived; and an opportunity offering she went into partnership with a lady who had for a long time kept a boarding-school. Mrs. Price was her name, and she was a wealthy woman. She was getting on in years, and needed an assistant; and, knowing of my mother, she sent for her, and proposed to put

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<sup>1</sup> What we now call Bombay.

into her hands the active duties of the school, she herself remaining at the head of the establishment. My mother jumped at the chance, for it was truly a good one, better than she had any reason to expect. It gave her the opportunity of learning the ways of a good school, and at the same time of educating me, then a tall girl of five years old.

But here my dear mother made a great mistake. She put all her little capital, some hundreds of pounds, into the hands of Mrs. Price's man of business, without a scrap of acknowledgment, — not even a receipt. He was Mrs. Price's nephew, and he made great professions of piety. His aunt trusted him entirely, and my poor mother thought she could do no less. All went well enough for some years. My mother managed the school and the young ladies, and I went on with my education. I was always fond of my book, and especially of my music and languages; and at fifteen I could write and read well, speak French and a little Italian, dance, and play on the lute and virginals. I had my little troubles and school scrapes, of course, and was crossed and contradicted, like other young things; but I do not believe many people have had a happier life than I enjoyed up to that time.

Then my troubles began. Mrs. Price died first. She had always said she meant to leave the school and the house to my mother, having no near kin but her nephew, who was rich already. But no will was to be found. Mr. Harpe — Harpy he



ought to have been called — took possession of every thing, even to the poor lady's clothes, and coolly told my mother he did not mean to continue the school, and so should have no occasion for her services; and, when she demanded the return of the three hundred pounds she had put into his hands, he had the audacity to deny the whole thing, and defy her to prove that he owed her any thing, and she could not prove it. Mrs. Price, the only person knowing to the transaction, was dead and gone; and, as I said, mother had not a receipt or a scrap of paper to substantiate her claim. She had ten pounds in her pocket, and Mr. Harpe had the generosity to give her ten more; saying, that though she had tried to wrong him, he would not turn her out penniless, and adding something in his sanctimonious tone about returning good for evil, which made me long to choke him. It must have gone hard with mother to take the money, for she was a high-spirited woman; but I suppose she thought of me, and put her pride in her pocket. A good woman lived near us whose daughter had been my school-friend. Poor Emma had died not long before of a waste, and my mother had helped to nurse her. This good lady gave us a home, though she was far from being rich; and in her house my dear mother died when I was sixteen. She said on her death-bed that she wished she could take me with her, and I am sure I wish she had. Bab Andrews was reading the other day of some Indians who buried girl babies with

their dead mothers. I am not sure but it is a good way.

The lady with whom I lived, Mrs. Jenkins, was related to Mrs. Williams, my Lady Corbet's woman. Through her, she made known to Sir Charles Corbet, my kinsman, my forlorn condition, and he and Mrs. Williams somehow coaxed my lady to take me into her service; and here I have been for two miserable years, the slave of her whims, and the butt of her ill-temper. Sir Charles was good to me, in his careless way, while he lived; but he died only a year after my entrance into the family. They say he married my lady for her money, and because she promised to pay his debts. If so, I am sure he paid dearly for the help she gave him. Such a life as she led him! But he was a man, and could get away from home; and now and then he would assert himself, and fairly make her afraid of him, as when she insisted on removing the likeness of Lady Jemima, which I have mentioned before, from the drawing-room. I expected to see the picture consigned to the garret when we came back here, but I do believe she has a superstitious dread of touching it.

When Sir Charles lay on his death-bed, he called me to him one day, and gave me a gold chain, with a little locket attached to it, in the shape of a small egg, bidding me put it on and wear it, but secretly. Then calling on Dr. Clark and his own man, who were both in the room, he bade them bear witness that he gave me the locket.

“Promise me that you will never open it till you are married, and then only on some pinch, when you need money: and, above all, never let my wife see it. Promise me!” he said earnestly, holding my hand with a clasp that hurt me.

“I promise,” said I.

“That is well,” he answered. “Now look in the back of yonder drawer, and bring me a picture you will find there.” I did so. It was a miniature of Lady Jemima, with a chain attached.

“Put it round my neck,” he said to his man Richards, who was waiting on him.

Richards did so, I helping him. Sir Charles thanked us both, and kissed me. Seeing a change in his face, which I knew too well, I ventured to suggest that he should send for a clergyman.

“Do, Sir Charles! it can do no harm,” urged poor Richards, the tears running down his face, for he loved his master. “Do let me or Mrs. Dolly run for Dr. Gibson.”

Sir Charles shook his head, with a faint smile. “No, no!” said he; “at least, I will make no false pretences.”

“But, dear cousin, it need not be a pretence,” I said. “Do but try to trust in God.”

He shook his head again. “No, child: I have doubted so long, I have lost the power of believing. Dress me for the grave yourself, Richards, and see that the picture lies on my heart.”

“At least let Mrs. Dolly call my lady,” said the doctor, for he changed more and more.

“No, no! Let me at least die in peace. I am glad she is not here.” And in a moment he was gone.

My lady made no great pretence of grief for her husband, beyond putting on very deep weeds. I do not think she ever cared for him. He married for money, and she because she had an ambition for title and fashion. Both were disappointed in a great measure: for he was ashamed of her, and would never take her to court; and her money was all tied up in her own hands. She gave him what she liked, and I fancy that was very little.

Of course I never told my lady of Sir Charles's dying gift, and should not, even if I had not promised. She would insist on opening it, and would probably take it away from me altogether. I cannot open the locket myself, if I would. It has no visible opening, though of course there must be one somewhere. And I would not if I could—at least, I think not.

*December 24.*

Christmas Eve — but one must not dare to say *Christmas* in this house. At Mrs. Price's school we used to have fine doings on Christmas Eve for the family, and those of the ladies who did not go home for the holidays. We used to dress up the great schoolroom with ivy and holly, and Mrs. Price would always have a branch of mistletoe hung in the midst, to keep up old fashions, as she said; though her pious nephew, Mr. Harpe, shook his head at it, and said it was a relic of

paganism and unfit for a Christian household. Then we had grand games of "hunt the slipper," "hoodman blind," and "forfeits," ending off at nine with a fine hot supper of spiced frumenty and plum-porridge. On Christmas Day we all went to church, and came home to a dinner of beef, fowls, and plum-pudding for all the household. Mistress Price did love to see happy faces about her; and she had an assistant, like-minded with herself, in dear mother. After dinner we used to carry little gifts we had made to the poor old people and orphan children who lived at some old almshouses which joined our garden at the back, — another practice to which Mr. Harpe objected, — and when we came home we found each a pretty Christmas-box by her plate at supper-time. My last one, I know, was a prayer-book bound in purple leather. I had it for a long time; but unluckily one day my lady caught sight of it, and took it away, saying she would have no such rags of popery under her roof. Since then I have never seen one, nor have I been inside a church since I came to this house. My lady never goes to any place of worship. She says she is not able, though she can go to other places when she has a mind. I heard Mr. Baxter remonstrating with her about it the last time he was here. She answered shortly, that she best knew the state of her own health, adding, —

"But I hate prelacy and popery and all their adherents as much as you do, Mr. Baxter."

“Madam,” said the old gentleman, “I must tell you that a religion which has no foundation but hatred is not likely to be very acceptable to the God of love.”

Whereat my lady looked blacker than a thundercloud, but she stands too much in awe of Mr. Baxter to fall upon him. However, she took it out on me afterward. I could not blame Mr. Baxter if he did hate the prelatists, for certainly he has had very hard measure; but no one has ever molested my lady. But I don't think Mr. Baxter has any such feeling. Certainly I too have had hard measure from Mr. Harpe and my lady, but I don't hate all Presbyterians for their sake. On the contrary, I am very sorry for them, and think them very hardly dealt by; and I do like Mr. Baxter and the Pendergasts. I am indebted to Mr. Baxter for a good turn, and I shall not forget it. One day when I went out alone, I found on a bookstall a book new to me. It was a kind of fable or allegory, called “The Pilgrim's Progress;” and, after reading a few pages therein, I took such a fancy to it that I bought it for sixpence. I was so silly as to take it out one day in my lady's room, and of course she came in and caught me. She took the book away, and was going to burn it; but at Mrs. Williams's intercession she kept it to show to Mr. Baxter, whom she expected that evening. He took it and looked it over with interest.

“I have heard of the volume, but never have seen it before,” said he; and then turning to me,

with his usual politeness he added, "With your leave, Mrs. Dolly, I will take the book home and examine it at my leisure."

"Of course you can do so," said my lady, taking the words out of my mouth as I was about to answer. "'Tis not for her to say what books she shall read, I trow. But is not this Bunyan a Quaker or some such thing? I am sure I have heard so."

"He is an Anabaptist, and so in some sort a heretic, no doubt," answered Mr. Baxter; "but, from all I have heard of him, I believe that he is a good man, and preaches the root of the matter."

He took the book away with him, and I never expected to see it again; but he returned it the next day with a note, saying that he could honestly recommend the piece as not only orthodox, but edifying, and likely to interest young people, whose imaginations were naturally taken with truth conveyed in the form of an allegory or tale. He also enclosed with it a sermon on the peculiar errors of the Anabaptists, which he hoped I would read. And so I did, for I read it aloud to my lady. I can't say I was much the wiser; for by long practice on the kind of books my lady affects, I have learned the art of reading aloud tolerably well, and thinking my own thoughts at the same time. I began to read "The Pilgrim's Progress" to her; but she soon stopped me, saying it was only a fairy tale, just fit for such fools as I was. My own notion is that it stirred up her conscience,

and that she did not like the feeling. So I had my book to myself ; and I have read it more than once, though it makes me uncomfortable. For, if it be true, what is my condition ? I know very well I am not religious. I do not even pretend to be so any more. Only that I know a few people like Mr. Baxter and Mrs. Williams, and that I remember my own mother, I should think all religion a mere pretence and hypocrisy. My lady never goes to any place of worship, as I said. I don't believe her health has any thing to do with the matter, however. I think she is afraid of fines and sequestrations, and of being asked for money. I know she was very angry at being asked to contribute to a fund for the support of some poor minister's family, so much so that when Mr. Pendergast came again she would not see him. It must be very disagreeable to be on the losing side, and yet take no comfort in one's religion ; but, to be sure, she has the pleasure of being contrary. There is her whistle, and I know by the very sound that she is in a temper. I shall not go till I have put away my books, however. She may as well scold for one thing as another.

*December 25, Christmas Day.*

But not much like Christmas. Nothing would serve my lady but a dinner of dried ling and parsnips. However, Mary Mathews had leave to go see her mother, and she brought me home a mince-pie. How homelike it tasted ! In the evening,



however, we did have some diversion. Ursula Robertson came in, and brought her cousin, who has just returned from Scotland where he had a command. He is a fine, handsome, personable man, and polite in a frank, soldierly fashion, and evidently took my lady's fancy; at which I wondered, for certainly he makes no pretensions to sanctity.

"Where have you served?" she asked him by and by.

"At Tangier mostly, madam, and since then in Scotland."

Now, we all know what service in Scotland means; and I expected to see my lady fly out, but she did not.

"You will find England but dull after such a stirring life abroad," said she. "Why did you come home?"

"On account of sickness, madam. I was so ill that my life was despaired of, and an old wound that I got fighting the Moors broke out again." And then he added some compliment about the sight of fair English faces working a cure, with a deep reverence, as he spoke, to Ursula and me. He makes a very graceful bow.

"I will not have Dolly's head turned with compliments," said my lady. "She is quite vain enough as it is. And what are you about now, if one may ask?"

"My good lady the Duchess of Portsmouth has promised to use her interest to procure for me a small place about the court," answered Mr. Morley

(that is his name, though I forgot to say so); "no great matter, but enough for the modest wants of a poor cavalier till he has the luck to make his fortune."

"Oh, you think to marry an heiress, I dare say!" said my lady sharply; and then, some other guests coming in, she turned to them, and left Mr. Morley to entertain us young ones. I must say he made himself very agreeable. When they were going away, Ursula seized a chance to ask me how I liked her cousin.

"Well enough, all I have seen of him," said I. "But what do your father and your aunt and uncle Pendergast say to him?"

"Oh, my father does not trouble himself about him, and my uncle and aunt have not seen him! But is he not a gallant gentleman? It was a fine thing his knowing the Duchess of Portsmouth when they were both young. But for her he never would have got this promotion. 'Tis a fine thing to have court influence," she added somewhat enviously. "But of course we poor Presbyterians can't hope for such a thing."

"I don't believe your father or your uncle Pendergast would accept of promotion from such a quarter," said I.

"Oh, well, of course it is different with a young man and a soldier, and my cousin Morley does not pretend to be religious!"

But I don't see what difference that makes. If there be any thing in religion at all, then the neg-

lecting thereof cannot be an excuse for, but only an aggravation of, wrong-doing.

*Twelfth Day, 1685.*

I wish holidays could be left out of the year, or else that I could forget them, since they only bring up sorrowful memories. What famous Twelfth Day games we used to have at Mrs. Price's! The very last one I spent there I got the bean in the cake, and was crowned with a fine coronet of gilt paper, beset with beads, which dear mother had prepared on the sly for a surprise to us. To think that is only two years ago: it seems like a lifetime. However, I did have something like a holiday to-day; for my lady, being in a wonderful good-humor, allowed me to go with Ursula to her uncle's house, that we might see the king passing to dine with the mayor and aldermen. I had a good look at his Majesty and the Duke of York. They have both harsh features, and could never be called handsome if they were not royal personages; but I like the king's face the best of the two, because it is the better-natured. I saw that he smiled kindly on a poor woman who pressed forward to put a petition into his hand. I saw, too, that he presently let it drop without ever looking at it: so his good-nature did not amount to very much. The Duke of York looked black as night all the time.

"His Majesty is not looking well," said a voice at my elbow. I turned with a start, and saw Mr. Morley.

“How came you hither?” asked Ursula rather tartly.

“What a question! Ask the iron how it comes to the lodestone,” answered Capt. Morley, with a deep reverence which included both of us. “Not being in waiting to-day, what more natural than that I should give a visit to my fair kinswoman, and, learning that she was gone abroad, what more natural than that I should follow her?”

“You have learned your courtier’s trade already,” said Ursula. “Soldiers do not pay such fine compliments, do they, Dolly?”

“How should I know,” I answered, “since I never knew either courtier or soldier in all my life?”

“No, I fancy good Mrs. Price did not allow such dangerous creatures in her bounds,” returned Ursula, whereat Capt. Morley said something about the dragon that kept the gardens where grew the golden fruit. “But we all know that the sweetest flowers bloom in shady places,” he added, at which Ursula looked ready to bite. I don’t know why he should bestow so many fine phrases on me, unless he wishes to make Ursula jealous; and I don’t know why he should wish to do that, for he must know that his cousin is contracted already to a merchant in the city. And even if she were not, her father would hardly give her to a needy courtier, and one, too, who has been a persecutor under Claverhouse. Mr. Andrews, Ursula’s servant, coming in at that moment,

Mr. Morley devoted himself specially to me, and I must say made himself very agreeable. Ursula recovered her good-humor in some degree when Mr. Andrews made his appearance, but I could see she was all the time listening to hear what Mr. Morley was saying to me. Mr. Andrews is a fine, personable man, rich, and of good address and education. I think she might be satisfied with him.

"I hear the king is not quite himself these days," said Mr. Andrews, addressing himself to Mr. Morley.

"'Tis true, sir, I am sorry to say," answered Mr. Morley. "I trust it is nothing serious, however, no more than a passing indisposition."

"And so must all," remarked Mr. Andrews, "since his Majesty hath no son to succeed him."

"Then you are not one of those who believe in the black box?"

"What, in the Duke of Monmouth's claim? Not I, sir!" answered Mr. Andrews, laughing. "I would as soon believe in mine own." And then, more seriously, "I trust no one will be so ill-advised and cruel as to set on that young man to put forward a claim which can never be substantiated."

"You would perhaps rather have Oliver back!" said Ursula maliciously. "We all know what your father's politics are, Mr. Andrews. He was one of Oliver's Ironsides, was he not?"

"You may easily know what are my father's

politics, Mrs. Ursula," said the good man, his honest face flushing at her tone, which was sufficiently contemptuous: "no secret was ever made of them that I know of. My father was not in the Ironsides, however. He commanded a ship under the Parliament, and helped to humble the pride of the Dutch, who did not come up the river to Chatham in those days."

"Well said, man, and I like you all the better for standing up for your father," said Capt. Morley (he really is a captain it seems), striking him on the shoulder. "Your father was not the only old Puritan who has done the king good service, and I dare say you would do the same."

"I am beholden to you for your good opinion, sir," answered Mr. Andrews, with much dignity; and then he turned away, and began talking with Mrs. Robertson. Ursula sulked a little; but seeming by and by to think she had gone far enough, she began to exert all her arts of pleasing, which are neither few nor small, and soon had her lover at her feet again. Poor man, I think he is far too good for her!

We walked home together, and Ursula must needs come in and tell my lady all about every thing, and how much attention I had received; whereby she earned me a fine rating for forwardness and vanity, which, no doubt, was what she intended.

*January 20.*

'Tis a long time since I wrote in my book. My lady hath been ill — seriously, but not dangerously — with rheumatism, and Mrs. Williams and I have had our hands full. The doctor tells her she must go to the Bath as soon as the weather is warm enough, and she says she will; but I don't believe it. She will never make up her mind to spend so much money. Of course I have been pretty closely shut up; but I have been out a few times to do errands, and now and then in the early morning to walk a little. Once I ventured as far as the park, which, indeed, is not very far, and saw his Majesty taking his morning walk with only one or two attendants, and flinging bits of bread to his tame ducks and swans. Capt. Morley was in attendance, and put off his hat to me. The king looked at me curiously, and I suppose asked who I was. He turned presently, and, as I courtesied, he said kindly, "Good-morrow, sweetheart! You are sunning your roses early." "When you do not know what to say, say nothing," was my mother's maxim: so I only courtesied again, and hastened home, feeling rather scared, and yet pleased, that I had had a word from his Majesty. He hath a pleasant way with him, and his face, when lighted by a smile, is very winning. 'Tis a pity he were not a different man in some ways.

I have seen Capt. Morley two or three times. He is always very polite. Once he gave me an

orange, but I dared not eat it lest the smell thereof should betray me to my lady : so I gave it to Mary Mathews for her sick father. I kept a bit of the skin, however, and it is in my cabinet now.

*February 1.*

'Tis said the king is very ill, and not like to be better. He had a kind of fit this morning, and at noon had not yet recovered consciousness. Capt. Morley looked in to tell us the sad news.

*February 2.*

His Majesty is no better. All the principal physicians and surgeons in town are by his bedside. The archbishop and two or three other bishops are in attendance, and one or other has sat up with him every night. One sees nothing but tears and sad faces, and people throng to the churches in crowds to pray for the king's life. Ursula was here, and told us of these things. She has reasons more than one to pray for his recovery, for of course his death must put off her marriage which was fixed for next week.

*February 5.*

It was said this morning that the king was better, and the church-bells rang merrily. Being sent out to match some silk for Mrs. Williams's work, and having a little time on my hands, I stepped into a church, the doors of which were open, and knelt down to offer a prayer myself ; but the sound of the minister's voice, the sight of



the chancel, and the very air and scent of the place did so awaken old memories that I could do naught but cry. When I rose from my knees, I saw next me a lady with whom I have some acquaintance, Lady Clarenham. She had a young relation at Mrs. Price's school, and used to come sometimes to visit her; and the little maid being in some sort under my care—for she was very young—the lady was pleased to thank me for my attention, and give me a gold piece for a token.

Lady Clarenham knew me directly, and greeted me very kindly. She is a pretty, rather elderly lady; and I like her all the better that she does not try to look *young*, as almost everybody does nowadays. I asked after little Mrs. Patty.

“Oh, she is well, and grown almost a woman!” answered my lady. “She often talks of you.” And then she asked me of my welfare, and how I was living, and I told her. We were in the porch by this time; a young gentleman standing by, whom I took to belong to her family, as he seemed to be waiting for her.

“I used to know the Lady Jemima Corbet,” said Lady Clarenham. “I think I must give this lady a visit, and ask her to spare you to me for a day or two, at least if you would like to come.”

“Yes, indeed, madam,” I answered; and then, startled to see how late it was, I hastened home. My lady was asleep when I came in, and Mrs. Williams asked me what had kept me so long. I

told her frankly that I had stepped into a church to say a prayer for the king, and there I had met with an old acquaintance, who had kept me talking a few minutes.

“And who was that, pray, Mistress Gadabout?” asked my lady, opening her eyes suddenly.

I told her that it was my Lady Clarenham.

“And pray what had my Lady Clarenham to say to you, and how came you to know her?”

I told her.

“Then you may tell my Lady Clarenham, next time you see her, that I want none of her visits. A fine tale, indeed, when errand-girls and chamber-maids receive visits from titled ladies! — Williams, why did you send her out at all?”

“I needed sewing-silk to finish your gown, my lady,” answered Mrs. Williams.

“And why need you use silk at all, — or if you must needs have it, why could you not save what you ripped out?” demanded my lady. “I shall be ruined, ruined out of house and home, by all this waste and extravagance, and paying for doctors and medicine. I shall die in an almshouse.”

“And what harm will that do you, madam?” asked Mrs. Williams tranquilly. My lady stared at her.

“What harm, quotha! What harm!” she repeated, almost gasping for breath.

“Yes, what harm?” said Mrs. Williams. “When one has been dead two minutes, what difference will it make whether one has died in an almshouse

or in Whitehall, since both must be left behind forever?"

"Pshaw! don't talk any of your Muggletonian and Independent rant to me!" said my lady. (Mrs. Williams is some kind of Independent, — I don't know what exactly, — and when my lady wants to take it out on her she calls her a Muggletonian.) "I am a practical woman, and take a practical view of things. — Dolly, what news did you hear? for of course your ears were open: trust a waiting-woman for that!"

I told her that every one said the king was better, and almost out of danger.

"I have never believed he was going to die," said she, — "a strong man, and not older than I am. It was not likely he would give up to the first illness."

But people die at all ages. To-night Mr. Morley came in to tell us that the king was given over by his physicians, and was not likely to live the night out.

"And what then?" asked my lady.

"Why, then, God save King James, I suppose," answered Mr. Morley, lightly enough; and then, more seriously, "There will be many sad hearts in this nation by this time to-morrow."

"May God give him space for repentance!" said Mrs. Williams, so solemnly that we were all silent for a minute; and then she asked, "Do you know the state of his mind, sir?"

"No, madam," answered Mr. Morley. "I know

that the archbishop and bishop have told him that he could not live, and wished to administer the communion ; but he will not have it."

"And what reason does he give?"

"Sometimes he says there is time enough, and sometimes that he is too weak. There are those that have their own thoughts about the matter, as I have myself ; and not the less that Tom Chiffinch brought honest old Father Huddleston up the back stairs to-day. Marry, he hath purveyed other company up those stairs in his time !"

"Are you sure?" asked Mrs. Williams gravely. " 'Tis a serious thing to say, Mr. Morley."

"Oh, other folks have eyes in their heads beside me!" answered Mr. Morley. "The old man was disguised, but half a dozen people saw him."

"Then you would imply that his Majesty is a Papist?" said my lady.

"I, madam! I imply nothing. I am but a poor gentleman of the back stairs, and it would not become me to imply things of his Majesty."

"So I think," said Mrs. Williams dryly.

"I suppose Mr. Morley thinks he shall lose his place anyhow, so he can say what he likes," observed my lady, improving the occasion to say something disagreeable, as usual.

"Oh, as to that, his royal Highness is my very good master," answered Mr. Morley. "I hope I shall get a troop, and be in active service again, which is a better life for a man than hanging round a court. — Think you not so, Mrs. Dolly?"

“I think I should like it better, but it would depend a good deal on the nature of the service,” I answered. “I don’t think I should like the service which the troops in Scotland seem to be employed about, hunting down the poor wretches of Covenanters.”

“A soldier has no choice but to obey orders, you know,” answered Mr. Morley; “and I can tell you, Mrs. Dolly, these same Covenanters are not such harmless sheep as you seem to suppose.”

“But old men and old women and young lads, Mr. Morley” —

“War is a rough trade, Mrs. Dolly. But perhaps I may have the luck to get a command in one of the regiments under the Prince of Orange,” said he; and then, lowering his voice as he saw my lady busy with a knot in her netting: “I would not willingly fall in your good opinion, fair lady.”

Certainly he has a pleasant way with him. Even my lady feels it, and is more civil to him than to any one. But I don’t think Mrs. Williams likes him. I don’t see why not, I am sure.

*February 6.*

The king died to-day at noon, without a struggle, they say. Nothing is seen in the streets but tears and sad faces. His easy, familiar ways and kind manners made him beloved even by those who could not approve his conduct; and, besides, people are afraid of what is to come. It is said the king once said to his brother, “I am safe from

assassination while you live, James, for no one would kill me to make you king." His present Majesty being an avowed papist puts people upon grave thoughts of what is like to come. But I trust all will be well.

*February 7.*

A general mourning is ordered, as if for a father, and my lady is in a great strait what to do about it. Ursula Robertson came in with her father, to bring us the news, and was presently followed by her servant, Mr. Andrews, and Mr. Morley.

"Of course you will put on mourning directly, sister," says Mr. Robertson, who seemed really to have got his wits together for once. Generally he is like an owl in daylight, when he is out of his counting-house.

"Yes," added Ursula: "you live so near Whitehall, the omission will be sure to be noticed. I think we Presbyterians ought to be specially careful about it: we are like to have hard times enough anyhow."

"Nay, I trust not," said Mr. Andrews. "'Tis said by some that the king is in favor of universal toleration of all religions."

Mr. Morley laughed. "'Lay not that flattering unction to your soul,'" said he. "The king is the king, but — I have seen him in Scotland."

"Do let us have a chance to talk a little about matters of importance," said my lady peevishly. "It seems to me that young folks take all the talk to themselves nowadays. — About this business of

mourning, brother Robertson. Do you think it will be needful to buy new goods? You know I left off my weeds only two years ago, and Dolly must have the black she wore for her mother. Will not that do?"

"I should say not, I should say not," answered Mr. Robertson. "I should say that with a person of your known wealth, sister Corbet, it would certainly draw down unpleasant remarks."

"I cannot wear my black gowns at all," said I, rather maliciously I am afraid. "They are both outworn and outgrown. And you know, my lady, you sold most part of your weeds to poor Mrs. Anscob, when she lost her husband."

"Hold your tongue, Mistress Malapert! Who asked your opinion?" said my lady, giving me a vengeful glance. And indeed it was spiteful in me, but I so seldom have a chance to get amends of her.

"Oh, yes, I should say it was needful for you to provide black for yourself and all your household!" said Mr. Robertson. "I will send you some pieces of serge and bombazine to choose from."

My lady sighed and groaned over the expense, but finally gave in. I suppose we shall all be pinched in our diet to pay for the same. Happily Mrs. Williams hath charge of the keys at present.

By and by Mr. Morley made her a present of some cakes of chocolate, which put her into a somewhat better humor. As he was going away, he

put a little parcel into my hand, slyly whispering at the same time, "Sweets to the sweet, fair lady." When I had a chance to open it, I found a pretty gilded glass full of colored and perfumed comfits, and a little book of poetry by Mr. Dryden. I hope Ursula did not see him give it to me, and yet I fear she did.

Am I growing sly? I fear so. It is the natural consequence of living with a person one is in dread of. When I lived with Mrs. Price and dear mother, I had the name of being frank and open as the day, and I think I deserved it. But what can I do, placed as I am?

*February 15.*

The king was buried last night, without any pomp at all, very obscurely even for a private gentleman, in the vault under Henry Seventh's chapel at Westminster. Many remarks made about the matter. But it will make little difference to him, poor gentleman!

*February 18.*

The Robertsons are in great trouble. Mr. Andrews is taken with a fever, and not likely to recover. I went to see Ursula to-day, and found her crying in her chamber, with all her fine wedding-clothes spread out upon the bed. I felt very sorry for her.

"Only think, Dolly, I was to have been wedded this very day!" said she, sobbing.

"Perhaps Mr. Andrews may get better," I said.

"No, the doctor says there is no hope at all."



“Have you seen him?” I ventured to ask. She stared at me in such amazement that she actually forgot to cry.

“Why no, of course not!” said she. “I might take the fever and die, or be disfigured for life; and besides,” she added, crying again, “I could not endure to witness his pain. I am like his late blessed Majesty in that: I can’t endure to see people suffer.”

“And like him in another thing, that you don’t care how they suffer, so you don’t see them,” I thought. But she went on bemoaning herself, and mixing up her grief for poor, dear Mr. Andrews, with lamentations for her finery which would all be wasted, all be old-fashioned before she could wear it, till I grew weary, and said rather unfeelingly I am afraid, —

“Oh, perhaps not! Maybe you will get a new admirer before that time.”

“You mean Mr. Morley?” said she, looking at me curiously, but not with the resentment most girls would have shown.

“No, I did not mean any one in particular,” I answered, feeling my face flush, I don’t know why.

“I don’t suppose I am a great enough fortune for Mr. Morley,” said she, “though I shall have four or five thousand pounds to my portion, too. He says he must needs marry rich: so you see you have no chance, Dolly, unless your mistress dies and leaves you some money.”

“And that will be when the sky falls,” said I;

thinking to myself, "Certainly she will do no such thing if you can help it."

"Just then good Mrs. Pendergast came in, to say that Mr. Andrews was much worse, that he could not last the day out, and most earnestly desired to bid farewell to his mistress. Whereupon Ursula began to scream and cry, and presently went into a fit, so we had all we could do to hold her. When she was a little better, I took my leave, as much disgusted as ever I was in my life. The heartless creature! I should think she would have counted every minute lost that she did not spend at his bedside. If it were Mr. Morley — But what am I saying?

*February 21.*

Poor Mr. Andrews is dead and buried.

*March 4.*

Being Ash Wednesday, my lady had a better dinner than ordinary.

*March 6.*

My Lady Clarenham, who I thought had forgotten all about me, did really give a visit to my lady. She came in her coach, with her servants in livery, and entered the room leaning on the arm of the same young gentleman I saw with her in church, and whom she presented to my lady as Mr. Studley.

"Mr. Studley is a far away kinsman of mine own, who is so kind as to undertake the government of my family for me," said she.

“He is but young for such an office,” said my mistress, not unkindly. She is always more civil to men than to women.

Lady Clarenham chatted awhile in an easy, pleasant, and yet somewhat serious manner. Mr. Studley was mostly silent, except when his lady appealed to him. He is not to say handsome, and yet there is something pleasing in his bright gray eyes, and firm, well-cut mouth. But he is rather small and slight, and did look like a lad by the side of Mr. Morley, who sauntered in, as he does pretty often nowadays. Yet he showed that he could hold his own, too. My Lady Clarenham was speaking of some new book which she had not read, but had heard much commended, and asked Mr. Morley if he had read it.

“Not I, madam,” he answered, laughing. “Such reading is not in my way. I would as soon think of reading the Epistle to the Ephesians.”

“You might perhaps find something of interest in the Epistle to the Ephesians, if you understood it,” observed Mr. Studley, whereupon Mr. Morley turned upon him in what I must say was a somewhat overbearing manner.

“I would have you know, sir, that I am able to read the Epistle to the Ephesians in the original Greek!”

“I do not dispute it, sir,” answered Mr. Studley, smiling. “I might read Mr. Boyle’s late treatise on the higher mathematics in the original English, but I should hardly be much the wiser without some previous preparation.”

Mr. Morley frowned for a moment, and then laughed good-naturedly.

“Well said, man; you have given me back mine own fairly enough. I see you have plenty of fire, for all you look so demure. But tell me, what think you of this last news from the Continent? King Louis carries matters with a high hand, does he not?”

And so the two fell into friendly conversation. I do like any one who can take a retort pleasantly.

My Lady Clarenham talked awhile on various matters; and then, turning to me, she asked me about my family. I told her that I knew not much about it; that my mother’s marriage had displeased her own family; and though I knew she had a married sister living somewhere near Exeter, I had no acquaintance with her.

“Methinks I should know her! I know most of our west-country gentry, by name, at least,” said Lady Clarenham. “What is your uncle’s name?”

“I don’t know, madam,” I answered.

“I suspect it is Sir Robert Fullham,” said Mr. Studley. “I know him by sight. He is a gentleman reputed wealthy, and much respected. He hath daughters, but I think no son.”

“And do you know my cousins, sir?” I ventured to ask.

“Only by sight,” he answered. “They are fine young ladies, and, as I understand, much sought after in the gay society of Exeter. I have lived

so much abroad that I hardly know our own neighborhood."

"You have served?" asked Mr. Morley.

"Not so, sir; but my father, wishing to have me learn the French and Italian tongues perfectly, sent me abroad at an early age. I sojourned in the family of a French Protestant minister, and found the life so much to my taste that I staid, perhaps, longer than I ought."

"This same Protestant minister had daughters, I warrant," said my mistress.

Mr. Studley smiled. I don't think I ever saw any eyes flash like his.

"One daughter, about forty years' old, and scarred with small-pox," said he.

"What, then, was the attraction?" asked Mr. Morley.

"Even that which makes birds of a feather flock together," answered Mr. Studley. "You know Cicero says it is a great bond of union to think the same things concerning the republic, and the rule holds regarding even more important matters."

"You are, then, a Presbyterian, like myself?" said my mistress.

"No, madam, I am an unworthy member of the Church of England; and yet I could find a sympathizing friend in this Huguenot pastor. I learned more of him than in all my life before."

"Your Protestant friends in France are like to fare badly, since the revocation of the Edict of

Nantes," said Mr. Morley. "That was something of a safeguard to them."

"More in name than in fact," said Mr. Studley. "It seems as though they could hardly be worse off, and yet I suppose they may be."

"Mr. Evelyn was telling me a sad story of the cruelties practised toward the French Protestants," observed Lady Clarenham. "He says he had it from a sure hand. It is strange that nothing about it hath appeared in the 'Gazette.'"

"Not so very strange, when you consider who hath the ordering of these matters," said Mr. Morley. "Has your ladyship heard who is to be the new chief justice? Even no other than Mr. Jeffreys."

"Impossible! that wretch!" said my lady, with some heat.

"'Tis said so by the best authorities."

"Heaven help us! Where are we drifting to?" said my Lady Clarenham; and then, catching (or so I fancied) a warning glance from Mr. Studley, she changed the conversation by asking my mistress to allow me to come and give her a visit. Lady Corbet was so far wrought upon by her visitor's kindness, that she promised to consider the matter. But I don't build at all upon it.

*March 10.*

'Tis really true that Mr. Jeffreys is made chief justice. Mr. Baxter brought us the news. He augurs ill from the appointment of such a man,

and no wonder. Mr. Morley says the aspect of the court is greatly changed: all is decent and sober, at least outwardly; and the old throng of gamesters, singers, buffoons, and the like, find no entertainment any more at Whitehall. Mr. Morley still keeps his place; but he has asked, and had the promise of, a troop of horse. He says his Majesty commended his desire of active service, and will place him under his old commander, Col. Kirke. I don't know whether to be glad or sorry. I am pleased with his good fortune, of course; but I shall miss him if he goes, and I have so few pleasures. I said something about his going away to Mrs. Williams.

"I am glad on't with all my heart," said she.

"You do not like him, and yet he is very good-natured and pleasing."

"Too pleasing," she answered. "The truth is not in him. See you not, my child, how careless he is in his statements, how he exaggerates? He can scarce repeat a story from a book as it is, without making some addition of his own. I would he had staid among the Moors, before he ever came here, with his fine speeches, to turn silly heads."

"He has not turned mine, if that is what you mean," said I, feeling my cheeks burn.

"I am not so sure of that," said she; "I would I were. My dear Dolly, let me beg you to be careful in this matter. Mr. Morley is not the man to make you happy, even if he thought seriously

of marrying you, which I greatly doubt, for I think him altogether mercenary ; and he may compromise you seriously before you are aware. Be not angry, now, but tell me, have you not met him more than once in your morning walks ?”

“It was only an accident, if I did,” I answered. “You don’t think I would go out purposely to meet a man in secret, Mrs. Williams? What do you take me for?”

“For an innocent child, who knows naught of the ways of the world, and should therefore be content to be guided, my dear,” said Mrs. Williams. “I think no ill of you, Dolly, but I must needs warn you. A young maid’s fair fame is like the ermine, which, they say, dies of a stain on its white fur. Suppose my lady should learn from some one that you had met Mr. Morley in the park?”

“Suppose you go and tell her,” said I, too angry to keep any measure in my words. “Then she might turn me out, and you could have her old gowns all to yourself.” And with that I ran away to my own room to have a good cry. I am ashamed of myself already for answering so my good old friend, — the only friend I have in the world almost, and who hath never showed me aught but kindness. I believe she is right, too, so far as these meetings are concerned ; and I am resolved there shall be no more of them, though it breaks my heart.



*March 12.*

I have made it up with Mrs. Williams, and asked her pardon, and have promised her to give Mr. Morley no more meetings. I must say she was very kind and motherly. She told me what I did never know before, that she had once had a daughter, who died about my age, and says she, "I verily believe of a broken heart, though the doctors called it a consumption." And then she told me how the poor thing had been led by a fine gentleman to think he meant to marry her, though he had nothing in his mind but the amusement of an idle hour.

"God mercifully preserved her from sin and shame, and then more mercifully still, as I now think, took her home to himself," said she, weeping; and I wept with her.

*March 24.*

The king and queen crowned yesterday. Much murmuring at the omission of the procession; the king, it seems, choosing rather to spend the money on jewels for his wife. The coronation rites very much shortened, there being no communion. I wonder how he, being a Papist, would consent to be crowned by a heretic archbishop, whose orders he must regard as altogether void and schismatical; and to join in worship, which, according to his notions, must be stark blasphemy.

The Papists are everywhere raising their heads. Mass is publicly said at Whitehall and other places. On Easter Day there was a grand celebration, at which many great lords attended; but the Lords

Ormond and Halifax remained in the ante-chamber.

We had all this great news and much more from Mr. Morley, who gave us a visit with Ursula Robertson and her father. He has not been here before in some days; but from things that came out it seems he hath been visiting Ursula more than once, and even contrived that she should have a peep at the king and queen yesterday.

“But you could not go in your mourning,” said I; for she wears the deepest sables, like a young widow.

“I left them off for the nonce,” said she. “There was no harm in that.”

“No harm, perhaps, but I should not have done it,” I answered.

“Of course you wouldn’t,” she answered mockingly. “We all know you are the pattern of propriety and prudence and all the rest. Wait till you are tried, that is all.”

“I am not like to be tried in any such way,” I answered. At that moment my lady called Ursula to her side to take out a knot in her netting, and Mr. Morley whispered in my ear, —

“If I am killed in the wars, Mrs. Dolly, won’t you wear mourning for me?”

“We shall see when the time comes,” I answered lightly, though my heart was beating so it almost choked me. “You have not gone to the wars yet.”

“But I am like to go at any time, if this mad

Duke of Monmouth gives us the trouble that people think is likely; and it would be a comfort to me, lying on the bloody battle-field awaiting death, to think that my Dolly's bright eyes would weep for me."

"You ought to be thinking of better things," I rejoined; and then my lady interrupted me, by asking some question about the standing army that men say is to be formed.

"'Tis but a piece of rumor as yet, madam," answered Mr. Morley. "I do not think any steps have been taken in regard to it. I can only say, I hope with all my heart it is true. The defence of this nation should not be intrusted to country squires, and to rustics and cobblers who hardly know their right hand from their left."

"And what will Parliament say to that, think you? A standing army hath ever been a bugbear, you know."

"I believe the incoming Parliament is not like to offer much resistance to the king's will in that or any other matter," answered Mr. Morley. "I may say this much is quite true, that an army is to be formed, and I am going down to Scotland on some business concerning it to-morrow: so I shall not see you again in some time."

My heart sank at these words. I have not seen much of Mr. Morley lately; but then I knew he was in town, and might drop in at any minute. And to think of his going away so far, and to that barbarous and rebellious country. I was ashamed

of my emotion, however, and made a great effort to restrain myself, especially as I saw Ursula looking at me. As we parted, Mr. Morley took an opportunity to whisper to me, —

“Will you not be in the park to-morrow morning, Dolly? It will be the last time, mayhap, that we shall ever meet.”

I assented almost without thinking, and now I almost wish I had not. I promised Mrs. Williams I would never do so again, and dear mother ever taught me that a promise was most sacred. I am sure, too, mother would say Mrs. Williams was right. Oh, dear, never was poor girl so hard bested! If only my dear mother had lived, or Mr. Harpe had not cheated us so! I can't help it. It is not my fault if I can't be good. Nobody could be open and true with such a mistress as I have. And I *must* see Mr. Morley once more. It will only be for once, and then I will live like a nun.

*April 3.*

But I did not see him, after all. My lady must needs have a fit of cramps about four in the morning. I believe in my soul it was but a fit of indigestion, caused by eating too much lobster for her supper; but it was bad enough to call up the whole household, and keep us all busy for three or four hours. She really was very ill, and I believe both Mrs. Williams and the doctor were very much alarmed. However, she got better toward night, but too late to do me any good. Ursula and her

father came to see her in the evening, and Ursula sat with me in the ante-chamber while her father went in to see his sister-in-law.

"Mr. Morley is gone," said she, after we had talked a little about indifferent matters.

"So I suppose," said I coolly. Whatever I felt, I was not going to betray myself to her.

"Are you not sorry?" she asked me.

"Rather," I said. "He was a pleasant gentleman, and was always coming in with some bit of news; and beside, my lady liked him, and he kept her in a good humor, which was so much clear gain to me. Yes, on the whole, I am very sorry he has gone."

"Would not you be sorry if he did not come back?" she asked.

"Why, of course I should. Why should I want the poor man to be killed? But, you know, he may stay away for other reasons," I returned. "He may find some fair Scottish lassie with a good fortune to her back, and marry her."

Ursula shut her lips tight, and shook her head. "I don't believe it," said she. "Heiresses are not so plenty north of the Tweed; and besides— But it boots not talking. Dolly, do you know whether my aunt has made her will?"

"I don't think she has," I answered. "She talks about it sometimes, and I know Mrs. Williams has urged her to settle her estate; but, when it comes to the point, she always says there is time enough."

“She was very ill this morning, was she not?”

“Yes, very. We thought she would die, for a while.”

“And then she must leave all her money, that she worships so, behind her,” said Ursula in a musing tone. “Dolly, it is a hard thing to die, isn’t it?”

“I don’t know; I never tried it,” said I flip-pantly enough, for I was in a mood to say any thing. I thought afterward that it was a wicked and presumptuous thing to say. Of course, it must depend on what one’s life has been. Poor little Emma did not find it hard when the time came, nor my mother. They had no fear at all, —I suppose because they were so religious, —and I don’t believe Mr. Baxter fears death. But my lady is very religious, too, and yet she is dread-fully afraid of death. I do believe she thought herself in danger, for she has been wonderfully kind to all of us since her illness; and the day before yesterday, when my Lady Clarenham came to ask for a little visit from me, she graciously gave me leave for three days. I never was more surprised in my life. I was glad of any change, for this house has become an intolerable prison for me.

And I must say I enjoyed my stay very much, —more than I would have thought possible. My Lady Clarenham treated me as an equal, and had Mrs. Patty, her little grand-niece, to meet me. She is grown a fine young lady, but is just as

sweet and simple as she used to be when I was her school-mother. We shared the same room, and as we were undressing I said to her, —

“You are more careful than you used to be, Patty. You do not need me to look after your things, and to see that your bodice is laced properly.”

“Ah, I used to be a sad slattern in those days, and sadly lazy, too! Do you remember how I used to hate my needle and my netting-pin?”

“And do you like them any better now?” I asked.

“Yes, I do,” she answered, in her old serious tone. “One day my aunt Clarenham said to me, ‘Patty, if you would go at your work with a fixed resolution to do your very best at it, instead of thinking how soon you can finish it, you would learn to like it.’ So I thought I would try, if only to please my good aunt; and I really did find her words true. And, besides, Dorothy,” she added, with a sweet look in her blue eyes, “you know, when I was confirmed, I had to do some serious thinking; and I made up my mind it was not right to hate what it was, and always will be, my duty to do. So I asked God to make me feel differently about it; and I am sure he did, for I like it now very well.”

Patty is a sweet little creature and always was, but I am not sure it is right to pray about such things as liking one's work. What she said put me on thinking of the time when I was myself

confirmed, and the resolutions I made. I wrote them all down, I remember, but I don't know what has become of them. But I can't help it. If I were situated like Patty, or if my mistress were like my Lady Clarenham, I could be as good as anybody.

Certainly my lady makes her house very agreeable to all her family. She sees but little company, and that mostly of a grave and serious kind, like Mr. and Mrs. Evelyn, who were with her one day, in deep mourning for their eldest daughter, who died lately of the small-pox. Lady Clarenham says she was a very accomplished lady, deeply religious, and a pattern in all things, such as she hardly ever saw the like. Her parents are afflicted, of course, yet show a wonderful patience and resignation under their loss. They seem so certain of seeing her again.

Mr. Studley is not here at present, having gone to my Lady Clarenham's place in Devonshire to do some business for her. My lady cannot say enough in his praise, but says she fears she shall not keep him long. She tells me his father is a great enemy of all religion, and is very angry with his son for his serious ways of thinking; so that he hath really persecuted the poor young man.

"I really believe his great object in putting my cousin with me was to divert him from his religion; but, if so, he has failed of his object," said she. "Edward has wrought such a revolution in my household as I could never have believed possible.



Not the lowest groom or scullion will venture to say an ill word before him, and he hath saved me a great deal by his economy."

"You are so rich, madam, I should hardly think that would be needful," I ventured to say.

"'Tis true, I am rich," she answered kindly; "but, though I had the wealth of the Indies at my disposal, I should not feel it right to waste a crumb that might help one of God's needy creatures. We are but stewards of what he gives us, sweetheart, and must answer it to him if we waste his goods."

That is a very different way of saving from my mistress's. I wonder if that is the reason my Lady Clarenham lives so quietly, and sees so little company. It was very ungrateful in me, but I confess I was a trifle disappointed. I did want one little peep at the gay world of which I used to hear from Mr. Morley. Ah, me! shall I ever see him again?

Certainly Lady Clarenham is very different from my mistress. I don't think it can be the form of religion altogether, either; for there are Mr. and Mrs. Pendergast, as poor as the sparrows, yet they find means to help poor Jane Gaskell, and others of their flock, who are worse off than themselves. And my mistress is as religious in her way as Lady Clarenham in hers. To be sure, she does not go to prayers every morning; but she reads nothing but good books, and dreadfully dull,—as I know to my cost,—and hath all the points of

doctrine at her fingers' ends. But, somehow, her religion does not make her happy, like Lady Clarenham's and poor Mr. Evelyn's. I wish I were like them, for I am sure I need comfort badly enough. My heart is like to break at times. And to think I could not even bid him farewell! What must he have thought of me?

Well, I staid with my lady three pleasant days, and then she brought me home. At parting, she gave me a purse with three gold pieces in it, and a pretty equipage for my pocket. She also gave me her address, and bade me apply to her if ever I needed a friend.

So here I am at home again, and I almost wish I had never been away. My lady is in her worst humor, and frets and scolds from morning till night. She is able to be about the house a little now, and hath taken the keys into her own keeping. The consequence is that we hardly have enough to eat. The cook is gone to live with Mr. Pepys, a gentleman of the navy, friend to Mr. Evelyn whom I met at my Lady Clarenham's; and Mary Mathews has given warning. She hath staid longer than any maid we ever had since my coming, and I am sorry to have her leave.

*May 20.*

I have been very unwell, with a kind of low ague; so that I kept my bed for two or three weeks, and my room still longer. I had no spirit for my writing or any thing else, and almost wished I

might die,—almost, but not quite. I can't get over my dread of that dreadful unknown country and that awful Judge. I almost wish I had no religion at all, like Mr. Morley, who is wholly a sceptic in such matters. But even he said once he thought devotion becoming in a woman.

I am about now, and waiting on my lady again. I don't see what is to come to her. I think she grows to grudge the very air she breathes. Mrs. Williams remonstrated with her about our diet, I know; and since then we have a little more, but of the plainest and coarsest,—brown bread and broth, broth and brown bread, with a dish of dried ling now and then for a change. My appetite is squeamish since my illness; and I think I should starve outright, if Mary Mathews, who hath consented to stay awhile, did not now and then cook me some little mess and bring it to my room.

*May 21.*

Here has been a fine to do, and my lady is like a bear robbed of her cubs. I was reading to her to-day the news-letter which Mr. Robertson sends her, when Mary announced Dr. Bates and Mr. Pendergast. Now, Dr. Bates is a very great light among the Presbyterians. He is really and truly a very fine gentleman, though a bit pompous and stiff, and I do believe a very good man. My lady received him with great courtesy, and was all smiles, which changed quickly to frowns when she heard his errand. It seems an information hath

been filed against Mr. Baxter for some reflections against Government, printed in his late commentary on the New Testament. He is to be brought before that dreadful chief justice in a few days, and the Presbyterians are raising a fund for his defence, and for the comfort of his family should he be put in prison. Dr. Bates had been collecting the subscriptions, and was now come to Lady Corbet on the same errand.

“ You will doubtless feel it a privilege, madam, to contribute your share for the defence of this excellent and self-sacrificing man, who hath so long been a standard-bearer in our ranks,” said Dr. Bates, in that full, pure, melodious voice of his, which hath earned him the name of “ silver-tongued Bates.” I saw the corners of Mr. Pendergast’s mouth twitch, and his eyes glisten with a smile. All his hardships and stern beliefs have not taken the fun out of him.

“ And what is the trouble with Mr. Baxter, that he must go a-begging at his age ? ” asked my lady sharply.

I saw Dr. Bates’s color begin to rise a little ; but he restrained himself, and in the same courteous tone repeated the matter from the beginning.

“ It was very foolish of Mr. Baxter to embroil himself with the Government just at this time, when everybody thinks his Majesty will soon grant a universal toleration,” was my lady’s comment. “ Methinks he might have had a little patience, instead of getting into this broil.”

“His Majesty will never grant any such toleration; or, if he should, it will be on condition that the same be extended to the Papists, and I think we should hardly accept that,” said Dr. Bates. “As to Mr. Baxter, the thing is done now; and you know him well enough, madam, to be aware that he would not take back what he believed to be true, if the stake lay straight in his path. There are lawyers ready to defend him, but of course expenses must be met.”

The doctor grew more emphatic as my lady hesitated; and he went on to set forth Mr. Baxter's good qualities in a way that did him honor, I am sure. I do like a man that can frankly allow merit in another. Mr. Pendergast supported him ably and boldly. My lady hemmed and hawed and took snuff,—about the only luxury she allows herself,—and at last asked what her brother Robertson had given.

“Twenty pounds,” answered the doctor briefly. I could see his patience was waxing threadbare.

“Twenty pounds!” almost screamed my lady. “Twenty pounds, and he owing me three hundred pounds this very minute, and only paying me eight per cent when I could easily get ten!”

“Your brother-in-law is a man of a liberal spirit, as I remember your husband was,” observed Dr. Bates.

“Liberal, quotha! Yes, liberal enough. I might have been thousands of pounds better off at this

minute if he had not been quite so liberal. Charity begins at home, to my thinking."

"That is where we want you to begin it, — here in your own house," said Mr. Pendergast.

I could not forbear smiling.

"Dolly, why are you grinning there like a Cheshire cat?" demanded my lady, turning the vials of her wrath on me, as usual. Then turning again: "I dare say, *you*, Mr. Pendergast, have given of your wealth."

"I could not give of my wealth, madam; and so, like the Macedonian Christians, I had to give of my poverty," said the little man, speaking with as much dignity as a bishop. He is not to be set down, if he *is* little and poor. My lady seemed to think she had gone far enough.

"People have an exaggerated notion of my wealth," said she, in a more civil tone. "'Tis a great plague to be accounted rich. Every beggar and every subscription-paper come to one. In these times of shifting and changing"— She paused a moment, and the doctor took her up sharply.

"In these times of shifting and changing, and, you may add, of dying, madam, would you not do well to place at least a part of your wealth out on good security?"

"Oh, I always do that!" said my lady complacently. "I always look out for good security, and that is one reason why I don't think my brother has been wise in this matter. Mr. Baxter

is an old man, and I don't believe either he or his family will ever be able to pay back what you propose to lend them."

"Pay it back!" exclaimed Dr. Bates, his eyes fairly flashing fire through his glasses; "do you think, madam"— And then, as it were, biting off his words, as Mr. Pendergast touched his arm, he stood silent, while the other minister explained that the sum collected was not to be a loan, but a gift. My lady twisted and turned, hemmed and hawed, and finally said, though she thought Mr. Baxter had been unwise, she supposed she must give her *mite* for his defence. I thought Dr. Bates's spectacle frames must have melted in the lightnings that flashed from behind them; but he did not speak. I think he was afraid to trust himself. Mr. Pendergast took up the word.

"Very good, madam; you talk of your mite. You know the poor widow's two mites were her day's income. We will be content with a similar gift from you; that is, a day's income."

"You will!" squalled my lady again. (Squall is not a pretty word, but her voice really did sound like Lady Clarenham's parrot). "A day's income, indeed! Why, that would be more than twenty pounds! A day's income, indeed, with this house to keep, and taxes to pay, and idle sluts hanging on me who do not earn their keeping" (this with a glance at me). "A day's income, indeed! Do you think I am made of money?"

"I do not know what you are made of, madam,"

said Dr. Bates, rising, and speaking in a voice which had more the ring of steel than silver. "But this I can see, that you have great need to examine your evidences, and make sure that you are in a state of salvation. I very much fear that you have neither part nor lot in the matter, and that your heart is not more right in the sight of God than that of Simon Magus himself."

"I don't know what you mean by speaking so to me," said my lady, looking alarmed. "I am sure I am a good Presbyterian, and believe the Assembly's Catechism from beginning to end."

"It is possible to hold the truth in unrighteousness," answered Dr. Bates. "A greater authority than the Assembly's Catechism hath said, 'Ye cannot serve God and mammon,' and that 'no covetous man who is an idolater hath any part in the kingdom of God and of Christ.' — Come, brother Pendergast, we do but waste our time here."

"You are very hard on me," said my lady, as with trembling hands she extracted her purse from her pocket, and drew out something. "There, I will give you that, and perhaps more if it is needed ; but I don't believe it will be, especially as you say so many of the established clergy stand by Mr. Baxter." (Dr. Bates had told us this, though I forgot to put it down in the proper place). — "Dolly, why don't you see the gentlemen out?"

I was glad to escape, for I was boiling over. To think of that kind old man, her own life-long friend and her husband's, being brought before



that dreadful Judge Jeffreys; and she grudging a few pounds for his defence. As I followed the gentlemen into the ante-room, I heard Mr. Pendergast ask, —

“What did she give you at last?”

“Seven shillings,” answered Dr. Bates. Then, sighing: “Certainly, the old Adam will never die in me till I die myself, brother. My fingers itched to throw it in her face!”

I suppose it was wicked in me, but it comforted me to hear the good man make this confession. He turned to me, as I entered the room, with his kindly smile. “Do not trouble yourself, my dear young lady. We can easily let ourselves out.”

“I wanted to speak with you,” said I; and then added, awkwardly enough, I dare say, “Will you please give Mr. Baxter this gold piece for me?”

The ministers looked at each other, and then at me.

“But, daughter, is not this a great deal for you?” asked Dr. Bates.

“It was a present to me,” said I. “Mr. Baxter has been very good to me, and” — And here, like a goose, I fell a-weeping as I thought how kindly he had spoken the very last time I saw him. “Please do take the money,” I added, checking my tears as well as I could. “’Twas given me to do what I like with.’

“I will take it, then, and I am sure a blessing will go with it,” said the doctor, laying his hand on my head. “May the Father of the fatherless

“bless thee, my child!” Then, turning, he asked Mr. Pendergast, “Does she belong to us?”

“Not she,” answered Mr. Pendergast. “I cannot make a Presbyterian of her; though my wife and I have tried, haven’t we, Dolly?”

“I am sure you have both been very good to me,” I answered; “but every one is not like you. My mother was of the Church of England, and I cannot leave it without better reason than I have yet seen.”

“Ah, well, the light may come!” said the doctor kindly. “Pray for light, my child; and, once more, the God of the fatherless bless thee!”

Mary Mathews was waiting at the door, and I saw her give the doctor something. When I had a chance, I asked her how much.

“Five shillings,” said she shortly. “I had saved it toward a Sunday gown, but my old one will serve a while yet. I have not forgotten how kindly Mr. Baxter spoke to me the day I was crying for my poor dead sister.”

“So is not a word better than a gift?” My lady hath been in her worst humor all day, saying the most provoking and outrageous things, and insulting both Mrs. Williams and myself every time we opened our mouths. Mrs. Williams’s Welsh blood boiled over at last, and she gave her back hot and hot, ending with giving warning; whereat my lady cooled down, and presently went into fits of the mother. She did not gain much by that, for Mrs. Williams plied her

with hartshorn and burnt feathers; and as she continued winking and blinking, and pretending not to see or hear, she poured into her mouth a most abominable decoction of valerian and rue, the very smell of which almost made me sick. It brought my lady to in an instant, sputtering and choking, and declaring she was poisoned, and demanding what had been given her.

“Only my Lady Pendarves’s cordial against fits,” answered Mrs. Williams, tranquil as a summer morning; for, having discharged her culverins with such good effect, she could afford to be as quiet as those same culverins when unloaded of their powder. “’Tis a sovereign remedy, as you may see. Perhaps you had better take a little more;” and she again advanced the cup to her lips.

“No, no! I am quite well now,” said my lady hastily. “I should not be ill only for your and Dolly’s fretting me so, poor, weak creature that I am!” and with that she began to cry, but stopped as she saw Mrs. Williams shaking her bottle again. As for me, I was ready to die laughing; but I can always keep a sober face, if I please.

“I hope your new woman may suit you better than myself,” said Mrs. Williams. “I heard that Mrs. Jerningham, who hath lived in my Lord Oxford’s family, desires a place; and I can bid her call on you, if you please.”

“Yes, a fine addition she would be to my family, no doubt,” snapped my lady. “You are very

unkind, Williams, to speak of such a thing, when you know what a poor, suffering creature I am, with no one to care for me since my poor husband died. — Dolly, take your work, and go sit in your own room.”

“I think Mistress Dolly had better go for a little walk, since the day is so warm and fine,” said the pitiless Mrs. Williams. “I could give her Mrs. Jerningham’s address, if your ladyship would like to have her call on you.”

“Hold your tongue about Mrs. Jerningham. — Dolly, go and walk, then, and see if you can pick up some news.”

I went as I was bid, and was glad of the chance to be in the air a little.

*May 26.*

Poor Mr. Baxter hath really been sentenced to a fine and imprisonment. Mr. Pendergast, who was present, said the old gentleman carried himself like a hero all through. The trial was a shameful, indecent mockery of justice. Mr. Baxter’s council was not allowed to say a word in his defence, and several distinguished clergymen of the Church of England who tried to speak for him were insulted and roared down. It is said that Judge Jeffreys proposed that he should be whipped at the cart’s tail; but the motion raised such a murmur of indignation, even among the most subservient of the courtiers and court officials, that he dared not persist. Mr. Pendergast says, that, considering the troubles in the North,

and the fears of a rising in behalf of the Duke of Monmouth, the sentence is lighter than Mr. Baxter's friends had any reason to expect.

Somehow, ever since Dr. Bates was here, the words of his blessing have dwelt upon mine ear. "The Father of the fatherless," — it hath a lovely sound. But I don't think He can be *my* father, else he would never leave me here where I am so miserable, and where I *can't* be good if I would.

I suppose my lady has made it up with Mrs. Williams, for there is no more talk of her going away. I am glad of it with all my heart. I am sure I could never live here without her, and I have nowhere else to go. My Lady Clarenham did say something as to telling my aunt about me, but I don't build on it. 'Tis not likely, with her family, that she would care to be troubled with me. But, as I said, I fancy Mrs. Williams has made her own terms. She keeps the keys again, my lady saying she is not able to attend to the house-keeping any more; and we fare very much better in consequence. She is civil enough to me before Mrs. Williams, but takes it out on me behind her back. However, I get more liberty than I did, and take a walk every day when it is fine.

*May 30.*

It is said that the rebellion in Scotland is quashed, and the Earl of Argyle is in prison and like to lose his head. I am glad on't, I am sure; not that the poor gentleman is to lose his head,

but that the rebellion is so soon put down, since they say it could never have succeeded. I hope they will not be too severe with the poor wretches ; but those that know say that the king hath no mercy in his heart. There are rumors of an invasion under the Duke of Monmouth.

This morning, walking in the park very early, — I like to go early, because I see no one at that hour, — I saw Barbara Andrews, sister to Mr. Andrews, Ursula's servant that was. I have always liked Bab, who is an upright, downright sort of girl ; but we have never been intimate. She looked very pretty in her deep mourning, with her fair hair, that never will lie smooth, dancing in little curls about her forehead. She had a basket on her arm, and told me she was going to carry something to a poor body ; and, as I had plenty of time, I offered to go with her.

“Have you seen Ursula lately ?” I asked of her, as we walked along. I was surprised to see Bab's eyes flash, and her lips curl, at the question ; for though she and Ursula were as unlike as chalk and cheese, and I never thought any love was lost between them, yet they always got on well enough.

“She is busy, I dare say,” she answered, “though I should not think she need have so much to do : she had her wedding-clothes ready to her hand.”

“Bab, what do you mean ?” I exclaimed, standing stock-still in my amazement. “Ursula is not going to be married — not *Ursula* — not so soon ?”

“Even so,” said Bab. “You know if she

should wait longer the mode might change, and the things go out of fashion." And with that she laughed, and then fell a-weeping so bitterly, and with such sobs, that I was fain to draw her to a bench which stood under the shelter of some bushes, and bring out my smelling-salts which my Lady Clarenham's woman gave me. Bab is not one to make a great fuss. She checked herself as soon as she could, and wiped her eyes.

"I am a fool, Dolly, and that is the truth. Why should I care? Only I do think she might have waited the year out.

" ' But two short months, — not two, —  
A little month, or ere those shoes were old  
In which she followed my poor brother's coffin.' "

I thought she was going to cry again, and strove to divert her.

"Bab," said I severely, "you have been reading profane stage plays. That is out of Mr. Shakspeare, I know."

"And so have you, or you wouldn't know," she retorted. "But there is no harm in that play, Dolly."

"I know it," I answered. "I got some of the speeches by heart when I was at school. I only wish I had the book now. But tell me, is Ursula really going to be married, and to whom?"

"She really is, and to Mr. Jackson, her father's partner."

"Bab, I can't believe it," I said. "Why, he is

old enough to be her father, and a church-warden to boot ! I have heard her laugh at him to his face many a time."

"And perhaps you may again ; nevertheless, she is going to marry him next week."

"But what possesses her ?"

"Well, if you want to know what I think, Dolly, I will tell you," said Bab, rising, and taking up her basket again. "I think Ursula is, as they say, biting off her nose to spite her face."

"How so ?"

"Why, she had news from Newcastle, or thereabouts, — wherever Mr. Morley has gone — that he is to be married to some rich woman in that place ; and I think she means to show him that she does not care, and that she can be wedded as soon as he."

If my life with my mistress has done me no other service, it hath at least taught me to command myself, and to hide my feelings.

"But is she sure ?" I asked. "'Twould be a pity to do such a thing, and then find out that it was a mistake, after all."

"I believe the news is quite true. You know he is a kinsman of Ursula's on the mother's side. I think she always liked Mr. Morley, even while my poor brother was alive ; but Henry was so blind, and he loved Ursula. I tell you what it is, Dolly, I could almost find it in my heart to be thankful that he hath escaped her hands. As to Mr. Morley, my opinion is that they would have



been well matched ; but for all his hanging round her, and sending her presents, I don't think he cared a pin for her."

"I must hurry home, Bab," said I, glancing at the clock. "I shall be late ; and my lady will bite my head off if I am not at prayers to read her a chapter out of Chronicles, all full of hard names. I wish those who made the Bible had left out that part of it."

"Don't speak so of the Holy Word, Dolly dear!" said Bab seriously, and gently detaining me a moment. "I could show you some lovely things even among those same hard names."

"You speak of the Bible as if you really loved it, Bab. Do you?" I asked.

"Yes, I do ; and so would you if you thought of it as I do," answered Bab. "Think of it as a letter from a loving Father writ to *you*, — yes, just as much to *you* as if you were the writer's only child. Then you will love it, and find comfort in it, as I do."

"You are good, and I am not," said I ; "and, besides, I can't believe that God loves me, when he lets me live with my mistress. But I must go, Bab. Do come and see me sometimes. My mistress lies abed all the afternoon, and we could have some comfort."

"I will," said Bab ; and as she kissed me she whispered, "Dolly dear, do try to acquaint yourself with Him, and be at peace. He can comfort you, and he will : only try him."

Bab must know, for she has had a great deal of sorrow in her short life; but then she hath never been tried as I have. I was home in good time; but by ill luck my mistress had risen earlier than usual, and of course I came in for a storm. To pacify her, I told her I had heard a piece of news from Barbara Andrews.

“Yes, you are a fine pair of giglets, you and Bab Andrews. Mark my words, that girl will never come to any good. Her father lets her read romances and play-books, and poetry too.”

“Only the Countess of Pembroke’s ‘Arcadia,’ and Mr. Shakspeare’s plays,” said I, “and Mr. Spenser’s poems.”

“You let me catch you with any of them, and see what you will get,” was the grim response. “I wonder what his dear friend Mr. Baxter would say to Mr. Andrews, if he knew that.”

“Mr. Andrews gave fifty pounds to Mr. Baxter’s defence,” said I. I felt just like exasperating her, somehow. It seemed a relief to the smart of my own feelings.

“Oh, that is your great news, is it? Then here is a piece for you: A fool and his money is soon parted.”

“I am glad you do not think me a fool,” said I demurely; “but that was not the news I meant, for I did not hear that from Bab. She is not one to sound a trumpet before her, or her father either. Shall I get the books and read to you now?”

“Tell me this great news of yours first: I see

you are bursting with it," said she more good-naturedly. "And don't you vex me, Dolly: you may be old and lonely yourself, sometime."

I do wish she would always be kind: she can be so nice when she pleases. Of course I told her all about it.

"Ursula is a shrewd girl; she hath an eye to the main chance, I see," was her comment. "Mr. Jackson hath a great interest in the business, and is rich beside. She is doing well for herself."

"She hath lost no time about it," observed Mrs. Williams. "Why 'tis not two months since poor Mr. Andrews died; but mayhap she is afraid her wedding-clothes may go out of fashion."

"Well, well, 'tis the way of the world," said my lady. "I wish Dolly may do as well for herself. I must look out a match for you, child. There, get the books and read."

I could not but think of Bab's words about finding nice things in the Book of Chronicles when I came across the story of Jabez, whose mother called him so because she bare him with sorrow. I wonder what the poor woman's grief was. Anyhow, I hope she lived to see her son's good fortune. If God would only hear me like that!

After prayers, and when my lady had taken her netting, she began to talk about Ursula again, still in high good-humor; and she was yet on the theme when Ursula herself was announced. She was in black, but had left off her veil; and "going to be

married," was written all over her. She came to tell her dear aunt a piece of news, she said, which no doubt would surprise her; but she thought dear aunt would understand her motives, and not misconstrue her as some had done who should know better.

"Oh, dear aunt knows all about it!" said my lady, smiling maliciously. "Your news is piper's news, niece. You are going to marry Mr. Jackson, like a sensible girl. Pray, when does the great event take place?"

"To-day week," answered Ursula, rather shortly. Nobody likes to have their grand news forestalled. And then, more amiably, "How did you hear the story?"

"Dolly had it from Bab Andrews, this morning," answered my lady.

"Oh! and I dare say Bab had plenty to say about it," sneered Ursula. "I must say, she and the whole family have treated me very unkindly. But I did not suppose from the way I have heard her talk, that she was any great friend of *yours*, Dolly. I heard her say only yesterday — However, I don't want to make mischief."

"You won't," I answered shortly. "I know Bab, and I know she is not one who hath two sides to her tongue."

"And so Mr. Jackson is to be the happy man," said my lady. "He is rather old for you, isn't he?"

"'Better an old man's darling than a young man's slave,' perhaps Mrs. Ursula thinks," said

Mrs. Williams ; and then, as Ursula bestowed a gracious smile in recompense for the proverb, she added, "But old men have slaves sometimes as well as young ones."

"Mr. Jackson is not an old man ; he is not yet sixty," said my lady. "Never mind them, Ursula, they are vexed because it is not their chance. But I did not think it would be Mr. Jackson. What has become of your fine captain, with his gold lace and his feathers and his courtier's airs and graces ?"

"My father would never hear of my marrying a soldier, and one who has not a broad piece," said Ursula ; "and besides," she added, glancing at me, "Capt. Morley is to marry some one at Newcastle, some rich coalman's daughter."

"Oh, indeed !" said my lady. "You did not hear that news, Dolly ?"

"Yes, madam," I answered tranquilly, though I felt as if I were in a nightmare, "Bab told me that, too."

"And when did you hear as much ?" asked my lady, turning to Ursula.

"About two weeks ago."

"Oh !" said my lady, with ill-natured significance. "And how long have you been engaged to Mr. Jackson ?"

"It is not Mr. Jackson's fault if we have not been married, not to say engaged, for a year, madam," answered Ursula. "I must say I am thankful that Providence hath saved me from mar-

rying a man I never could really like, to give me one that I can both respect and love."

The hypocrite! She and my lady are enough to make one disbelieve in Providence altogether. And to talk so about Mr. Andrews, the good man, — a thousand times too good for her, I am sure. She went away after a little; and my lady, having been pleasant for an hour, hath been as cross as a bear for the rest of the day, to make amends. But I don't care. I don't believe anybody was ever so unhappy as I am. "Acquaint thyself with Him, and be at peace," Bab says. But I don't know where to find him, and I have no one to help me.

*June 2.*

"Sorrow may endure for a night, but joy cometh in the morning." I can't tell where I read that, but I think it must be in the Bible. I was coming home from my walk this morning when I met a gentleman whom I had seen in Mr. Morley's company once or twice. He saluted me and asked if this was not Mrs. Dolly Corbet. I courtesied, and answered yes.

"Then I have a packet for your hands, fair lady," said he. He placed in my hands a little parcel, bowed again, and turned away. The packet was inscribed, "For the hands of Mrs. Dorothy Corbet;" and it was sealed with scented wax and a band of blue floss silk, as the fashion is now. I had never seen Mr. Morley's hand, but somehow I knew it in a moment.

It was not till afternoon, however, that I got a chance to open it. It contained a ribbon of plaid silk and a letter from Mr. Morley. Such a loving, kind letter! I have worn it next my heart all day; and, having it there, I could afford to smile at all Ursula's hints and taunts about wearing the willow and so on. I would rather wear the willow than be fed on thistles by such an old donkey as Mr. Jackson. He called here with Ursula, and it was sickening to see his spruce, lover-like airs. I wonder she can endure him. Such a contrast to poor Mr. Andrews, who was a man any one might love and honor!

*June 8.*

We all went to Ursula's wedding yesterday. Even my lady would go; and she gave Ursula a present of a lace whisk which I believe used to be poor Lady Jem's, at least I saw her in the morning searching in the great chest of drawers where she keeps all those things. She never uses any of them herself, and I wish she would give them to me; but there is no danger of that. I saw Ursula showing the whisk to Mr. Jackson, with some slighting remark, to which he answered rather sharply, —

“Don't you know better than that, Ursula? It is old Flanders lace, worth its weight in diamonds, almost. You could easily sell it for twenty guineas to-morrow.” After which she treated it with more respect.

There were many guests at the wedding, and

they were all pretty merry, though there was no dancing nor cards. But I don't see, for my part, why blindman's buff and the like are any better than a good country dance. I am sure there is a deal more romping about them. The couple were married at St. Margaret's, where Mr. Jackson hath a fine pew all lined with damask. I suppose Ursula will go to church with him, of course, but I don't think she will mind. I believe Bab Andrews would cut her hand off before she would wed any one who should take her away from Mr. Pendergast's congregation. And I must say I think she is right. I do always say, if one's religion means any thing, it means every thing.

Mr. and Mrs. Jackson went to their own house from her father's. It is a very good house, with a court, where grow two or three trees and a large laylock, now loaded with flowers. Methought the ancient serving-man and his wife, who have kept house for Mr. Jackson so long, did look but sourly on the bride, and gave her a cool welcome ; but the house was in apple-pie order, and the cake and spiced wine of the best quality. My mistress grew weary, and came away before all the ceremony was done ; and I was not sorry.

"Well, all is over, and my niece well settled in life," said my lady, yawning, as we helped her to undress. "I hope she was pleased with the present I gave her."

"She had a right to be," said I maliciously, I believe. "Mr. Jackson told her it could be sold



to-morrow for twenty guineas. He said it was old Flanders lace, worth its weight in diamonds."

My lady turned fairly green with vexation.

"Are you sure?" said she: "twenty guineas! If I had known that! But I am the most unlucky woman in the world. Every one robs me. Twenty guineas!"

"Well, your ladyship need not grudge it, since it went to your own niece," observed Mrs. Williams. "I could have told you as much, for I have often seen such lace when I was abroad with my former mistress; but I thought you selected it on purpose to do honor to the bride."

My lady made a grimace, but she is mighty civil to Mrs. Williams nowadays. This morning she has been rummaging the great chest of drawers, and has got out a pile of lace for me to look over and mend for her. I don't mind. I love to work on lace, and, thanks to Mrs. Price, I know all the stitches; but somehow, as I turned over the beautiful frail fabrics, my heart has been full of sorrow for the poor pretty lady who used to wear them, and whom they have outlasted. Bab Andrews came in this afternoon, and brought my lady a fine cream cheese, part of a hamper she had from her sister in the country; and my lady graciously asked her to stay and make a visit. Bab is even more skilful than myself at lace-work; and as we looked over the things, and laid them out on a piece of old colored silk to show the patterns, I told her some of the thoughts that were running in my mind.

“Doesn’t it seem strange,” said I, “that these spider-webs should have outlasted the one who used to take delight in them? They are as good as ever; but what is left of her, save her monument in the church, and the picture of her downstairs in the withdrawing-room?”

“You talk like a Sadducee, Dolly,” said Bab. “Don’t you know poor Lady Jemima is just as much alive as ever she was, only not here?”

“I suppose she is, and yet it does not seem so,” I answered. “When a person is dead, it seems as though that was the end. Does it not to you?”

“*No, indeed!*” she answered, with emphasis. “My dear mother and — another friend — are as much alive to me as ever they were, only I can’t see them,” she added sadly. “O Dolly, my heart grows so *hungry* at times! It seems as if I could not wait. But I shall be satisfied sometime.”

“And till then?”

“Till then I must even work and wait,” she answered, with her bright smile; “and the consolations of God are not small with me, either, Dolly.”

“If *you* can say that, I ought to be able to,” said I. (For really, in some ways, Bab is worse off than I. Her lover was executed for complicity in the Rye House Plot, though he died protesting his innocence of aught but old friendship with some of the conspirators. Her father is old and feeble, her mother is dead; and her aunt, who rules the house, has the temper of a wild bull, and

the malice of — I won't say what. Mrs. Pendergast says Bab has the patience of a saint with her.) "But somehow those things seem to do me no good. I read the Bible to my lady every day, but I don't seem to gain any thing from it but weariness."

"That is because you don't take it in the right spirit, as I tell you," said Bab.

"But, Bab, I don't see that Christians are so very much better off, after all," said I. "Look at the Pendergasts; and Mr. Baxter, poor man! ill and in prison; and you yourself, how many griefs you have had; and Mr. Fairchild. He was a good man, and yet God did not interfere to save him from a violent and unjust death."

"There again you talk like a Sadducee," said Bab. "Your words might be true if this world were all, instead of the very least part of our life. God has never promised his faithful ones any exemption from trouble in this world. On the contrary, he hath said, 'In the world ye shall have tribulation,' 'Whom the Lord loveth he chasteneth.' Mr. Fairchild's imprisonment and death were not long, after all, and they opened to him the gate of eternal life. And when we look back to the most sorrowful life, after our sorrow is all done and past forever, from the distance of a million years of blessedness, it will not seem long to us."

"I am glad you take comfort in such thoughts," said I.

“I could not live if I did not,” said she ; and then, her heart being opened, she went on to tell me a great deal about her lover, — how good he was, and what comfort he had, even in his prison, and how bravely he met his death. Bab is not one to talk of her own feelings often, and I valued her confidence all the more.

“But there, I am making you cry, and I did not mean to do that,” she said presently. “I don’t often talk of myself, but there is something in you that draws one out. I always did like you, Dolly.”

“I am sure I am glad,” said I, and then added incautiously, “I was told you did not.”

Bab glanced sharply at me, “Ursula?” I nodded.

“You should know her well enough by this time not to care for what she tells you,” said Bab ; and then, breaking out with all her natural fire and vehemence, “If there is any thing I detest and despise on this earth, it is a born meddler and mischief-maker, — a make-bate who repeats things from one friend to another to make trouble and discord. Such a person is the meanest reptile that crawls.”

“If they would content themselves with repeating, but I think they never do,” said I.

“Never. The tattler is always a liar.”

“But, Bab, you should not hate or despise any one,” said I demurely : “doesn’t the Bible say we should pray for those?”

“Yes, I know, and I am wrong,” said Bab; “and, Dolly, I do pray for her. But you don’t know the wrong she has tried to do me. There, I won’t talk of it, or think of it, either, if I can help it. Did you say my Lady Jemima’s picture was down-stairs? Can I see it?”

I took her down to the withdrawing-room; and we looked long at the beautiful face, drawn with Lely’s best art.

“How lovely she is!” said Bab at last. “She looks as if made for something better than the life they say she led. What sort of man was Sir Charles?”

“He was very kind to me,” I answered; “but they say he was a great gamester, and not very good otherwise. But he was kind to me. I wonder what in the world made him marry my lady.”

“Her money, I suppose,” answered Bab. “But it was tied up so he never had much of it, or so I have heard. I wonder whether my lady will ever marry again.”

“Bab, the idea!” I exclaimed.

“And pray what is there so very absurd in that, Mrs. Dolly?” said a sharp voice behind us. I turned in a hurry, and saw my mistress, who had come in like a cat, as she always does, only she never purrs. “Am I such a dragon in your eyes that you think all the men must be afraid of me?”

I told her what was true, though I fear not the whole truth, — that I had always heard her regret her last marriage, and say what a foolish step it

was, and how much better off she would have been to live single.

“One might have better luck another time,” said she, as if really considering the matter. “However, you need not get your bridesmaid’s dress ready yet. What about your work?”

I told her it was all done; and she bade me put on my hood, and go tell Mr. Jackson she wanted to see him. I ventured to demur a little, and say I would go with Bab after supper; whereupon she took me up sharply for wanting to be in the street at that hour. I believe it was a plan to keep Bab from staying to supper.

Mr. Jackson was all smiles and spruceness, as became a bridegroom, and made some speeches I would have liked to box his ears for. I believe he did buy the laces, for they have all disappeared; and my lady is in high good humor, so that she even gave me half a crown.

*June 13.*

Great news is come from the west, — no less than that the Duke of Monmouth has landed at Lyme, and has put forth a proclamation declaring his right to the crown, and accusing his uncle the king of unheard of crimes; of poisoning his brother, of strangling poor Sir Edmondsbury Godfrey, about whom there was such a coil, and what not. Mr. Pendergast says it is not like a royal proclamation, but like a libellous street broadside; and so said Mr. Robertson, who came to talk over the news.

“Well, I can’t but think there may be some truth in his claim, after all we heard about the black box, and, if so, I hope he will succeed,” said my mistress.

“For Heaven’s sake, don’t say so, sister!” exclaimed Mr. Robertson. “Such words, if reported, might cost your life, and ours too.”

My mistress looked scared.

“The duke’s claim hath not the shadow of probability,” continued Mr. Robertson. “I well remember seeing his mother, when I was abroad as a young man. She was not a creature that any one was like to marry. I know people wondered at the king for taking up with her, for her character was notorious.”

“I am very sorry for this business,” said the minister, “and the more so that I fear some of our friends in the west will be so ill-advised as to join with the duke, as others did with the Duke of Argyle. I do not so much wonder at that, since he was a sober and religious gentleman, though, as I think, sadly ill-advised. But I do not know what they can expect from one who leads the life of the Duke of Monmouth.”

“I suppose such great people are not to be judged by common rules,” began my lady; but Mr. Pendergast turned on her sharply enough.

“And why not, madam? Does the Holy Word contain one set of rules for the great, and another for common people? If so, I have never found it out. The idea is far too common, but I did not

expect to hear it from a member of my congregation.”

Then Mr. Robertson took her up, —

“And whatever you do, sister Corbet, don’t let any one hear you say one word in favor of this unhappy gentleman. The king is exasperated to the last degree, and Judge Jeffreys hath his ear entirely. I fear we shall see bloody work before all is done. But I do beg you to be careful, sister: I don’t want to see you brought to prison and death in your old age.”

“Dear me, what did I say?” asked my lady. “I only said *if*.”

“And that was an if too much,” answered Mr. Robertson.

“And as to my old age, I am not so very aged as all that,” whimpered my lady. “One would think I were as old as Dame Gaskell to hear you talk.”

“You are old enough to know better than to talk treason,” said Mr. Robertson very sharply. (It was a wonder, for he is usually very deferential to his sister-in-law.) “Why, if Mrs. Dolly here were to report your rash words, you might find yourself in Newgate to-morrow.”

I was boiling over with rage at him; but I was spared the trouble of taking up the cudgels in mine own defence, as Mr. Pendergast did it for me.

“Mrs. Dolly is not going to do any such thing; she is no make-bate or tale-pyet, that I will engage.



I wonder at you, brother Robertson, for casting such a slur on a young lady as to insinuate that she is to turn informer!"

I don't know what there is about that little man which gives him such weight. He is small and meagre, and as poor as the young ravens, as Jane Gaskell says; and yet, when he does take up arms, all goes down before him. Mr. Robertson looked ashamed of himself.

"You misapprehend me, you quite misapprehend me, brother Pendergast," said he. I meant no insinuation as to Mrs. Dolly, who is, I am sure, an excellent young lady; but you know young maids will tattle and talk at times incautiously. I am sure I crave her pardon, if I have hurt her. — You will forgive me, won't you, Mrs. Dorothy?"

The poor man looked really unhappy. I do think he is a kind soul; and, with the specimen he has at home, one need not wonder. So what could I say but that it was no matter!

*June 18*

I have seen Mr. Morley. He was in town only one day and a part of another; but he gave us a call, and (I am almost ashamed to write it) I did meet him in the park for a few minutes in the morning. I know it was wrong to break my promise to Mrs. Williams; but it is the last time. He goes to the west to-day, where the rebels are still holding their own, and even making head.

Mr. Morley asked me what I heard among the Presbyterians about the Duke of Monmouth. I

told him that all I had heard speak of the matter considered his claims utterly unfounded, and his attempt both ill-advised and wrong.

“They would be ready enough to join him if he made his way to London — the sneaking traitors!” said Mr. Morley. “And how about your mistress? She hath an eye for a fine young man, and the duke and Sir Charles Corbet used to be very great together in former days.”

My cheeks tingle with shame at the thought, but I came very near telling him what my mistress had said. Something, not my own sense I am sure, stopped me just in time. It was as if a hand had been laid on my mouth.

“That would be no passport to my lady’s favor,” said I, laughing rather nervously. “She is always telling about poor Sir Charles’s wastefulness, and how much better off she would have been had she not married him. And the stories of the Duke of Monmouth’s extravagance would set her against him if nothing else did. I must go, Mr. Morley.”

“I suppose your mistress is very rich,” said he, detaining me.

“I suppose so,” I answered. “I heard her say once that her income was more than twenty pounds a day. But she is not one to talk of her affairs. But I must go this minute.”

Well, we parted, and he is gone. When I think over our interview, it does seem strange to me that he should ask me such questions. Does he think I would be a spy on these poor people? And yet

my heart was in my mouth when I think how near I came to betraying my poor mistress. I will never again boast of my power of keeping secrets.

I never thought to ask him about the Newcastle lady.

My mistress is wonderful good to me about these days. She hath given me small sums of money two or three times; and to-day she presented me with two dresses that were Lady Jemima's, — a gray cloth curiously wrought with silk embroidery, and a blue silk. Of course they are all out of fashion, but I can make them over. I am glad to have them, for I have worn my best gown till it is hardly decent for every day.

*June 25.*

I have been so busy with my dressmaking that I have had no time to write, and not much to say. My gowns are done and look very pretty. My mistress continues her good-nature, and gives me more liberty to do what I please than ever before; but she does not like to have me go out.

Ursula Jackson hath been here with her odious husband. I fancy she does not find her married life all sunshine, or he either. His old servants left him, for one thing, after living with him twenty-five years, and he has not yet suited himself. Ursula told me that Mr. Morley had given her a visit, and seemed surprised when I told her he had been here also.

“But he need not come again, he need not come again,” said Mr. Jackson, rubbing his hands. “We

don't want any court falcons round our turtle-dove's nest, do we, lovey?"

Ursula smiled, but it was what Mrs. Williams calls an oxymel smile, sweet and sour at the same time. She has been trying to get Mary Mathews away from us, promising her an advance of wages ; but Mary, who knows her well, says she would as soon live with the Prince of darkness.

I don't know how it is. I ought to be happy after seeing Mr. Morley, and hearing from his own lips how much he loves me. But I am not. My conscience pricks me for breaking my promise so solemnly given, and then there was a something in his manner, a kind of freedom. Something keeps telling me that he would not have spoken so to a woman he really respected. And then his asking me those questions. But I am an ungrateful, fanciful girl, and there is the end on't.

*June 30.*

Great public news, — the Duke of Monmouth was defeated, and his power wholly broken, at a place called Sedgemoor. Terrible tales are told of the brutality used toward the poor miners and ploughmen who had joined him. I am sure I hope Mr. Morley had nothing to do with these cruelties. The duke himself was taken hiding in a ditch, and has been brought to London. We saw him pass, Mrs. Williams and I, as we were buying some things for my lady. He looked thin and haggard, but not daunted. I am sorry for his poor wife, who they say loves him to distraction ; though he

cares for her not at all, and has not even asked to see her.

The murder is out. I mean the secret of my lady's kindness to me. I could tear her fine gifts to pieces if it were not for the remembrance of that morning in the park. She is really afraid I will betray her. She asked me last night to stay and read to her awhile after she was in bed, saying she found it hard to go to sleep, and that I might sleep later in the morning, if I liked, to make up; adding, —

“I dare say *you* don't lie awake?”

“Not often, madam,” said I; “not unless I have something on my mind.”

“Chicks like you ought not to have any thing on their minds. There, read away.”

“What shall I read, my lady?” I asked.

“Oh, what you like! There is Mr. Milton's new poem lying on the cabinet, take that. Mr. Pendergast thinks it is wonderful, but I don't know. Mr. Milton became an Independent, I remember. How many changes I have seen! And yet I have not lived so very long. There, go on.”

So I began, —

“Of man's first disobedience, and the fruit  
Of that forbidden tree whose mortal taste  
Brought death into the world and all our woe.”

Once having begun, I knew not where to stop. The sentences are long, and the sense, at times, involved; but the diction, the melody, is something

wonderful. Well, I read a long time, but my lady did not go to sleep. At last she said, —

“There, that will do ; it is late. Come here, child.” She took my hand and looked with a curious wistfulness in my face. “You don’t love me, Dolly, I know. I ought not to expect it, I suppose. I never did make people love me, only Mr. Robertson ; and I haven’t been very good to you, perhaps ?” She looked at me as if expecting an answer, and I resolved to be frank for once.

“No, my lady, I don’t think you have,” I answered. “You have given me shelter, it is true, and for that I am grateful” —

“And food and clothes,” she interrupted me.

“And food and clothes,” I assented ; “but you have not given me what is worth even more to a young maid, and that is kindness. You seem as if you grudged the very food you gave, and I never am at ease with you. I never know when the simplest word or act of mine may bring down a storm of anger and abuse on my head. I would ask nothing more than to be able to love and respect you, but how can I ?”

I thought I had done it now, but she only sighed.

“Well, well ! Maybe you are right. My aunt Wilson told me once I was like some man she read of in a story-book : I never could have fair weather because I carried my own storm wherever I went. But, Dolly, you can be sorry for me. You would not want to be revenged. You would not

wish to see your poor old mistress in Newgate or on the scaffold?"

It flashed on me then in a moment what it all meant. I tried to draw my hand away, but she held me fast.

"Do you judge me by yourself?" said I, too angry to measure my words. "Would you do as much by me?"

"But they might tempt you, they might offer you money," said she piteously. "Don't be angry, Dolly, but promise you won't betray me."

"And what would my promise be worth, if I were what you think me?" I asked. And then all at once came the remembrance of how near I had come to doing that very thing through sheer carelessness, and I felt that I was no such grand person after all. As the poor thing held my hand and gazed into my face, my heart softened toward her, poor, lonely, unloved and unloving old woman. I am at least better off than she, because I can love, and have some one to love me.

"My lady," said I, trying to speak calmly, for I saw how agitated she was, and I feared a fit. "Listen to me. I don't boast of what I would or would not do. Nobody knows that till the trial comes. But I will say this much. If I know myself, I would sooner cut off my right hand than say a word which would bring you into any trouble."

"Well, well, I believe you," said she, looking more satisfied. "You have plenty of faults, Dolly,

and you are not very good-tempered ; but I have never caught you in a lie, or even in a false excuse. And maybe I haven't been as kind to you as I ought to be. There, kiss me, child, and go to bed."

I kissed her, and she really did embrace me with some affection. I went away quite elated with my victory ; but, when I think matters over, I don't feel so proud. Is a broken promise a lie ? And if I have told no lies in words, have I not acted them ? No, I don't feel proud of myself at all.

*July 16.*

The poor, unhappy Duke of Monmouth was executed yesterday. When the king consented to see him, his friends had hope for his life ; but now 'tis said his Majesty never had any such intention. I do think that was dreadful, as though he wished to feast his eyes on the misery and degradation of his own nephew. His poor wife visited him ; but though he spoke to her kindly, and bid her not mourn for him, he showed her no affection. His love was given to the Lady Wentworth ; and they say he told the bishops who attended him, that he considered her his wife in the sight of Heaven, since he was wedded to the Lady Anne Scott when they were both little children. The executioner did his work most foully, and came near being torn to pieces by the crowd, who rushed to dip cloths and handkerchiefs in the duke's blood.

Mr. Pendergast brought us some letters he has



received from the west country, telling dreadful stories of the cruelties practised there. I suppose it was right to make examples; but it could not be necessary to throw little girls into the common prison for the folly of their school-mistress, or to behead a poor old lady for giving food to the starving fugitives. Nay, they say the Lady Alice Lysle would have been burned, but for the earnest intercession of all the clergy of Winchester; but even they did not avail to save her life. They say the chief justice is like a madman, and that Kirke is no better. It is dreadful to me to think of Mr. Morley in the midst of such scenes, and perhaps obliged to assist at them. How his kind heart must revolt at the work!

*July 18.*

Mr. Pendergast has been here to bid us farewell for a time. He hath had notice from a sure hand that the scenes of the west country are likely enough to be re-enacted here very soon; and though, as he says, he shall not desert his flock, he shall not for the present show himself openly among men. His wife and children go to her father, who is a yeoman in Kent, not rich, but able and willing to give his daughter a home. I am sorry to miss them. Mr. Pendergast is a most agreeable man, and both he and his wife have been very good to me. Besides, they had more influence with my lady than any one else, even Mr. Baxter himself. I fear the poor man's prison will not be the easier for what has happened. I would I could

see him, and carry him some comforts, as Bab Andrews has done ; but when I ventured to ask leave to go with her, my mistress went into such a taking that she nearly brought on a fit, — a real fit, I mean. Mrs. Williams tells me I must be careful not to agitate her, and I am. I don't want the poor thing's death at my door. She is much kinder to me than formerly ; and I suppose I ought to be happy, knowing as I do that Mr. Morley loves me. But I don't know, I suppose nobody ever is really content in this world. Bab would say it is because they strive to be content with what was never meant to satisfy them, but I don't know.

I have really written through this the smallest of my three books. I wonder what the lady who so carefully prepared it for her daughter would say if she saw how it was filled. She was a devout lady, that I am sure of, from the few sentences written in this book ; but it seems her daughter did not take after her. I wonder why.

THE SECOND BOOK.





## BOOK II.

*August 1, 1685.*

**L**ITTLE did I think, when I closed the last book, that the new one would open under such changed circumstances. I had been having a pretty hard time for some days. Mrs. Williams was ill for a week, and not able to get out of bed: so I had the whole care of my mistress; and a handful she was, to be sure, and as cross as two sticks. She who takes to her bed on the smallest ailment, and will have the whole house running if her little finger aches, was quite sure there was nothing the matter with Mrs. Williams, and that she could get up if she only thought so. Then she would veer round to the other extreme: Mrs. Williams had an infectious fever, even the plague; she would die in the house, and give us all the infection, and there would be the funeral. In vain the doctor assured her it was only a severe cold, which would get well with nursing. If that was all, why need Williams lie in bed? *She* had had plenty of colds, and nobody thought any thing of them; but she was a poor, forsaken creature that nobody cared for. And

then the expense : she should die in an almshouse, she knew she should.

“Then you will be happier than a great many of your persuasion, madam,” said the doctor. “Better die in an almshouse than in jail or on the scaffold, as so many are doing just now.”

My lady was silent at this, and I saw her glance at me.

“I should not think such severity would help to make his Majesty popular,” observed Mr. Andrews, who had come in with Bab to give us a call.

“It does not,” said the doctor, who is much about the court, and who is, in fact, one of those who attended his late Majesty in his last illness. “But I do not think the king cares to be liked as his brother did ; he would rather be feared. I dread, sir, we shall see great troubles and changes before many years are past.”

“There, don’t talk about it,” said my lady hastily : “it is not safe ;” and she began to ask Mr. Andrews about the credit of somebody in the city who owes her money. But the fright did her good, and she behaved much better afterward.

I had one comfort in a letter from Mr. Morley, sent me by a private hand. It was kindly writ, as usual, but says nothing of public affairs. One thing I am resolved on : I will never give him another private meeting.

Well, Mrs. Williams was about again, and things had fallen into their usual course. I had been out

to do an errand for my mistress, and she had given me leave to make Bab Andrews a little visit. Bab was not at home, and I was turning from the door, when I met Mary Mathews.

“You are to come home directly, Mrs. Dolly,” said she, quite breathless with her haste. “My lady sent me for you, and desires you will make no delay.”

“Why, what now?” said I. “Hath my lady taken a fit again?”

“Not so; but there is a lady come to see you,” said Mary. “She is sitting in the withdrawing-room with mistress.”

“In the withdrawing-room!” I repeated, in wonder, knowing that my lady never enters that room if she can help it. “Did you see the lady? Is it my Lady Clarenham?”

“The lady who came to see you before? No; but a much handsomer lady, and very richly dressed. I think my mistress called her Lady Fullham, but I am not sure.”

“Fullham? I have heard that name somewhere, but I can't tell where,” said I; but I had not much time to speculate thereon, for we were already at the house. I made myself neat, taking very little time about it, for I was running over with curiosity.

As I entered the room, I found myself face to face with a handsome lady, a little past the prime of life, very richly dressed, but in a sober, matronly fashion. There was something oddly familiar in her face, too.”

“This is Mrs. Dorothy Corbet, madam,” said my mistress, taking me by the hand to present me, as if I had been a daughter of her own, a thing she never did before. “Dolly, this lady is Lady Fullham, who has come to see you on an important matter.”

I can't tell how many or what wild notions darted through my mind. The chief was the wonder whether this lady were not some friend or relation of Mr. Morley's to whom he had recommended me, as I remember he once spoke of doing. I was soon undeceived, and in a surprising way.

“Come hither, and speak to me, my child,” said the lady, after she had, as it seemed to me, looked me all over in a moment with her keen dark eyes. “I am your mother's own sister and your aunt.”

The room did seem to turn round with me at these words. My mother never spoke of her own family, who were bitterly opposed to her marrying a soldier and a poor man. She did say on her death-bed, “Dolly, you were named for your aunt, my only sister. If you ever have a chance, make friends with her, and give my love to her. I am sorry now that I have never written to her, though I shall never regret my marriage.”

I recovered myself as quickly as I could, courtesied deeply, and received my new aunt's kiss, but in silence, for I literally could not speak.



“You did not know you had such a relation, I suppose,” said my aunt.

“No, madam — yes, madam,” I faltered, like a fool; and then, making a great effort, “My mother told me on her death-bed that I was named for you. It was almost the last word she said.”

“And why did not you or your guardians let me know, child?” she asked, rather sharply; and then, more gently, “But I dare say you did not know where to write. My father forbade my holding any intercourse with my poor, unhappy sister, and perhaps we obeyed him too literally; and after I had daughters of mine own — However, that does not matter now.”

“I will leave you to yourselves for a while,” said my lady, rising. I gave her my arm to her own room, and returned to my new aunt, whom I found viewing the pictures and ornaments with a critical eye.

“This room is very handsomely furnished, though a little out of date,” said she. “I should hardly have expected such taste in a city woman, as I understand Lady Corbet to have been before her last husband married her.”

I told her the room had been fitted up by Lady Jemima, my cousin's first wife, and was, I believed, just as she left it.

“Oh, that accounts for it!” said she. “Lady Jemima was of an excellent old family.”

(I wonder does being of an old family give one an infallible taste. I suppose, as Mr. Pen-

dergast says, one family is really about as old as another.)

Then my aunt had me sit down by her, and began to catechise me rather sharply, but not unkindly, about my mother and her affairs. She was visibly touched when I told her of my mother's troubles and death; and, when I could not forbear weeping, she called me "poor child," and gave me her own smelling-bottle.

"Well, well, I would I had known!" said she: "I would never have left her to die among strangers. But my first husband hated London, and would never come hither; and Sir Robert is not much better." Then she began to ask me about my education, and I answered her frankly. Finally she asked if my lady was kind to me.

"Please excuse me from answering that question, madam," said I. "My mistress gave me a home when I had nowhere to go, and it would ill become me to accuse her."

My aunt looked displeased for a moment, and then her brow cleared.

"You are right, child, and your words show a ladylike spirit. One can see you are of gentle blood. Now go and ask Lady Corbet if she will give me the favor of an interview to-morrow. I will not ask to see her again to-day, as she seems but feeble; and, beside, I want a little time to consider."

I went up to my mistress, who fixed ten of the clock for receiving my aunt. (How strange it

seems to write the word!) I told my aunt, who said she would come at that hour.

"By the way, child, I hope you are not a Presbyterian, as I hear these people are," said she, as she was going away.

"No, madam," I answered; "I was brought up in the Church of England."

"That is well," said she. "They are a pestilent set of traitors, as the late unhappy outbreak hath shown."

I could not quite stand this. "Not all, madam," said I. "I have not heard a single Presbyterian speak of the late rebellion but with regret and abhorrence."

"Don't answer me back, child," said my aunt sharply. "Your mother should have taught you better than that. There, I am not angry, but don't do it again."

She kissed me, and I attended her to the door. She had a fine coach and two men. I think she must be very rich. How odd if she should take a fancy to adopt me! But that is not likely, as she tells me she hath two daughters of her own.

*August 3*

But unlikely things do happen. Lady Fullham came again next day, and was closeted with my mistress full two hours. I expected every moment to be sent for, but no message came; and by and by I saw my aunt drive away. Every thing went on as usual till after dinner, when my lady called me to her side, and bade me sit down.

“So I am to lose you, Dolly, it seems,” said she. “This fine country lady desires to adopt you into her own family, and to give you a home and all the privileges of a daughter; and of course she has the best right to you, as your mother’s sister.”

“Methinks her mother’s sister was somewhat slow in asserting her right,” remarked Mrs. Williams, who was knitting, as usual, and with that peculiar click of her needles which always indicates displeasure with her.

“Hold your tongue, Williams,” retorted my mistress. “Lady Fullham did not know of her niece’s existence.”

“Then she might have known,” said Mrs. Williams, who is not easily put down. “She could have asked, I presume.”

“Will you be quiet?” said my lady. “You see, Dolly, the doctor says I *must* go to the Bath and stay several months, and that makes it needful to shut up the house. I can’t afford to keep two establishments, nor could you stay here alone.”

“There would be no need of that,” said Mrs. Williams. “Mrs. Dolly could go with us to the Bath. I am sure you will need her quite as much there as here.”

“Hold your tongue, Williams!” This is her regular retort, and Mrs. Williams cares for it as much as for the sparrows’ chirping outside. “It would increase my expenses very greatly to carry Dolly with me, and that is what I cannot afford.

I am like to be driven to beggary as it is, with all this journeying and expense."

Mrs. Williams's needles rattled like a soldier's equipments, and her chin went up in the air with its own peculiar toss. My lady continued, —

"Besides, my Lady Fullham, being own sister to Dolly's mother, has the best right to her. She is wealthy, and can take her into society, and give her many advantages."

"She *can*," said Mrs. Williams. "The question is, whether she *will*."

"She says she intends to place Dolly on the same footing as her own daughters," returned my lady. "Those were her very words, 'On the same footing as my own daughters, in every respect.' — What do you say to that, chick?"

"My aunt is very kind," said I. "I must say that it is pleasant to me to think that I have some relations. I have been so alone in the world hitherto."

"Better kind strangers than strange kin," snapped Mrs. Williams.

"Perhaps Dolly thinks she has not found the kind strangers," said my lady.

"Oh, yes! I have had a great deal of kindness from strangers," said I. "Nobody ever had a better friend than Mrs. Williams has been to me." And in something of my old impulsive fashion, I threw my arms round the dear old woman's neck, and gave her a good hug, thereby causing great damage to the knitting. Mrs. Williams returned

my kiss; and then, gathering up her work, she left the room.

“Williams, where are you going? Come back,” cried my lady; but Mrs. Williams only said she would come back presently, and closed the door after her. When she did come back, I saw that she had been weeping.

“Well, now, if you have done with your play-acting, you and Williams, perhaps you will listen to sense,” said my lady peevishly. “Lady Fullham and I have settled it all between us. Dolly is to go to her on Monday.”

“That is very short notice, seeing that this is Friday,” observed Mrs. Williams. “Mrs. Dolly will have no time to get her clothes ready; and she needs new under-linen, stays, and gloves, and what not.”

“There you are quite mistaken,” said my mistress triumphantly. “Lady Fullham expressly said Dolly was to bring nothing with her but the most necessary clothes. She preferred to provide every thing herself. — So, you see, Dolly, you need not take the blue silk gown I gave you, nor the cloth mantle. They will do for some one else, if ever I have another in your place, which I doubt.”

“But, my lady, I have nothing else to wear, — not a decent thing,” I faltered, somewhat aghast.

“To be sure you have not,” said Mrs. Williams decidedly. “I presume the lady did not want her niece to come to her like a beggar-wench from the Bridewell; nor would you, my lady, like to be

thought so mean and stingy as to send her out in that guise. You would not like to have this fine lady telling every one of her acquaintance that Lady Corbet was too mean to give her gentlewoman decent clothes."

Now, if there be one thing that my lady cares more for than for her money, it is what people say about her.

"Of course not, of course not. I am only telling you what the lady said. Of course, Dolly will take with her what clothes she has already. All I mean is, that she need not wait to buy any more. — There, go away now, Dolly, and let me have a rest. You can be putting your things in order, if they need it."

But they do not need it. Thanks to my dear mother's lessons, followed up by Mrs. Williams's, I have the fixed habit of mending my clothes as they want it. I almost wish I had something to do to pass away the time.

To think that, after almost three years of slavery, — waiting on my lady's whims, and wearing out my eyes and fingers in everlasting seaming and stitching, and my throat in reading stupid books of divinity that I could never make head nor tail of, — after all, I am really to be a young lady, and take my place as such in my aunt's family. I hope I shall be able to content her. She seems like one who would be mighty particular. I can see that she thinks a great deal of birth and family. Well, mine ought to be good enough to suit

her, one would think. My mother was her own sister, and my father was related not distantly, though I don't know just how, to the old Corbet family in Devonshire and Cornwall. Sir Charles told me about it once, — that is, he began to tell me, but my lady, who never could endure to have him speak to me, came down on us like a dragon. Alas! poor man. He was very good to me. I have been looking at his last gift, which I always wear about my neck. It is egg-shaped, about as large as a small pigeon's egg, and there is something inside which rattles a little. I cannot see any way to open it, but then I would not do so if I could, — at least I think not.

There is one thought that troubles me a good deal. How shall I ever see or hear from Mr. Morley? He can come to visit my lady, and I can at least see him and hear him talk, and now and then get a few words to myself. As to meeting him in the park again, I have solemnly resolved not to do that. But he is not in London, nor like to be for a long time, and then his regiment is stationed in the west. My uncle and aunt live not very far from Exeter, and perchance we may meet. But my aunt is not going down to the west at present. She has taken a furnished house, and means to remain at least till some time in September, that her daughters may have lessons in drawing and music. I wonder if I shall have them as well. I do love music dearly, but I have not touched an instrument since I came to this house. There is a



harpsichord down-stairs, but it is locked and the key lost. Beside that, my mistress hates music.

I can't pretend to say that I am sorry to leave *her*. She has never been kind to me, except when she was afraid of me; and she is one of those people who delight to wreak their own discomforts on other people. So sure as money hath not come in when she expected it, or her supper hath disagreed with her, or she hath had an argument with Mr. Pendergast about giving something (and he is not afraid of her, whoever else is), just so surely my ears and shoulders have had to pay the piper. And one never can tell when she will break out. It is like living with some treacherous wild animal. And I don't think I owe her any debt of gratitude for my board and clothes, either. Mrs. Williams herself told my mistress that I earned all I had, and more too; and she is one who never exaggerates, as I know I do sometimes.

I am sorry to leave Mrs. Williams. A better woman never lived or breathed, as I believe I have said two or three times before, but I don't care. She is desperately strict in her notions, and thinks every thing in the shape of amusement is wrong, except it may be a walk now and then, or some kind of fanciful knitting. She would not even have psalms sung in church. And when Mr. Pendergast asked her how she got along with King David's singers and instruments, she said tartly, "That was under the old dispensation and not any rule for Christians." Then he fell upon

her with St. James, his words, "Is any merry? Let him sing psalms." But she answered more sharply still, that she read her Bible by the light within, and that these words had a spiritual significance.

"But suppose my inward illumination shows me something quite different from yours, what then?" asked Mr. Pendergast, whereat she was silent. They are always very good friends, despite their arguments. I don't suppose I shall ever see any of them again, and that I do regret. I wonder whether my aunt will let me visit Bab Andrews. I shall be sorry if she does not, for I love her dearly. I must try to see her to-morrow.

*August 10.*

I have been an inmate of my aunt's family a week, and this is the very first minute I have had to write. Somehow we never seem to have any time to ourselves. Even for our hours of retirement and devotion, which are strictly set apart every day, my aunt appoints our tasks of reading; and we must give her an account of what we have read. However, she does leave us alone at such times; and, as I am a rapid reader and have a good memory, I hope I may now and then have a few minutes.

I was all ready on Monday morning when my aunt's carriage came for me; and it was with a strange feeling of acting in a dream that I took my seat in it, beside a somewhat sharp-visaged

person who I learned was my cousins' waiting-woman. I was no sooner seated beside her than she began to arrange my kerchief and bodice, telling me that I was not dressed snug enough.

"But we shall soon change all that," said she. "Is your health pretty good, Mrs. Dorothy? You are rather pale."

I told her that it was my natural complexion; that I had never been ill more than two or three times in my life, and then not seriously.

"Are not my cousins healthy?" I ventured to ask.

"Mrs. Betty is well, Mrs. Margaret is rather delicate," was the reply.

I asked how old they were, and she told me that Margaret was eighteen and Betty sixteen.

"Then I am just between them, for I am seventeen," said I. At that moment I saw Bab Andrews coming out at her father's door, and nodded to her.

"You must never do that when my mistress sees you," was the comment my companion made. "She would be very angry."

"But why?" I asked. "Mr. Andrews is a very wealthy and good man, and his daughter is lovely. Did you not think her nice looking?"

"Yes, she hath a nice face and air," said Mrs. Sharpless. (Such was the waiting-woman's name, she told me.) "But if she were an angel from heaven, it would make no difference. My mistress will have her young people make no friends out of her own circle."

I felt rather dashed at this, and I dare say I showed it. Mrs. Sharpless turned to me, and put her hand on my arm.

“Mrs. Dorothy, though it is not my place perhaps, I am going to give you a bit of advice,” said she impressively. “You are but a young thing, and are coming into a new place. Now, mind what I say. If you would get on smoothly and comfortably, you must make up your mind to have no will of your own, but to be governed by my mistress your aunt in all things. ’Tis the only way.”

I told her I hoped I knew my duty too well not to be submissive to my aunt, who was so kind as to adopt me.

“Why, aye, you seem a towardly young lady, and well-bred; and I am glad your cousins will have a companion of their own age, poor things! Well, here we are.”

It was with no little trepidation that I found myself ushered into my aunt’s presence. She was sitting in her own parlor, surrounded by heaps of silk and linen, laces and other things of the sort; and a man was in attendance with more bundles still. My aunt received me kindly, and kissed my cheek.

“You may carry Mrs. Dorothy to her cousins’ room, and tell them from me they may have a holiday till dinner to get acquainted with their cousin. And do you unpack her mail, and lay out her things upon the bed, that I may look them

over. We must put her wardrobe in hand directly, that she may be decent to go out with me."

Mrs. Sharpless courtesied, and led me upstairs, and along a passage to a green door covered with cloth. This she opened, knocking first, and ushered me into a somewhat bare room, where two young ladies were sitting, — one at her book, the other at the harpsichord where she was making terrible work of her scales. They both looked round as we entered, but neither stirred till Mrs. Sharpless said, —

"Mrs. Margaret and Mrs. Betty, this is your cousin Mrs. Dorothy Corbet, with whom your mother desires you to become acquainted; and to that end she gives you a holiday till dinner-time. — I will go and lay out your things, Mrs. Dorothy, and then come and show you your bedroom."

Margaret and Betty came forward and kissed me, rather coolly I thought; and there was a minute or two of awkward silence, which Betty broke by asking in a business-like way, —

"Well, why don't you become acquainted, since that is the order?"

"Betty!" said Margaret warningly.

"Because I don't know how," said I, laughing in spite of myself. "At school, when new girls came in, we used to get acquainted by asking their names and histories; but I dare say you know all that."

"Oh, yes, my mother was pleased to inform us that we had a new cousin who would share our

studies and pleasures!" Betty laid an emphasis on this last word, which was almost bitter I thought. "And I suppose she told you all about us."

"Not very much," I answered. "Mrs. Sharpless told me that Margaret was the elder, and that she was not very strong."

"Are you?" asked Betty. I told her yes.

"So much the better for you," said she shortly, and then she began to ask me about my accomplishments. Could I sing? Could I play? I told her I could do both.

"I am glad on't; that is, if you play well," said Betty. "Meg loves music, and she will have something to listen to beside my horrible strumming."

"And do you play?" I asked, turning to Margaret, who, in as careless an attitude as her stiff chair would permit, was looking at us with soft, wistful, dark eyes, which reminded me somehow of Bab Andrews's dog.

"Yes, but not very well," said she. "But I am glad you can play, cousin Dorothy. Try something now."

"I am not sure I can remember any thing," said I. "I have not touched a harpsichord in three years." However, I did make out to play one of my old lessons, and then I sang a song out of one of Mr. Shakspeare's plays, "Hark! the lark at heaven's gate sings."

It was always a favorite of mine, and I was so

glad to sing and play once more, that I did my very best. Margaret sprang up from her chair and came and stood by me. As I ceased and looked up, I saw that her color was deepened, and there were tears in her bright, soft eyes. Before I had time to speak, Mrs. Sharpless came and called me; but, as I rose from the music-stool, Betty caught my hand, and gave it a squeeze.

“You have made Meg happy,” said she. “I shall love you if you can do that.”

“And I am sure I shall love you,” I began to say; but Mrs. Sharpless hurried me away, saying that my aunt was waiting. My heart sank fathoms deep as I suddenly remembered my precious writing-books, and thought of their meeting my aunt's eye. When I entered the room which was to be mine, however, I saw no trace of them, and my aunt was as kind as ever.

“I have been looking over your things, Dorothy,” said she, “and I am pleased with the order in which you have kept them. It shows that you are neat, and clever with your needle. I see you have a Bible and Prayer-Book: that is well. But why are you so pleased?”

For I had caught up the Prayer-Book with a little cry of joy. It was my dear mother's gift, which my mistress had taken away from me when I first went to live with her. I explained the matter to my aunt. She nodded.

“Just what one would expect such a person to do,” was her comment.

Now, I don't believe my mistress's religion had the least thing to do with her taking away my Prayer-Book. I don't believe Mr. Pendergast would have done it, or poor dear Mr. Baxter, though he did use to send me such dreary, uncomfortable books to read. It was just a piece of my lady's spite, like her forbidding Mrs. Williams to knit, because it gave her the fidgets to see and hear the needles. Marry, she soon grew tired of that. But I had learned already not to argue with my aunt.

"But you must have a new book to carry to church," said she. "My daughters attend church every morning at eight, and I shall expect you to go with them. Is this old-fashioned silk your best dress?"

"Yes, madam."

"And who made it?"

I told her I had made it myself out of an old one of my Lady Jem's.

"Well, well! It is neatly done and does you credit, but you must have two or three new ones made in the fashion. I dare say your mistress did not care much for that. But remember it is a duty we owe to the world, to dress becomingly to our stations. There, now, you may go back to the schoolroom, and Sharpless will arrange your drawers for you. She is your cousins' attendant, and will be yours as well."

Mrs. Sharpless followed me into the passage with my handkerchief; as she gave it into my hands, she said in a low tone, —



“Your copy-books are on the high shelf in your closet behind the books, Mrs. Dolly. It is a good place for them, and you might as well leave them there.”

I nodded assent, well pleased for the moment to think they had escaped my aunt's eye. But, when I had a little time to think, I must say that I was *not* pleased to think this waiting-woman should have my secret in her hands. She seems a good woman, and very devoted to her young ladies, especially to Meg; and it was kind of her to save me from being disgraced with my aunt, and perhaps sent back on my mistress's hands. Oh, dear, I almost wish at times that I had never seen Mr. Morley, and yet! — But be as it may, there is no use in wishing things undone.

We dined at noon, as the fashion is now; and, being used to have my meal an hour earlier, I was hungry enough. The table was beautifully set out, and the dinner elegantly cooked and served. But I can't say I enjoyed it very much. My aunt seemed to watch every motion and every mouthful. It was, —

“Betty, where are your elbows?”

“Margaret, hold your fork more easily. There, now, you have dropped it,” as poor Meg, startled, let her fork fall with a great clatter. “One would think you had lived in Wales or some other place where forks have not yet come into fashion.”

And so on to the end of the dinner. I noticed that my cousins ate very little; but, as for me, I

made a good meal. After dinner we were dismissed to dress for going out with my aunt. Meg is about my height : so I was arrayed in one of her dresses, which was almost too small for me, slender as I am. But by dint of twitching my stay-laces so tight that I could hardly breathe, Mrs. Sharpless got it on.

“ Oh, dear, I can never breathe in this ! ” said I.

“ You must get used to it, ” said Betty. “ Strait-jackets are the fashion here, as well as in Bedlam. You ought to be used to strait-lacing, Dorothy, living among Presbyterians so long. ”

“ That is a different kind of lacing, ” I answered. “ I have never been used to dress tight. My mother and Mrs. Williams thought it very unwholesome. ”

“ And they are right. It is murderous, ” said Betty.

“ Hush, Mrs. Betty, you must not speak so, ” said Mrs. Sharpless, but not unkindly. “ You don’t think your mother would do any thing murderous, do you ? ”

“ She would not mean to, ” said Betty, and that was the end of the matter.

My aunt carried Betty and myself to the park in her fine coach, to take the air among the great folks ; but I don’t think there were as many gay equipages as used to be in the old king’s time. My Lady Castlemain was there, sulky and handsome, lolling back in her carriage ; but I did not see anybody take much notice of her. My aunt

seemed to have many grand acquaintances, and even exchanged a few words with the king himself. I think he looks more gloomy than ever. I was presented to the Countess of Sunderland, who had just stopped to take up Mr. Evelyn. He recognized me in a moment, and kindly asked after my health, and when I had heard from my friend. He also told me that Mrs. Patty, my little school-friend, had gone to live altogether with her great-aunt. My aunt was talking to my Lady Sunderland; but as soon as we separated she turned and asked me, rather severely, where I had met Mr. Evelyn, and who he was talking about. I told her all about it; whereat she remarked that Lady Clarenham was a woman of good family, though her father had taken the wrong side in the late troubles, and that every one respected Mr. Evelyn.

I must say I did not enjoy the drive. My stays hurt me so, I could hardly breathe; and I am not enough used to the swinging motion of a coach to like it even yet. Besides, the passing of the places where I had been in other company did revive my grief, and make me feel more than ever how hungry my heart was for the sight of the dear one.

I liked it better when we went to the shops, where my lady bought me a new Prayer-Book and some other books of devotions and meditations, and a beautiful sewing-equipage for my pocket, and some toilet matters whereof I really did stand in need. Betty timidly asked if she might buy a

little flask of aromatic vinegar for Meg, saying that it was good for her headaches.

“Yes, if you choose, though I think Meg’s headaches are mostly of the imagination,” said my lady. Betty’s cheek flushed, and her lips were pressed more closely together; but they relaxed a little when my aunt added kindly, “But I am pleased to see you thoughtful for your sister, child. Here, you may take a bottle of this distilled lavender, also: I think she likes it, does she not?”

“Yes, madam;” answered Betty, and her face grew softer than I had yet seen it.

In the evening my lady went to the play, with her daughters. I was left behind as having nothing to wear, and I was not sorry. I wanted to get off my dress for one thing, and to quiet my head, which was all in a whirl. Certainly it seemed to me the longest day of my life.

After I had practised my music an hour with great delight, I took my work and sat down by the open window, for it was very warm. The house at the back overlooks some fine gardens, so we have good air. I was sorry when Mrs. Sharpless came in and ordered me away, saying I would take cold. I think I would like to be a gypsy or a farmer’s wife, and so live in the open air.

It was ten o’clock when my cousins came up to their room. Margaret looked very pale, I thought. They were no sooner inside the schoolroom, than Betty flew at her sister, undid her dress, and unlaced her stays so quickly that the silk laces

fairly snapped. Margaret sank down in a chair with a sigh of relief.

“Oh, how good that is!” said she; and then she put her arms round Betty’s neck, and her head on her shoulder, and wept hysterically. I brought the flask of lavender-water, and bathed her head, and held my hartshorn salts to her nose; but nothing did any good till Mrs. Sharpless, who had come in, said in a voice of kind authority, —

“Come, come, Mrs. Margaret, this won’t do at all! Your mother will hear you.”

If I had children, I would not like to be held up to them as a bugbear or a boggy. But it had its effect in Margaret’s case. She checked her sobs with a great effort.

“I won’t be so silly,” said she, with a pitiful smile. “Dorothy will think me a baby.”

“Dorothy knows what it is to be tired and overdone,” said I, as I kissed her. “But you will feel better when you have rested.”

Since then I have fallen into the ways of my aunt’s household, and my life goes on like clock-work. Rise at six and dress. Spend an hour in our closets reading of some good book. Then to church to prayers. Then home, to breakfast on bread and butter, and cold water, or very weak broth. My aunt says beer spoils the shape and complexion. Then to appear before my aunt in her dressing-room. Then she examines minutely all the details of our toilets, trying our stays to see if they are tight enough, and commenting on

every stray hair. After that, we give her an account of what we have read in our closets, and read aloud to her the lessons of the day. Then come our lessons, — French and music and Italian. My aunt will have both the girls learn music; and Meg makes great proficiency, but Bess hates it: she has no ear, and does make the most terrible work. In the afternoon we take turns, two to go out with my lady, and one to stay at home, and work at embroidery, or sometimes at plain white seams for some poor body, for my aunt is very charitable. She says we owe it to our position to be kind to the poor, but I don't think I should want any one to be kind to me in that way. Then in the evening we go out somewhere, to a play, or the opera, which is very fashionable just now; or to spend the evening with some friend of my aunt's.

Certainly it is a very different life from that I have been leading the last few years; but I think I go to bed at night quite as tired as I used to when I was running half the day to wait on my mistress. There are many pleasant things which were wanting in my former life, love being the best of all. I do really think my aunt loves me, sharp as she is at times, and I know my cousins do. Then, I have my lessons, especially my music, in which Mr. Goodgreome says I make great progress; and there is the feeling that nobody grudges me my living. My aunt is generous as the day; and if she checks us in eating and drinking (as I

must say she too often does), it is, as she says, for our good, lest we should spoil our figures. I believe I am very perverse not to be happy here, but I am afraid I am not. But I must hurry to put away my book. My work is all done, that is one comfort.

*August 15.*

We had rather a painful scene yesterday, in which poor Meg hath been the sufferer, which is uncommon. It is generally Betty who comes in for her mother's anger when she is angry, which, in truth, is not very often. But we had been to a play in which there was dancing; and after we were come home my aunt gave us the rather uncommon indulgence of a little supper. She was talking of the play and the actors, and remarked that one of them, Becky Marshall, was said to be the daughter of a Presbyterian minister. She asked me if I had ever heard any thing about the matter.

"Yes, aunt," I answered, "I heard Mr. Pendergast say that her father was a most worthy man, who, he thought, could hardly be happy in heaven if he knew how his daughters had turned out. I know that Mr. Pendergast went himself to try to win the girls from their way of life, but he did not succeed."

"I dare say not," said my aunt. "A woman must be pretty well hardened in sin before she would take to such courses; exhibiting herself for money, and in men's attire. But it was a kind

and Christian act to try to rescue the poor creature. Who is this Mr. Pendergast?"

"A Presbyterian minister, aunt, whom I used to meet at my Lady Corbet's. He and his wife were very good to me there."

"Oh!" said my aunt, slightly disconcerted, I fancy, that she had been betrayed into praising a Presbyterian minister. "However, I won't say that it was not a good and kind deed," she added; "though, as I said, a woman must be lost to all sense of goodness before she would take such a place at all. When I was young, no women ever appeared on the stage. All the women's parts were taken by boys; and, as I remember, there were some — Bishop Hall for one — who objected even to that, and Mr. Prynne wrote an immense book about it."

"But, madam," said Margaret timidly, "if it be wrong for women to act on the stage, is it not wrong for other women to go and see them, and thus encourage them?"

My aunt looked at her daughter in amazement. Margaret went on, as if she were determined to free her mind for once, despite Betty's pinches, and the warning glances of Mrs. Sharpless sent from behind her lady's chair. "In the lesson we read this morning, madam, the apostle tells us that women are to be attired in modest apparel, with shamefacedness, not with gold or pearls or costly array; and St. Peter, as I remember, says the same. Now these poor creatures, I suppose,



take to the stage to make a living, and no doubt they are bad enough.<sup>1</sup> But if we go to hear them, and thus encourage them in their miserable way of life, only for our idle amusement, are we not more to blame than they? I must needs think so."

"Marry come up! What sort of Puritan have I for a daughter?" said my aunt angrily. "Upon whom do you presume to sit in judgment, mistress? Do you not see all the very best ladies of the court and in society at the play?"

"And don't you see, Meg, that if we are to take the apostles' words for what they say, we are all wrong together?" said Betty. "What becomes of all our uncovered necks and bosoms and our jewels and gold lace? You would condemn us all in a lump."

My aunt did not see the sarcasm at all; but giving Betty an approving nod, she bestowed on Margaret a severe lecture for her perverseness, ending with, —

"Of course things are different now. We owe it a duty to the world to dress according to our station, and to follow the customs of society; and it is not for chits like you to set up to dictate. You are to do as you are bid."

"I have no wish to do any thing else," Margaret began; but her mother stopped her, bidding her go

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<sup>1</sup> It must be understood that I am speaking of the stage in the time of the Stewarts. Of the stage at present I know next to nothing, save that it is much better than it was then. — L. E. G.

to bed, and not appear before her again till she had learned without book three parts of the 119th Psalm in French. My aunt kept us to treat us to plum-cake, seasoned with a lecture on the evil of young people professing to know more than their elders. As we went up-stairs, we heard Meg sobbing in her room, but she would not let us in. This morning she was up very early ; and, when we went to my aunt, she had her task prepared, whereat my aunt kissed and forgave her. But after all, thinking it over, I can't see but Meg was right. The Bible does say those very words, for I looked them up afterward. I said as much to Betty.

“Of course she was right,” said Bess ; “that is, if there be any right or reality about it anywhere. I would like to know where in the New Testament my mother finds laid down the duty which Christians owe to the world. I think I will ask Dr. Tenison about that, if ever I have a chance.”

“But, Bess, all the ladies my aunt visits, and those whom she holds up to us for examples, do these things,” said I. “My Lady Sunderland, as particular as she is, was at the play last night.”

“There was a time, or so I suppose, that all the fine ladies went to see Christian men and women and poor captives fight for their lives with wild beasts,” retorted Bess. “You know we read about the vestal virgins yesterday, and how they always had the best places.”

“Anyhow I am glad my aunt hath taken Meg

into favor again," said I. "I could not but wonder at her coming out so. It was not like her."

"You will say it is just like her when you know her better," said Bess. "Every now and then she angers my mother in the same way. I wish she would not; for it does no good, and only brings down a storm which hurts Meg, and some additional task which hurts her still more. Don't you see how pale she is to-day? I dare swear she did not sleep last night. I do think my mother is as blind as a bat. Oh, how I wish something would happen that we might go to my aunt Laneham's again!"

"Why, where is she?" I asked.

"She lives in Biddeford, and my mother sent us to her once when one of our servants had small-pox. Meg was happier there than I ever saw her, though my aunt Laneham is poor, and our meat and lodging were plain enough. But she went out with my aunt and uncle to visit the poor folk and the sick; and then aunt knows how to let one alone, which I believe my mother never can. O Dorothy, I would do any thing in the world for Meg!"

"There is one thing you could do for her," said I, "and that is to take more pains with your music, and not make such dreadful noises on the harpsichon."

Bess turned round and looked at me in amazement, with her eyebrows lifted to the top of her forehead so it was well my aunt did not see her.

“What do you mean?” said she. “You know I have no ear. You said so yourself.”

“I never said you had no eyes,” I answered. “See here. Your eyes tell you that the notes in that chord are B, D, and G, don’t they?”

“Yes, to be sure.”

“And they also tell you what are the keys on the harpsichon answering to those notes?” Bess nodded. “Then why can’t you play those notes instead of scraping our ears by playing F and C?”

Betty’s eyebrows came down a little, and she looked like one who has received a new idea.

“Do you really think I could learn to play, Dorothy?” she asked.

“I do think so. I won’t say you could ever make a great player. Your ear is not fine enough. But you can learn to play correctly if you do but take pains enough, and certainly that would be a comfort to Meg. Her ear is so fine that every discord is a torture to her, though she would never say so.”

“She is too sweet and patient ever to complain of any thing,” said Bess; “the more shame that she should be murdered by inches, which is what my mother is doing.”

“You should not say so,” said I, shocked at her words. “Come, now, play your lesson, and I will overlook you if you like.”

“And what about your French verb?”

“Oh, I know it already! Come, begin, and I will count for you.”

We really did get through the lesson very decently, and I felt paid for all my pains by Betty's glance when Meg said this morning, "You played that nicely, Bess. It was really a pleasure to hear you."

When the lesson was done, Betty put her arms round me and kissed me.

"I am so glad you came here, Dorothy. — Are not you, Meg?"

"Yes, indeed!" says Meg.

"That is, for our sake I am," said Bess. "I am not sure I am for yours."

"Then you should be," said I; for I won't encourage Bess in her discontent, which only makes matters worse. "I am sure your mother is most kind, far beyond any thing I had a right to expect, in putting me, a stranger, on an exact equality with her own daughters in all respects, and presenting me to all her friends."

"Yes, that is a great privilege," muttered Bess.

"It *is* a privilege, as you would know, if you had been motherless so long as I have," I answered. "Granting, for the sake of argument, that my aunt makes mistakes, yet you must see that all she does is with a view to our good. She said last night that if she could see us well settled in the world she would be ready to leave it."

"Does she not talk like a preacher?" said Betty, turning to Meg. "'Granting, for the sake of argument.' Did you learn that from your Mr. Pendergast, Dorothy?"

I never mind Betty's mocking speeches; for to me, at least, there is no unkindness in her mockery.

"I never learned any thing but good of him, and I dare say I might have learned more than I did," I returned.

"What sort of person was he?" asked Margaret; "was he a gentleman?"

"I don't exactly know what you mean by a gentleman."

"What! you don't know what is meant by a gentleman, when you see such shining examples before you every day!" said Betty. "Look at my Lord Chesterton, if you want the model of a gentleman."

"He certainly was not a bit like my Lord Chesterton," said I, "for he was a little, meagre man, very poorly dressed. But I must say I liked him much the best of the two, if I must compare them."

"And he did not flourish his snuff-box, nor swear every other word, nor tell stories about Mrs. This and Lady T'other, and boast of the conquests he had made? Of course he could not be a gentleman," said Bess.

"Don't let us spoil our holiday talking of such things," said Margaret. "I hate the very sound of them. Sing us a nice song, Dorothy. Sing that lovely hymn of Bishop Ken's that Mr. Goodgroome brought us the other day, and let us forget the world for a little."

I sung the hymn, and then another that I learned of Bab Andrews, about the golden city of Jerusalem, with which Margaret was greatly delighted, and asked me who was the author. I told her it was writ in Latin by St. Bernard, I believed; but I did not tell her that it had been done into English by poor Mr. Fairchild, as a farewell token to his mistress. I felt as if Bab's confidences were sacred.

"That just suits Margaret. Would you not like to be a nun, Meg?" asked Betty.

"No," said Meg, after a little consideration, "I don't think I should. I would like to live as my aunt Laneham does, or like my Lady Jemima Stanton, that the dean's wife took us to see once when we were little girls. Don't you remember?"

"Yes, indeed," said Bess. "What a happy day we had! But I am not sure I should like to live like my aunt Laneham all the time, — to wear gogram and homespun, and count every sixpence and every slice of bread as she does."

"Is she so very penurious, then?" I asked, thinking of my mistress. "I don't think Meg would like that at all, not if she had had my experience."

"My aunt Laneham is not one bit penurious," said Meg, rather indignantly. "I never saw people so openhanded as she and my uncle. But he is a clergyman, with a large parish, and a not very large living; and my aunt is obliged to spare that she may have wherewith to be generous."

“That is a very different matter,” I answered. “That is like Mr. and Mrs. Pendergast, if you are not tired of hearing about them.”

“I am not,” said Meg. “I like to hear all about such people. Tell us more about them.”

So we sat down, I with my knitting, — which my aunt highly commends, and has given me silk thread enough for a pair of hose, — and the girls with their white seam, and I told them all I knew about the minister’s family and household, — how poor they were, and what hard work they often had to appear even decently clad; and how Mrs. Pendergast and her oldest daughter Beulah went about among the poor folks, and had the little ones come to them to learn to read and sew; and so on, making a long story out of a little, because I saw that Meg was pleased. When I stopped at last, —

“I don’t see but good people are much alike everywhere,” said Meg. “This minister’s wife seems very much like my aunt Laneham.”

“What is that?” said my aunt, opening the door. “What about aunt Laneham?”

I started, she came in so quietly, but Meg answered tranquilly, —

“I was only saying, madam, that my aunt was like a very good woman Dorothy was telling us of, who visited the poor and sick, and taught little maidens to read and sew.”

“Ah, poor sister Laneham! She threw herself away dreadfully. She might have been living in



one of the finest country-houses in Devon; but she would have her own way, and she got it. I always thought her parents much to blame in giving in to her. But your grandfather and grandmother were very lax with their children. Talking of clergymen, Margaret, I hear you were not at church this morning. How was that?"

"I was there, madam; but I felt faint and ill, and so sat under a window, that I might have the fresh air," answered Meg.

"Oh, very well! Lady Carewe told me she did not see you."

"Spiteful, tattling old toad!" muttered Betty between her teeth, which my aunt, overhearing, rewarded with a sharp rap from her fan-handle, which was meant for her shoulders, but unluckily fell across her cheek instead, making a red bar on the white skin. Betty uttered a cry of pain; for she has been having the toothache lately, and her cheek is very tender. Meg started forward, her pale cheek flushed for once.

"You must not give way to these megrims, Meg," said my aunt, taking no notice of Betty. "They are more than half fancy, and the more you give way to them, the more you may. Let me see you down-stairs in an hour, nicely dressed. My Lady Sunderland has lent us her box for the play to-night. Dorothy, you may wear your green silk, and Margaret may do the same. Betty will wear her old black silk." With that she left the room; and Meg and I set ourselves to comfort

and quiet Betty, who was in an agony of rage and shame, and of pain as well, for the blow had set her teeth to aching. I know one thing: if ever I have a grown-up daughter, I will never strike her.

"You cannot go to the play to-night, Bess, that is one comfort," said Meg; and indeed her face was swollen and angry, and growing worse every moment.

"I *will* go," said Bess. "I will shame her before all the company."

"Shame your own mother!" said I. "Remember, her shame is yours; and, beside, my aunt did not mean to strike your face."

All we could do did not avail to prevent Bess from going down to the parlor; though her face was a woeful spectacle, with a fiery red bar across it, and the blood settling round her eye. Luckily there were no strangers present. My aunt did look disconcerted for a moment.

"You cannot go to the play in this state," said she. "I did not mean to strike your cheek, nor to strike so hard."

"It does not matter, madam," answered Betty.

"Don't answer me in that tone, child," said my aunt, more gently than I expected. "Do you not know, Betty, that young folks must be corrected sometimes? How else would they be fitted to take their proper places in society? My whole desire is to see Margaret and yourself, and Dorothy too," she added kindly, "well settled in

the world, and answering to what the world expects of ladies in your condition."

"And what about the other world, madam?" asked Betty, who had got the bit between her teeth, and was reckless of consequences. "That is a world, which, if all we hear be true, is likely to last a good deal longer than this. How about that?"

My lady looked really grieved.

"I did not expect such a question from my daughter," said she. "Do I not take all the pains possible with your religious education? Do I not give you the best books of devotion that can be found both in French and English? Do I not send you to church every day and twice on Sundays? What more can I do? But there, I pardon you, child. You have your father's temper, and one must make allowances. Go to your room, and bid Sharpless make a poultice for your face, and I will send you some custard for your supper. But try to rule your spirit, Betty, and do not doubt your mother's love, though she may think it needful to cross you at times."

I saw that Betty was softened in a moment, though she said nothing. Meg ventured to ask if she might stay with her sister, but my aunt said no. She had made up a party for her box, and could not have it broken up. So we went to the play; and there we met Lord Chesterton, who devoted himself to Meg all the evening, much to her annoyance. I could not but wonder if it were

necessary to the character of a fine gentleman to take the name of God in vain at every breath, as they all do. Mr. Evelyn is as fine a gentleman as any of them, and I never heard him do it. It used to scare me dreadfully at first ; but I am growing used to it, and even find myself catching up the words, which some ladies use very freely, I find.

*August 20.*

I have seen Mr. Morley.

We went to church as usual this morning. Ursula Jackson comes every Sunday with her husband, and I have got a habit of looking for her, and sometimes of speaking when we meet. My aunt doth not object, because she says we owe it to ourselves to be civil to all, each in their degree. Well, I looked round as usual, after we had courtesied to my Lady Carewe (a wonderful object she is in her black locks and rouged cheeks, which show the crow's feet and wrinkles through all her paint). Well, I glanced toward Ursula's pew as usual, and there sat Mr. Morley. I was so astonished I could hardly command myself. While I was looking, Ursula and her husband came in ; and Mr. Morley rose to make room for them, with a polite salute, which Mr. Jackson returned, though he looked like a small thunder-storm. Mr. Morley bowed very particularly to me ; and I returned his salute, not knowing what else to do.

When we came out, my aunt asked me who it was that had bowed to me. I told her it was a

distant cousin of Lady Corbet's, whom I had met at her house.

"One of her way of thinking?" she asked.

"No, madam," I answered. "He has a company in Col. Kirke's regiment."

"Ay, I thought he looked like a soldier," was her comment.

As we passed out, I heard Mr. Jackson rating the old pew-opener for daring to put a stranger into his seat. The poor old woman protested that she meant no offence, saying the gentleman had told her he was Mrs. Jackson's cousin. Ursula stood by without a word. I fancy she hath met her match, and I am not one bit sorry if she has.

What was my surprise, on coming down in the evening, to find Mr. Morley with my aunt, and evidently in favor!

"Mr. Morley has brought me a letter from your father, girls," said my aunt, as she presented him to us. "He is on his way up to town, and as Mr. Morley passed him on the road he was kind enough to take charge of a packet. Your father was obliged by business to stop a few days on the road, but he will be here the last of the week."

Both the girls uttered exclamations of joy. They are clearly very fond of their father, who I fancy is more indulgent than their mother.

"Sir Robert is happy in having such affectionate daughters," said Mr. Morley, bowing; "and I am glad to find my old acquaintance, Mrs. Dolly Corbet, in such pleasant circumstances."

“ Yes, my girls are fond of their father, who spoils them dreadfully,” said my aunt, looking not ill-pleased, however. “ Dorothy has not yet seen her uncle.”

Mr. Morley staid to supper, and made himself so agreeable that I felt proud of him. Of course, we had no chance to talk together in private ; but it was enough for once to be in the room with him, to hear his voice, and catch now and then a glance from his eye meant for me alone. When at last he took his leave, my aunt asked him to come again. I should be the happiest girl alive only that Meg has taken an unaccountable dislike to him. When I ventured to ask her what she thought of him, “ Why, as I thought when I saw the great American viper that Mr. Boyle showed us in his museum,” said she. “ His head hath just the same shape ; only they say the viper gives warning when he is about to strike, and I doubt this one would not.”

“ You are not used to be so uncharitable, Meg,” said I, very much vexed.

“ Perhaps I am wrong,” said she, “ but I took a dislike to the man the moment I saw him.”

“ You ought to like him because he is my friend,” said I.

“ That is the very reason I don’t,” she rejoined.

“ And what say you, Betty ? ” I asked. “ Don’t you like him, either ? ”

“ I don’t like or dislike him,” said Betty. “ He is like all the rest, — stale, flat, and unprofitable.

Oh, how I do hate it all! But I am glad my father is coming up: do you know why?"

"Because you wish to see him."

"Yes, and because I know very well he will never endure to stay here long. He hates London as much as I do, and you will see he will whisk us down to dear old Devon before three weeks are over; and oh, how glad I shall be! — Won't you, Meg?"

"Yes, if I go," said Meg wearily. "Dolly, will you let Sharpless come to me first to-night, I am so tired?" (For we take turns in being first waited on.)

"You may have her all the time, for all I care," said I. "You know I am used to dressing myself. But why do you say, 'if I go'? Of course you will go with us."

She shook her head sadly, but said not one word, as she passed into her room and closed the door. I looked at Betty.

"What does she mean?" said I.

"I don't know," answered Betty, "only Meg always thinks she shall die young. But there may be another reason. Come into my room, Dorothy."

She shut the door, and said in a low tone, "I think my mother has a match in hand for her."

"You don't mean Lord Chesterton!" I exclaimed, rather more loudly than was prudent.

"Hush!" said Bess. "Yes, I am afraid so."

"But she cannot abide him!"

“He is an earl’s son and probable heir to a dukedom,” said Betty bitterly.

“And an atheist, open and avowed.”

“Well, not exactly that. You know it is the genteel thing for men to have doubts about religion.”

I thought of Mr. Morley, and was silent for a moment; then I asked, “But what think you your father will say?”

“He would not let Meg be sacrificed — or I think not — if she were utterly set against this man,” answered Betty slowly; “though Sir Robert rarely interferes with my mother. I think you will love him, Dolly, though he is rather rough in his ways at times. But I don’t know that his oaths and stories are any worse than those of the fine gentlemen that visit my mother.”

“I don’t see how they could be. But, Bess, don’t be too much cast down. It may well be that we are borrowing trouble about Meg.”

“Well, I hope so. There is one thing about it, I don’t believe any one she marries will trouble her long. Good-night, Dolly.”

*August 27.*

My uncle has come, a big, roistering country gentleman, who kissed me on both sides of my face, and bade God bless me, and in the same breath damned his man for not bringing his bootjack. But I like him for all; there is something real and genuine about him. He scolded about our pale cheeks, vowed he would



have us out stag-hunting, and asked me if I could ride.

“I don't know, uncle. I am like the man in the jest-book, who said he did not know if he could play the fiddle, because he had never tried.”

He laughed a great, hearty laugh, and said he was glad to see I had a spirit of my own. Then turning to his elder daughter, —

“Why, Meg, thou lookest more like a white bind-weed than ever. What ails thee, child?”

“Margaret hath been a little drooping, but we shall soon have her better,” said my aunt. “Will you not wash and dress before supper, Sir Robert?”

“Oh, ay, I suppose so!” said he, and strode away whistling. The house seems brighter already for his presence. He hath begged a holiday for us, that he may take us to see the sights. My aunt gives in to him wonderfully, and Betty hangs on him like a burr. He has taken us to see the lions in the tower, and some other sights, and given us two or three drives out of town to one resort and another. Among others we went to Hackney, and saw the place where I went to school. The old house was pulled down, and a new one was going up, which I suppose my poor mother's three hundred pounds helped to build. I would I had the ordering of a few clever hobgoblins for the owner's benefit. He would not stay long in his fine mansion.

Mr. Morley hath called two or three times, and

hath even dined with us. My uncle says he is a rising man, in favor at court, and like to do well. He hath paid me some attention, but of course we have no chance to talk together in private. Only last night we had a few words over the harpsichon, where he had been singing with me.

“I am afraid you don’t care for me any more, Dolly,” said he. “Your grand friends and admirers have made you forget your poor soldier of fortune.”

“I know not why you should say that,” I answered. “Would you have me run after you?”

“Ah, I see you have learned *repartee*! But do you remember our interviews in the park? I would we could have another such walk together as we had that last morning. Come, meet me to-morrow in the old place.”

“I cannot if I would, and I would not if I could,” said I. “I promised solemnly I would never do that again.”

“And to whom did you give that promise? To your amiable mistress, or to her vinegar-faced waiting-woman? Pshaw, Dolly! Vows were made to be broken.”

“I tell you it is impossible!” said I. “You might as well ask me to meet you in the moon.”

My aunt called me at that moment, so I could say no more. I don’t know how it is: I ought to be the happiest girl in the world now that I can see Mr. Morley so often, and that my uncle and

aunt like him; but I am not. I suppose perfect happiness is not for this world.

*September 1.*

My uncle already talks of going down to Fullham, and the girls are well pleased. I don't want to go at all.

*September 2.*

The murder is out. Lord Chesterton has made proposals for Margaret, and been accepted. My uncle pished and pshawed a little about giving his Meg to a courtier, but gave in when my aunt represented the likelihood of Meg's being a duchess; for the duke's elder son is lately dead, and the other is a poor, sickly little lad. Margaret says little; but makes no objection. She grows thinner and paler every day; but my aunt does not seem to notice it, or has not till lately. Now she makes her take a little ale with her dinner, and two or three nights she hath herself brought her a cup of wine whey at night. I cannot make Meg out. Sometimes I think she is pleased with the thought of being a duchess and living in that grand house, though that is not like her. For my own part, I would rather live in a cabin with the man I love. I said as much to Meg one night.

"And so would I, perhaps, if things were different," said she, with a moonlight smile; "but, as it is, it does not matter."

"Why do you always say that?" I asked. "I think it matters a great deal."

"If you were to stay only an hour or two at an

inn on your way home, you would not care much, though your accommodations were rough, and your companions not greatly to your mind," said Meg.

"I don't understand you," said I; but I had no chance to ask any more, for my lady called us to see the splendid presents of jewels and lace that the duke hath sent to Margaret. The poor little boy fades every day, they say, and the duke treats his nephew already as his heir. I never in all my life saw such pearls, — as big as peas, and of a wonderful purity and lustre. And there is a sapphire jewel, in a ring, which is like a piece out of the blue sky. Meg regarded them all with the same tranquil gravity with which she looks at all the splendid preparations for her bridal.

"My uncle has been very kind, has he not?" said Lord Chesterton, who had himself brought the jewels.

"Yes, every one is very kind," said Margaret gently.

"But you don't care for the silly things, after all?" said he, looking earnestly at her. (I do think he is in love with her.) "Mrs. Margaret, what can I do to give you a pleasure? I would sell my soul to see you look pleased for once."

Margaret turned her lovely eyes upon him with an earnest expression.

"Then if you would really please me, my lord, there is one thing you might do, and that is to break off such expressions as you used just now."

(For he had confirmed his words with an oath, as usual.) "I beseech you to break off this habit of taking God's holy name in vain on every light occasion. That indeed would give me great pleasure."

"Well, I will," said he, kissing the hand she had laid on his arm in her earnestness. "I know 'tis a bad habit; but, after all, it means nothing."

"That is just the trouble," said Meg. "It is against that very meaningless invocation of the holy name that the command is aimed. I beseech you, my lord, if you care for me, to break it off."

"I will try, indeed I will," said he; "I'll be" — Then catching himself up with an embarrassed laugh, "There it is, you see. But indeed, Margaret, I will try, if only to please you."

I never liked my lord so much as at that moment. He forgot his affectations, and looked and spoke like a man. My aunt, coming back just then, began praising the jewels.

"I never saw any thing so beautiful," said she. "Of what do they remind you, Margaret?"

"Of the twelve gates that were twelve pearls," said Margaret; "and of the walls of the city that are built of precious stones."

I saw the tears come to my Lord Chesterton's eyes as he turned away to the window.

"You see my daughter is very religious," said my aunt.

"I would not have her otherwise, madam," he answered. "My own mother is a devout woman,

and prays for her scapegrace of a son every day. Perhaps her prayers may be answered : who knows? — I think you will love my mother, Margaret. You and she will take pleasure in trotting about to the cottages together, and the north winds will blow some roses into these pale cheeks. I do hope you will like my mother.”

“I am sure I shall,” said Margaret, with far more interest than she had showed in the jewels. “Does she visit among the poor folk? Tell me about her.”

Lord Chesterton looked as pleased as a boy at having found something to gratify his lady, and they talked together a long time. I believe there is good in him, after all.

I heard a bit of good news to-day ; namely, that Mr. Baxter is released from prison on payment of his fine, which it seems was raised by his friends. I wonder if my mistress gave another seven shillings. Mr. Morley brought the news, adding that folks said his Majesty was courting the Dissenters.

“And what is that for?” asked my uncle, who, I believe, thinks of Dissenters as of some troublesome kind of weeds or animals.

“I can but tell you what is in men’s mouths,” said Mr. Morley. “’Tis rumored that his Majesty intends to issue an act of toleration to his own sort of people, and that he will include the Dissenters, so as a little to take off the edge, as it were.”

“And they will jump at the chance, of course,”

said my uncle; "and we shall have a conventicle at every corner, eh, Dolly? Don't you think so? Won't your Presbyterian friends jump at the chance?"

"I think not, sir," I answered. "Once when the matter was talked of I heard one of their divines say that they would not accept toleration on any such terms."

"And did you ever see this Mr. Baxter, this Kidderminster bishop as Jeffreys called him?" asked my uncle.

"Oh, yes, sir, many times! He was very kind to me. I am glad with all my heart he is out of prison."

My aunt frowned. "You are too forward, Dorothy," said she. "Nobody asked your opinion about the matter. Young ladies should be seen, not heard."

"Oh, let her alone! I like to hear the wench stand up for her friends," said my uncle. "But you are not a Presbyterian, are you, Dolly? We can't have that, eh, Mr. Morley?"

"No, sir, I am not a Presbyterian; but I have had good friends among them, as you say." I answered.

"That's well, and I *am* sorry for the poor things out our way," said my uncle musingly. "I do think they have had very hard measure, very needlessly hard; no offence to you, Mr. Morley."

"I cannot take offence where none is meant," said Mr. Morley. "You know, sir, that war is a

rough trade, and Col. Kirke's lambs learned it in a rough school."

"True, 'tis a rough trade, but it need not be made rougher," said my uncle; and he began to tell one tale after another of horror, which made me sick. Surely Mr. Morley did never stain his hands with such cruelty. He has always seemed so kind-hearted.

After dinner my aunt took me to task sharply for my forwardness. She has been sharp with me several times of late, and also with Betty; while she is very tender and gentle with Margaret.

*September 3.*

Our new rector preached to-day, — a very fine sermon, I thought, on the words, "He that believeth on me hath everlasting life." I saw my aunt look displeased at some passages, but Margaret drank it in as if it had been the water of life. As for Betty, I fancy she never listens to a sermon, but she did give the preacher some of her attention to-day.

"Well, and how did you like the preacher?" said my uncle, when we came home.

"I cannot say that I liked him," replied my aunt. "It seems to me that his doctrine, if received, would make room for all sorts of immoralities. If a man only believes right, he can do whatever wrong he pleases."

"Under your favor, madam, I think not so," said Margaret. "Do you not see that any one



who in his heart believes in the Lord Jesus Christ must needs act so as to please him? Such a person would make a conscience of his very thoughts, knowing that by them he must please or displease the Holy Ghost dwelling in his heart."

"That is rather an awful thought, Mrs. Margaret," observed Lord Chesterton, who had come to dine as usual.

"Awful, but comforting," said she, giving him one of the sweet smiles she bestows on him nowadays, and which make him flush like a boy.

"Well, well, we won't debate the preacher at present," said my aunt. "Go, girls, and make ready for dinner."

"So you liked the preacher," said I, as we went up-stairs.

"Yes, *indeed*," she answered with earnestness. "I think he hath taken the last stone out of my road."

I did not understand her, and there was no time to ask. We went to church again in the afternoon, but we heard nothing of the sermon; for Meg fainted, and had to be carried into the vestry. She revived presently, enough to be taken home in the coach which my lord sent for; but she has not been up since, and looks badly.

*September 6.*

Margaret has been down to-day for the first time since her fainting on Sunday, but she looks pale. My aunt makes light of her illness to her-

self, but I see she watches her very closely. Betty attends on her like her shadow. She and I sleep together now. As we are to have so much company in the house, my room will be needed as a guest-room. As we were going to bed, I be-thought me to tell Betty of Meg's words, and ask what she thought they meant.

"I don't know," answered Betty. "I don't pretend to understand such matters."

"I think Margaret likes Lord Chesterton better than she did," said I.

"Yes, I said as much to her; and she told me she was afraid so," said Betty.

"What did that mean? Why should she be afraid of liking her bridegroom too well," I asked. "I should say the more she liked him, the better."

"You are just as blind as all the rest," answered Betty impatiently. "Can't you see an inch before you? I don't so much wonder in your case, but I am astonished at my mother. But some people never will believe what they don't like to believe. I suppose when my mother sees Margaret in her coffin, she will understand at last."

"You think that Margaret is seriously ill, then?" said I, startled.

"I think she is dying, and so does Sharpless," answered Betty. "She will never wear her bridal dress, unless she is buried in it."

"But why should you think so? What ails her?"

"She has been *murdered!*" said Betty, setting

her teeth hard; "murdered by inches with tight lacing and late hours, and physic to improve her complexion, and all the rest of my mother's regimen."

"Hush!" said I. "You should not say so. Your mother means nothing but what is right, I am sure."

"Oh, yes, she *means!*" retorted Betty. "She means to take an angel, and make her a woman of the world; but the angel has grown weary, and is pluming her wings for flight. You will see, if you will not believe. — O Meg, Meg, how shall I ever live without thee!" And with that she burst into tears, and wept so bitterly that my aunt heard her, and came in to see what was the matter. I told her that Betty was grieved about her sister's health, fearing she was seriously ill."

"Is that all?" said she, but not unkindly. "My dear child, you are fanciful, and are tormenting yourself to no purpose. Do you not see that your sister is better already? Do but notice what a sweet flush she has in her cheeks. These fainting-fits are but the natural agitation of spirits at the prospect before her. A month hence you will see your sister a happy bride, and then you will laugh at your present fears. Come, dry your eyes, and go to bed, and all will be well. I am not displeased with you, child. There, good-night."

I was glad that Betty was crying too much to answer her mother a word, for I am always afraid of one of her tantrums. I hope she is mistaken,

but I do think Margaret is more out of health than her mother imagines.

I can't but think of Betty's words about making an angel into a woman of the world. Now, the Scriptures talk all the way through as though the world were the enemy of God, — even going so far as to say that any one who is a friend of this world must be an enemy of God. And yet, so far as I can see, my aunt lives for the world: yes, just as much as ever my mistress did; though one cares most for wealth, and the other for fashion and position. And I don't see how one is a bit better than the other. My aunt will bow to, and exchange visits with, women whom it is impossible she can respect; she will even abase herself to ask favors of them: and why is that any better than the doing of mean things for money? She does seem to me wholly inconsistent. She gives us a book like "The Practice of Piety" or "The Divine Breathings,"<sup>1</sup> — books inculcating the very soul of purity and consecration to God, — to read in the morning; and in the evening she takes us to see a play which turns on successful wickedness, and where the name and the laws of God are treated with equal disrespect. My mistress would read the Bible and Mr. Baxter's tractates in the morning, and spend the rest of the day over her accounts, or in exacting the last halfpenny of

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<sup>1</sup> This most admirable little book has lately been reprinted in this country, by Young. I wish some one would do as much for the Practice of Piety, which is now very rare.

usury from some poor debtor. And I don't see, for my part, why one is a bit better or worse than another. My mistress talked of owing it to herself to do so and so. My aunt talks of our duty to the world or to society, which is only another name for the same thing. But the Bible seems to say that the duty we owe to self is to deny it, and the duty we owe to the world is to renounce it, and to labor for its conversion. Now, Bab Andrews really has given up the world; and so, according to Meg's account, hath my aunt Laneham; and I am sure the Pendergasts and Mr. Baxter did not live for it. And, from what Lord Chesterton says, I should think his mother was much such a lady as my aunt Laneham. And I am sure my Lady Clarenham does not live for the world.

And there is another thing. My aunt goes to church and to the holy communion, and says the Creed, and professes to believe all the Prayer-Book teaches; and yet she is not only willing, but delighted, to give her daughter to a man like Lord Chesterton, who is an open unbeliever, and whose course of life hath been somewhat notorious, because he is of great family and heir to a dukedom. No, I don't understand the matter at all.

*September 12.*

Margaret is really ill. She lies in bed most of the day, not suffering very much, except from weakness and from the pain in her right side

which has troubled her ever since I knew her. I don't know just what the doctor thinks; but the wedding, which was to have been on the 15th, is necessarily put off. My Lord Chesterton is like one distracted, coming two or three times a day to ask for his lady, and scouring city and country for fruit and flowers and any thing that can give her pleasure. I never thought to like him half so well. I see there really was a *man* hidden behind the fop and courtier. For one thing, he hath left off swearing at every other breath; and, when a hard word does escape, he looks heartily ashamed. My uncle rallied him, telling him he was growing a Puritan; whereat he answered that he would turn Quaker, like Will Penn, if it would please his mistress, at which my uncle clapped him on the shoulder and called him a good fellow.

*September 15.*

It was to have been the wedding-day, but no one says a word about weddings now. Only my aunt will have it that Meg is better, which no one else can see.

*September 18.*

Meg seems a little brighter. I said as much to Mrs. Sharpless, but she only shook her head and turned away. She has had no hope from the first; yet she is the most cheerful person in a sick-room I ever saw, more so even than dear Mrs. Williams. The new rector hath been to see Meg, at her request, and hath read and prayed with her. She

seems to find great comfort in his ministrations. He is rather a plain, awkward man, but I must say he is a much more interesting preacher than old Dr. Martin. He hath prayed for Meg in church. When I told my aunt of it, thinking she would be pleased, she was not so at all; saying that Margaret was not so bad as that, and it would be time to pray for her in church when the doctor gave her up.

I saw Ursula this morning in church; and, as we were detained a little in the porch by a passing shower, we had time for quite a chat. She looks rather thin and worn, I think. I asked her if she were well.

"Yes, well enough, if that were all," she answered pettishly, and then asked me if I ever saw Mr. Morley. I told her he was acquainted with my uncle, and visited at our house, but that he was soon going down to the west again.

"Don't you see him?" I asked.

"No, not often," she answered, turning scarlet, as though with some unpleasant remembrance. "Dolly, whatever you do, never marry a jealous-pated old man."

I did not know what to say to this, so I asked after Bab Andrews.

"She is well," was the reply; "but she has taken an odd crotchet in her head since her father died."

"Oh the good old man, is he dead? How sorry I am!" said I. "Bab will be very lonely.

But what do you mean by a crotchet, Ursula? I did not think Bab was given to them."

"No, I know she is perfect in your eyes," said Ursula. "Well, she hath come to the conclusion that England is not good enough for such a saint as herself: so she is even going to leave it, and betake herself to the New England Colonies."

"She told me once she thought she might do so, if she were left alone," said I; "but it was not to New England she talked of going, but to some newer colony farther to the south. I cannot think of the name now."

"Ah, well, it does not matter! It is much the same thing. I can't think what should possess her, for she is left very well off, and might live as she pleased. But it seems Mr. Fairchild's sister and her husband went thither a year ago, and she means to join them. And so Mr. Morley comes often to see you, Dolly?"

"I did not say so," I answered, vexed to feel myself blushing. "He is an acquaintance of my uncle, as I told you."

"Well, don't lose your heart to him, lest you should find he hath more than one string to his bow," said Ursula with an ill-natured laugh; but the rain holding up there was no more time for converse, at which I was glad. I do wish I could see Bab once more.

*September 20.*

I have had that pleasure, through my kind uncle's intercession. I was coming down stairs,



when my aunt called me into her room, where an elderly serving-man was waiting, whom I recognized at once as living with Mr. Andrews. My aunt held a note in her hand.

“Dorothy, do you know Mrs. Barbara Andrews?” she asked.

“Yes, madam,” I answered: “she is the daughter of the rich goldsmith who died not long ago.”

“Oh, I know him!” put in my uncle. “He lived in Lombard Street, — a very worthy man and one who was of service to his late Majesty in the matter of raising money. He did me a good turn once, in the same way. Yes, yes, I remember him. — And so your master is dead,” addressing himself to the serving-man. “Well, well, I am sorry. Did he leave any family?”

“One daughter, sir,” answered old Andrew.

“It is this young lady who writes to me, very properly and nicely I must say,” observed my aunt. “She tells me she is about to go to America, and asks the favor of a day’s visit from Dorothy.”

“And you would like to go, eh, Dolly? Your face says as much,” said my uncle.

“Yes, sir; I should like it greatly,” I answered. “Mrs. Andrews was the only friend of mine own age I ever had till I knew my cousins.”

“So much the better,” said my aunt. “I am no great believer in girlish intimacies; but as this young person is going away so far — What say you, Sir Robert?”

“Oh, let her go, let her go!” said my uncle. “Old Mr. Andrews’s daughter is sure to be a pattern of all the graces, eh?” addressing himself to the serving-man, who answered, —

“Mistress Barbara is one of the salt of the earth, sir, — the image of her mother now in glory.”

“Well, I am sure I hope so,” said my uncle, in his kindly, blunt fashion. “Oh, yes, let her go, my lady! She hath had but a dull time lately. Let her go to please me.”

This is my uncle’s usual plea when he begs us a holiday, and my aunt never refuses him. With an indulgent smile she bade me get ready to go with Andrew, for whom she ordered a cup of ale to be brought. I was not long in dressing, and was soon on my way. I found Bab looking much as usual, but very pretty in her mourning. The house was already partly dismantled; but Bab’s own rooms, her bedroom and her little parlor, were untouched.

“Why, this is a pleasure I hardly dared expect!” said she, taking off my hood and kissing me; “but I thought I would not fail of it for lack of asking. Your aunt must be a kind lady.”

“She is so, though rather strict in her notions,” I answered; “but I believe we owe our debt rather to my uncle, who used to know your good father. But where is your aunt?”

“She hath taken a lodging near to my sister Staines in the country,” said Bab. “She would fain have lived with them, but my brother Staines

would not have that. He told Hester he would do any thing for aunt Jones except live with her."

"I don't blame him," said I.

"So he has fitted up this cottage for her, and Andrew's sister lives with her to attend on her," continued Bab. "I hope she will be as happy there as anywhere. As you say, Dolly, I do not blame my brother Staines for not wanting her to spoil his children's comfort and his own. But oh, Dolly, what a sad sight is unloving and unlovely old age!"

"It is, indeed," said I, thinking of my mistress. "But was it that drove you to seek peace and quietness in a new settlement among the Indian savages?"

"Why no, not exactly, though I will not deny that I find my aunt's absence a great relief. But my aunt Atherton, my mother's sister, is left quite alone by the death of her last daughter; and you know I always professed myself fond of travelling: so, as some friends of mine are going out, I thought I would even go with them, and try my fortune in the New World."

"You have other friends there beside your aunt, have you not?" I asked; whereat she told me of Mr. and Mrs. Stacy, who had gone thither the year before, and read me a letter she had from Mrs. Stacy. If I did not know her to be one of the most particular persons in the world, I should set down some of her accounts for mere traveller's tales; as, that the people go a-gathering of their

peaches with carts, the fruit hanging on the trees like onions in ropes, and as delicate as our best wall-fruit, and cherries by the cartload, beside many wild fruits, such as strawberries, gooseberries, hurtleberries, and cranberries, which last are admirable for tarts and sauces, and many more such particulars.<sup>1</sup> Mrs. Stacy says the savages about them are peaceable, good neighbors, and some of them are Christians. She sent Bab a long necklace of their beads, made from shells, and which they use as money, and value above all things. This necklace Bab gave me for a remembrance. She also gave me a watch, a toy I have long wished to possess; and this is a very pretty one, with a gold enamelled case, and a pretty picture on the back. I had spent a guinea on a book for her, "The Imitation of Christ," by Thomas à Kempis, — which Meg values more than any book in her closet, — and on a working-case for the pocket, a good, sensible, substantial one, which I thought she might find useful.

The day was all too short for what we had to say; and now, that we are parted, I can think of a hundred questions I had to ask. Bab asked me when I had seen Ursula, and I told her of our conversation in the church porch.

"I fear she is not happy," said Bab. "She said as much to me as that she was sorry she did not marry Mr. Morley."

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<sup>1</sup> See Robert Stacy's letters quoted in the *Historical Collections of New Jersey*, — a very valuable book.

"I don't believe she ever had the chance," I said, vexed at myself for being vexed.

"I am not sure. He was very devoted to her at one time, but Ursula was bent on making a rich marriage. And so, no doubt, she has; but she may find, as many another hath done, that riches do not bring happiness. There are many things that money can't buy."

"That is true," said I. "I believe Lord Chesterton would give any thing to restore poor Meg to health."

"Is she then so ill? Tell me about her," said Bab; and so I did. She was much interested, and asked about the state of her mind. I told her.

"The dear young lady!" said Bab. "She hath been taught of God, and he makes her way easy. I would I could send her something to comfort her."

"I wish she knew you; you would just suit each other," said I; and I do really think so, though Bab would not go inside a church for the world.

While I was there a ship's captain, an old friend of her father's, sent her a fine hamper of melons and grapes from Portugal; and nothing would serve but she must put up some of the finest for Margaret. We parted with many tears, and Bab promised to write me when she arrived at her new home. My aunt was rather displeased with me for being so late, but relented when she saw the

beautiful fruit Bab had sent to Margaret. She was pleased, also, to commend my watch, and to say that Mrs. Andrews seemed a kind-hearted girl, and one of a good taste and fancy. She especially admired the lace kerchief and cap of her own work which Bab gave me, saying they were neatly done and very prettily fancied.

“See there, Betty,” said she; “you might work as well as that if you would have patience and take time.”

“I suppose Mrs. Andrews likes such work,” said Betty.

“I don’t think she is so very fond of it,” said I; “but her father was fond of seeing her work, and Bab would do any thing to pleasure her father.”

“And Betty will not do every thing to pleasure her mother,” said my aunt.

“That is not quite true, mother,” answered Betty; and I saw she was moved, by her using the word which she seldom does. “I would do any thing I could do to please you when you put it in that way; but when people talk of doing things because the world expects it, and because society demands it, I do not care a fig, and that is the truth. I never made any promises to the world, only to renounce it.”

I expected my aunt would be displeased, as she generally is at Betty’s outbreaks, but she did not seem to be.

“Then, my daughter, will you not try to please your father and mother? and we will say nothing

about your bugbear of the world," said she. "I begin to fear that you will soon be my only daughter, and I am growing old. Will you not try to comfort your mother, child?"

Betty was at her mother's feet in a moment; and I, thinking it best, stole out and left them together. I do wonder, seeing how easily Betty is touched by petting and indulgence, that my aunt should not try it oftener. If I read Betty aright, she is one to be led rather than driven.

*September 20.*

The doctor says Margaret must have change of air; and the duke, my Lord Chesterton's uncle, has offered for her benefit a small house he hath in the neighborhood of Richmond, and we shall remove thither next week, giving up this house, as my uncle intends going down to Devon as soon as Meg's health renders it possible. I am pleased with the prospect, for I have never lived in the real country. The only thing Meg regrets is losing the ministrations of Mr. Newington, our new rector, who has been such a comfort to her; but he says he will come to visit her, and tells her that she will like the rector there, who is a friend of his. The house whither we are going is all in order, so we shall have little trouble.

My uncle hath had an attack of dizziness, the blood rushing to his head so as to make him all but senseless for a few minutes. He makes light of it; but I see he drinks no more strong ale or Burgundy wines, but contents himself with small

beer, claret, and the like. I do hope nothing will happen to him.

*October 1, Cross Park.*

We came down to this lovely place almost a week ago. Meg bore the journey very well, and even enjoyed it, especially after we got fairly out of the city, and she seems better since we came; she has even walked a little on the terrace, from whence is a most lovely prospect, and she has eaten with a little more appetite. My aunt is once more full of hope, and talks about setting the wedding-day soon; but I don't think Sharpless has any hope.

Mr. Morley has gone down to the west about some business for the king, who, it seems, shows him great favor. He came to see us before he left, and told my uncle in parting that he hoped to see him soon again on most important business. He looked at me as he spoke, and smiled meaningly. I do wonder whether there is any thing in what Bab said about Ursula's refusing him. He ever said to me that he did not like her at all, though as his cousin he must needs pay her some attention. Heigho! It is very delightful to feel that one is loved, and to love in return; yet methinks love doth bring much disquiet in its train. My aunt says I am growing thin, and will have me take milk and cream; and I know my spirits are more variable than ever they were before. But I try to put my own concerns aside, that I may be a comfort to Betty, who does not in the



least believe in her sister's amendment; nor, I must say, do I. I remember how my poor friend Emma looked, and she revived in the same way just before the last.

This is a most lovely place. The house is old, with many passages and odd corners, and with much oak wainscot, which makes it rather dark; but there are plenty of windows, and, as the exposure is to the west and south, we have abundance of sun. The park is small, and so are the gardens, but both are very pretty. Especially pleasing to Meg is the view of the parish church, which is very small and old, and overgrown with splendid ivy. It stands in the midst of the churchyard, wherein is a broken stone cross, said to be of great antiquity. The rector is an old and white-haired man, of great dignity of manners, and a sweet, but somewhat sorrowful, face. He hath already visited Meg, who likes him greatly.

Lord Chesterton has taken a lodging near by, and comes to see his lady every day. I never saw a man so changed. He, who used to say life was not worth having away from the court and the theatres, is now content to spend day after day in this quiet place, sitting by Meg's arm-chair, or giving her his arm along the terrace in the short walk she takes every pleasant day. He even reads the Scriptures to her, as she sits in the sunny window of the hall. His very face seems changed. He and Meg have many long talks together, on which no one intrudes. I do

think Meg is learning to love him, and I cannot wonder.

My aunt will have Betty and myself go for a walk every day ; and we have explored all the nooks and corners of the park, which, though not large, is varied, with little hills and dells. In one of these latter is a beautiful great spring, over which, in olden times, someone has built a little shrine, with a seat, and an inscription of which I can make out only one word, "Pray," — I suppose an invitation to pray for somebody's soul. The shrine is all in ruins, but the spring gushes forth clear and sparkling as ever. The old house-keeper says it is accounted good for a waste, and Meg has taken a fancy that it tastes better than any other : so I often go early in the morning to bring her a jugfull, that she may drink it the first thing.

This same housekeeper — Mrs. Mary Miles — is a dear old soul. Instead of being vexed at the increase of her trouble from our coming, she is greatly pleased, — makes all sorts of dainty dishes with her own hands to tempt Meg's appetite, and is always filling Betty's pocket and mine with sugarplums and comfits, which she has great skill and equal pleasure in preparing. It seems the good rector is her cousin.

*October 15.*

Our dear, precious Meg is dead and buried. She died just one week ago, and was buried yesterday in the churchyard here, just under the

walls of the little gray church. It was at her own request that she was laid there, instead of being taken down to the family burying-place in Devon. She had been quite bright for two or three days, even coming once to the dinner-table. That afternoon she sent for Lord Chesterton, and had a long private talk with him, and afterward with her mother. I came into the room unwittingly to bring Margaret some late violets I had found in the garden; and as I did so I heard my aunt say, in a somewhat forced tone of cheerfulness, "Dear daughter, you are fanciful. The doctor says you are better. We hope you may be able to be married before long."

"But something *here* tells me a different story," said Meg, laying her hand on her heart. "Dear mother, will you not promise that it shall be as I desire? That can do no harm."

"Oh, yes, I promise!" said my aunt; "but I shall see you go thither to be married first."

I could not but think of the words, "None so blind as those that won't see;" but my poor aunt was soon undeceived. Betty was worn out, and lay down, but I did not: I felt so sure that something would happen before morning. It was a mild, bright, moonlight night, with a soft, intermittent breeze sighing among the trees. The sound did remind me of soft, downy wings hovering near; and, as the cloud-shadows passed over the grassy slope, I almost fancied them the shadows of those same wings. It was just at the turn

of the night when I heard Sharpless come quickly out of Margaret's room and knock at my aunt's door. Betty heard it, too, and was up in an instant. When we went in, we found Meg sitting up in bed, her head supported on her father's breast. Her eyes were fixed with a strange, mysterious brightness, as on some wonderful and glorious sight; while on her face lay — ah, how well I knew it! — that awful gray shadow that never falls but once, — the shadow cast by the wing of death. She never looked at us as we came in, or showed any consciousness of our presence, till her mother, taking her cold hand, said tenderly, —

“Dear love, what do you gaze at?”

“Angels,” whispered Margaret, “bright angels.”

“Don't disturb her,” said my uncle hoarsely. “Let her be.”

We stood round in silence, till the old white-haired vicar, whom Mrs. Miles had sent for, kneeled down, and said the commendatory prayer. Then all at once Meg reached out her hands with a bright, happy smile, as of a tender little babe that sees its mother coming.

“I am ready, — take me!” she said, and in a moment she was gone.

My poor aunt fainted, and revived only to fall into fits of the most violent weeping. I do think she was almost as much shocked as if Meg had been taken in perfect health. She had so persuaded herself that her daughter must get well because she willed it so. Betty was like one

turned to stone. I could hardly get her out of the room; and she was so strange, that I almost feared for her reason. At last, however, I won her to tears, and she wept herself to sleep. I could not sleep; and as it grew light a little I went down to walk on the terrace, that the cool air might refresh my hot forehead. I had been there but a few minutes, when Lord Chesterton came up the avenue, riding at full speed, his horse all in a foam, and his groom hardly able to keep up with him. He flung himself from his horse, — which, poor beast, was only too willing to stand, — and caught me by the hand.

“Am I too late, after all?” he asked; and, reading the truth in my face, he strode hastily away to the other end of the terrace, where he threw himself on a seat, and wept like a little child. I took it upon me to bid the groom take his horses to the stables. Then I stood a moment or two uncertain what to do, not liking to intrude on the poor gentleman’s grief, nor yet to leave him alone. At last he seemed to calm himself in some measure, and rose from the seat where he had thrown himself, and I went to meet him.

“Tell me how was it,” he said. “Why did no one send for me?”

I told him there was no time, — that my aunt had apprehended no immediate danger, nor even the doctor.

“Ay, none so blind as those that won’t see,” said he, using the very words I had applied to my

aunt in my own mind. "Did you think she was going to get well?"

I told him no; that I had had little hope from the beginning, and I knew Meg had thought for a long time that she should die young.

"She was an angel, a white dove," said my lord; "and God hath taken her home lest she should smirch her fair plumage by contact with such a carrion kite as I have been all my life. But I am a changed man, Dorothy," he added, pressing my hand with a force that almost made me scream. "My dearest Margaret hath showed me the way, and gone before me; and, by God's grace, the poor remainder of my days shall be passed as she would have it. Oh, my beauty, my pearl!" And with that he fell to weeping again, and I could but weep with him. At last I persuaded him to come into the house and take some refreshment, and then to lie down on the settle and rest. Surely, if darling Meg's short life had been the means of redeeming this one soul, she hath not lived in vain. I am sure that is more than I have ever done. But I am going to try to be a better girl.

Meg was buried yesterday. She had especially desired that there should be no pomp or parade about the funeral, but that the expense should be bestowed upon the poor of the parish, — specially that each old woman of the almshouses by the church-gate should have a warm gray gown, and each of the villager's children a new frock of dark

blue. The little things lined the path from the churchyard gate to the grave; and after the coffin was lowered they threw upon it flowers and sprigs of yew, till it was quite hidden with them. The day was a lovely one, the sun setting in great pomp of crimson and gold; and a dear little robin, perched on one of the church-windows, sang all through the service. Betty fainted when the earth first fell on the coffin, and hath been but poorly ever since, though she makes brave efforts to keep up, and devotes herself to waiting on her mother.

I can't help wondering whether my aunt will go back to the same course of life again, as soon as her mourning is ended. I hope not, for Betty's sake. I am sure of one thing: my aunt never could drive Bess into marrying any one she did not like. She would run away, or do something desperate. She is made of very different stuff from Margaret.

*October 18.*

My uncle is in some trouble. I don't know what, but it is something connected with money. From what little I hear, I fancy he hath been speculating, as so many do nowadays, and hath been unlucky. He is dejected in spirits and does not look well.

My Lord Chesterton hath taken leave of us, going home to the north to visit his mother, who it seems lives all alone in the old family mansion. The poor little cousin is dead, so he is really the

next heir to the dukedom. I hope I am not uncharitable, but I do think it no small addition to my aunt's grief, to think that she cannot now be mother-in-law to a duke. She is fretful and low, and it is no easy matter to please her. I think she misses the diversion of her town-life, — the visiting and play-going and parks. I miss them too, I must say, for I had grown fond of them, especially of the theatre ; but, then, I like being in the country, and running about out of doors, which my aunt does not. I heard her tell Mrs. Petty, who came to give us a visit of condolence, that she should be inconsolable but for the thought that she had done every thing for the welfare of her dear daughter. And yet I know that the doctor said that Margaret's illness and death were in a great measure owing to her tight dressing. He said her ribs had actually grown into her liver. He said, too, that a great many growing girls are killed in that way, and added, using some strong language, that he would like to burn every pair of steel stays in the land. And yet my aunt is just as particular as ever about our lacing ourselves. Now, I should be but a poor creature without my stays, having always worn them, but I will not have them very tight. Luckily, I am naturally a firm, tight figure, so my aunt does not find me out.

*October 20.*

My uncle tells us we are to get ready to go down to Devon in two weeks. Till then, by the



duke's kindness, we remain here. To-day came from London beautiful presents from Lord Cherterton for Betty and myself; namely, two miniature portraits of dear Meg, done from the one he had made for himself before we left town. They are incased in gold, and set with small brilliants, and suspended each on a pretty gold chain. He hath sent Mrs. Sharpless a noble Bible and Prayer-Book in large print, and a gift of money for each of the other servants. The pictures are very fine likenesses. My aunt was much pleased, and lauds him to the skies, and then weeps again that her dearest Meg should have been taken away just when she had such a prospect of rank and happiness. But I can't think Meg will care a great deal about missing an earthly coronet where she is now.

Somehow my aunt seems to me to live so on the outside of things. But I need not say any thing. I have tried very hard to be good since Meg died. I have read the Bible, and said my prayers, and all that; but all seems dead and lifeless. Half the time, when I am saying the words with my lips, my mind is occupied with some play I have seen, or I am going over and over again every talk I ever had with Mr. Morley. I do wonder when he is coming back. He said, at parting, that he should not be gone many days.

This morning Mrs. Miles asked me if I would take my walk down to the vicarage, and carry to the rector some confection of quince seeds which

she has been making for his throat; and I was glad of an errand to go thither for I have learned to love the old gentleman. He lives in great simplicity, with an old couple for servants, who, I fancy, carry things pretty much their own way. We fell into talk about my former way of life, and I mentioned, I know not how, the name of Mr. Baxter.

“Ah, my good old friend! Did you know him?” he asked; and on my saying that I did, and had often met him, —

“We were college mates and the best of friends once,” said he, sighing, “but our paths led different ways. We studied divinity together; but he was the more confirmed in his notions, while I found myself obliged to change mine. The worst is that my old Presbyterian friends will not believe that I joined the Church of England from pure conviction, but will persist in thinking that I had an eye to worldly advantage; though, would they but visit me, they would see for themselves that the proverbial church mouse is no poorer than I am.”

“I would not think Mr. Baxter could be so prejudiced,” said I. “He seemed such a good man, and he was always so kind to me.”

“He is a good man, and could not be otherwise than kind to one in your hard position. But he is a man of strong feelings and deep convictions, and he hath suffered much in what he believes the cause of truth. And besides,” he added, smiling, “I dare say he thinks of his old chum as a purse-

proud priest rolling in riches. But I believe that some day we shall meet when all these clouds will have passed away, and all true lovers of their Lord will see eye to eye, and know as they are known."

He then began to tell me of a poor young widow whose two little children were but scantily off for clothes, and asked me to interest my aunt for them. I promised I would try to do so, and said if aunt were willing, and I could buy some suitable woollen yarn, I would knit some warm hosen. Whereupon he told me of another poor woman, a spinster, who lives at the other end of the village, and supports herself by her wheel and her needle, and said he thought she would be glad to sell me some wool. He seems to know the circumstances and wants of every poor person in the parish. I do think the duke might augment his living, and make the vicarage at least water-tight. I think a few hundred pounds might as well be laid out in that way as in paying for copies of Mr. Lely's pictures of court beauties. I know that Lord Chesterton gave Mr. Miles a present, and money for new altar-cloths and a new chalice, in memory of his mistress.

*October 22.*

My aunt consenting, Betty and I got the direction from Mr. Miles, and walked to see the woman who had the yarn to sell, Mercy Lane by name. We found her living in the tiniest little cottage, standing alone by itself, all neat and in good repair, and surrounded by a garden, wherein

grew pot-herbs and vegetables, gooseberry and currant bushes, and two or three large apple and pear trees, and also a fine nut-tree. The good woman was within, sitting at her wheel, in blue homespun gown and apron, and a snow-white kerchief and cap. She has been handsome in her day, and is still a comely woman. Her kitchen was as clean and neat as a new trencher, as Mrs. Williams used to say ; and a small wood fire made it look still more cheery. On a form near this fire sat three or four little children conning their horn-books, who jumped up and let off quite a little battery of bobs and courtesies at us. I never saw a prettier sight.

The good woman received us with all kindness, setting stools for us, and sending one child for a jug of fair water from the spring, and another on some other whispered errand. We told her what had brought us to see her, on which she produced quite a store of very nice yarn. I bought enough for two pairs of little hose, telling her what it was for. She seemed much pleased.

“I am very glad,” said she. “Martha Giggs is a worthy woman, and does all she can to help herself, but her health is not good. This is one of the children,” she added, calling to her side one of her pupils, a little curly, flaxen-headed mite, whether boy or girl I could not tell, till the creature, with much blushing and poking of its chin into its neck, said its name was “Merthy.”

“She is my god-daughter,” explained our hostess.

“And you keep a little school,” said Betty.

“But a very small one, madam. These are all young children, as you see, and I can do little but keep them out of mischief; in winter I have a class of larger girls. I have but little learning myself; but I make shift to teach them to read their Bibles, to sew and to spin, and to say their Belief and Commandments. I could have many more if I had room for them.”

“Is there no village school?” I asked.

“No, madam. Mr. Miles has tried to prevail with the duke to build one, but without success hitherto.”

Again I thought of that picture-gallery. Pictures are all very well, no doubt; but surely these little living images of God are worth as much as they, and likely to outlast them by a good many years.

“And what do your pupils pay you, if I may ask?” inquired Betty, more interested than I have seen her about any thing since Meg died.

“Surely, madam,” answered Mercy. “The little ones — those who are able — pay a half-penny a week, the elder girls a penny. Then I now and then get presents at holiday time. Last Easter one farmer’s wife sent me a fine setting of auk eggs to put under my hen, and they have all done well. The duke’s steward allows me the privilege of gathering dry sticks and pine-cones in the park, and the children like nothing better than to help me about it. Then I have a good market for my

yarn, and my apples and nuts bring me something in fruitful years."

"And what rent do you pay?" asked Betty. I wondered at the question, for she does not use to be so inquisitive. In that she differs from me, who am a bit of a gossip.

"No rent, madam," answered Mercy, with a little gentle pride. "The place, such as it is, is mine, as it was my father's before me."

"I wonder you never married," said I, but repented of my thoughtless words when I saw how her face flushed and her lip trembled. "I crave pardon," I added: "I was very rude."

"There is no need, madam," said Mercy with a smile. "I was betrothed once, but my sweetheart was carried away to serve in the king's army, and I never saw or heard of him again."

"How very sad!" we both said; and Betty added, "Worse than if you had known him to be killed."

"Yes, the suspense was dreadful, but it is over now," said she calmly. "I know if he had been alive he would have come back to me somehow; and I have the assurance in my heart that he is at rest, for he was ever a godly man."

"I think you are a happy woman, Mercy," said Betty abruptly.

"And you think truly, my dear young lady," answered Mercy with her sweet smile. "I am a happy woman. I have a small provision laid by for my old age, my health is good, and I have the

comfort of knowing that I am useful to my little ones and my neighbors. "If I had a wish" —

"Well, if you had," said Betty, as she paused.

"It would be to see a good school set up in this village, to keep the lads and maids from running wild as they do. But I hope that may come in time."

We rose to take our leave; but Mercy would have us sit while she feasted us on pears, and gathered for us a nosegay of late flowers from her garden. Mrs. Miles had filled our pockets with almond comfits after her usual fashion, and we treated the children to them. I suppose they never saw any before, but they soon found out the use of them.

"That is a happy woman, Dolly," said Betty, as we were walking homeward.

"She is a contented woman, at any rate," I replied, "and a useful one, to boot."

"She is a happy woman," persisted Betty. "I would I were as happy. She makes me think of Lady Jemima Stantown, with her family of young orphan ladies about her. I always thought I would like to live in that way."

"You would not like to be as poor as Mercy, to wear a homespun blue gown, and live upon a shilling a week?"

"Mercy is rich on a shilling a week. Did you not hear her say she had laid by something? As to the blue homespun, I would as soon wear that as any thing. I don't care about dress."

"But you would not like to spin for a living,"

and live on brown bread and stirabout, with a bit of meat on Sundays and festivals.”

“I would not care,” persisted Betty. “I don’t think these outside things have much of any thing to do with happiness or unhappiness.”

But I think I should care. I do like pretty things and nice things and to go to the play now and then. And then that sad tale about her lover : I am sure I never could be happy again if such a thing were to happen to Mr. Morley. I wish he would come back.

*October 25.*

I do think I am the happiest girl in all the world. Mr. Morley has asked me in marriage of my uncle, and he hath consented, provided that inquiries respecting Mr. Morley’s character and prospects should turn out satisfactory. I am not afraid of that. My uncle cannot expect a rich bridegroom for me, seeing I have nothing of mine own ; and every one says Mr. Morley is high in favor with the king.

My aunt would have kept the matter from me till all was settled, I believe ; but my uncle blurted all out, as his way is. I am glad of it. I would not lose one minute of my new-found joy. I can hardly believe in it even yet. My uncle goes to London to-morrow, and I suppose will make all needful inquiries.

I can’t help wishing Mr. Morley were not an unbeliever, but perhaps I may be able to bring him round as Meg did Lord Chesterton.



My aunt is much pleased at my prospects. She has always liked Mr. Morley. Only she wishes my uncle could give me a suitable dowry. He would do so, only that, as I learn for the first time, he hath had great losses of late, so that he is somewhat cramped for ready money. As it is, however, aunt says I shall have a wedding outfit suitable to my quality, and it shall go hard but she will raise a small sum for my private purse. Betty says little, only that she shall be sorry to part with me. She always saw with Meg's eyes; and for some reason I never could understand, Meg always disliked Mr. Morley.

I wonder where we shall live. In town, I suppose, and at the court end, as Mr. Morley has a place in the household. I hope we shall have a pleasant lodging. I shall like the ordering of my own little family, only I wish I knew more about it. But I know I can learn, and I shall not think any thing hard that I do for my husband. Thomas à Kempis says a lover ought willingly to undertake any thing hard or distasteful for his beloved. I am sure I would do that for Mr. Morley, and I believe he would do as much for me.

*October 22.*

My aunt and uncle have been gone two days, but are expected back to-night. I have had a talk with Mr. Morley which troubles me, though I dare say without reason. I ought to be ashamed to entertain for a moment a thought so derogatory

to him. I dare say he was only vexed because Ursula deceived him.

The way was this. Betty was not well this morning, and kept her bed, for a wonder. She was thirsty and feverish, and at last said she wished she had a glass of fair water from Meg's fountain.

"I will bring you some," said I. "It will take me but a few minutes to go and come, and my aunt will not be vexed, seeing what my errand is." For my aunt had bidden us remain within doors while she was away.

I saw that Betty was pleased, though she made some objection, and said I could send one of the maids. However, I could find no one at the minute; so I even threw on my long cloth cloak, pulled the hood over my head, and set out myself. The spring is in rather a lonely place, — a little dell, green and mossy, and surrounded on all sides by high wooded banks. It is not greatly frequented, because of some story of an apparition, — some forlorn lady who killed herself for love. I am not a bit afraid of the ghost; but, as I dipped my jug into the basin, I heard a man's step behind me, and turned in a hurry, to see Mr. Morley. He greeted me in his usual kind fashion, but seemed perturbed and distraught. He asked for my uncle; and I said he had not yet returned from town, but we expected him that night.

"No matter," he replied abruptly; and then, after a little pause, "Dolly, do you know whether

your fortune hath been involved in your uncle's losses? Was it in his hands?"

"I know it was not, for the best of reasons," said I. "My fortune, such as it is, is safe in my own hands."

"What do you mean?" he asked.

"My face is my fortune, sir, she said," I answered him, singing the line of the old song, and making him a saucy little courtesy, for I felt in good spirits. "I would it were finer for your sake." He stared at me like one amazed.

"Do you mean to say you have no fortune?" he asked.

"Not a shilling," I answered; and then bethinking myself I added, "I suppose I should have three hundred pounds if I could get it, but there is not the least likelihood of that."

"But Ursula Robinson told me you had had a fortune come to you," he stammered, "and that was the reason your uncle and aunt had taken you up, though they took no notice of you while you were poor."

"I don't know why she should have said or thought so," I answered coolly; for I was growing vexed in my turn. "My aunt adopted me out of pure kindness and love for her sister's child. She never knew of my existence till she heard of me through Lady Clarenham. I am sorry if you have been deceived, but it has been none of my doing." And with that I took up my jug, and turned to go.

“But are you sure?” he asked again, walking along with me. “Perhaps your aunt has thought best to keep the matter from you.”

“I am quite sure,” I answered. “My aunt said but yesterday that my uncle had hoped to give at least a thousand pounds with me, but that owing to his late losses it would not be possible for him to do so. Did he not tell you so?”

“Yes, but I thought — However, it does not matter. I have been grossly deceived, and that is the end on’t.”

“You cannot say that I deceived you, since you never asked me a question on the subject,” said I. “If you doubt my word, you had better ask my uncle.”

“Don’t go, don’t leave me in anger, Dolly,” said he as I turned away. “I am not angry with you, and yet” —

“I must not stay. My aunt would be very angry if she knew I met you,” I answered; and breaking away from him I hurried into the house. When I came into Betty’s room, she asked me if I had seen the ghost of the blind nun, that I was so pale. I told her no, but that I had seen a strange man who frightened me, and so I had hurried home.

“You should not have gone out, Mrs. Dorothy,” said Sharpless. “Your aunt will be displeased, if she hears it.”

“It was all my fault, — asking for the water,” said Bess.

“There is no great harm done,” I answered, making light of the matter. “My aunt will not scold me when she knows why I went. I dare say the poor man meant no harm.”

“Very likely he only meant to beg.”

“I dare say, but I must go and change my shoes, Betty,” said I, glad to seize the first excuse to get away. “The grass in that dell is always wet, I think.”

I escaped to my own room, and sat down to think; but the more I turn the matter over in my mind, the less I am able to come to any conclusion.

*October 23.*

Mr. Morley has not been here. It is very strange. My uncle had a letter to-night, over which I heard him storming and fuming at a great rate in my aunt's room, calling someone a scoundrel and other hard names, with many oaths and expletives. My aunt seemed moved too, by the tone of her voice. I was waiting to see her, to tell her what I did yesterday. I find the more perfectly frank and open I am with her, the better we agree. I was standing at the farther window of the gallery, to which I had moved not to overhear the talk in my aunt's room. When she came out, her color was raised, and there were traces of tears about her eyes, which I was surprised to see; for she does not usually mind my uncle's tantrums.

“What are you doing here Dorothy?” she asked.

I told her I was waiting to speak with her. She asked what was the matter; and I told her, only I did not repeat what Mr. Morley had said.

“And you are sure you did not go on purpose to meet him?” she asked somewhat sharply; and then, relenting, “But no, that is not like my frank, simple-hearted Dolly. Only you know, my love, it is much better for young ladies to do exactly as they are bid. There, I am not angry, but I would rather you did not go out to-day.”

She looked at my work, and praised its neatness, asked how my knitting progressed, and dismissed me with a kiss and her blessing. I can't understand her manner, nor my uncle's way of looking at me, but I am glad they are not angry with me. They have certainly been very good. I suppose Ursula Jackson could not understand such disinterested kindness, and so coined this tale to account for it. No wonder Mr. Morley was angry with her. I hope he will have had enough of her, that is all.

*October 24.*

It is all over. Life is done for me, and I only wish it were done in good earnest. But people can't die when they like, unless they kill themselves, and I have too much conscience, or too little courage, for that. I shall never believe in any one again.

This morning I was about to sit down to my music, which I have taken up again at my aunt's request, when Mary Mathews came to say that

my aunt required my presence in her room. (Mary was out of a place when my mistress went to the Bath, and my aunt took her on my recommendation, and means to carry her down to Devon with us.) I wondered what could be the matter, for my aunt never interrupts our study hours without grave cause, and on my way down-stairs and through the gallery I tried to think whether I had done any thing to merit her displeasure; but I could remember nothing save my walk, which she knew of already.

I found my uncle and aunt sitting side by side in my aunt's dressing-room. My uncle had a letter in his hand. They both kissed and blessed me; my uncle adding, as it were to himself, "Poor, pretty wretch, I had as soon be hanged as tell her! The — villain, would I but had his — neck under my boot-heel!"

"Do not excite yourself, Sir Robert," said my aunt gently. "Our dear Dorothy hath too much proper pride and self-respect not to treat the matter as it deserves."

"Oh, yes: pride and self-respect are all very well! There, sit down, child."

He pushed a chair toward me; and I took it, wondering what would be coming next. But I never guessed, never had a thought of the impending blow.

"Well, child, you must needs know, — but how to tell you — There, take the letter and read it. That I should ever have taken such a creeping

adder into my family! There, read it, poor wench!"

"And then treat the writer with the contempt and scorn he deserves," added my aunt. "There are others who will appreciate our clove-gilliflower, if he does not."

(My uncle sometimes calls me by that name, because I am so dark.)

I read the letter over, but somehow I did not at first take a sense of it. The writer said that, finding he had been deceived in respect to the private fortune of Mrs. Dorothy Corbet, and not being in a condition to marry a portionless wife, however worthy in other respects, he must decline the honor of the young lady's alliance. The letter concluded with some commonplace expressions of respect, and was signed Philip Morley.

"Well," burst forth my uncle, as I looked up from the letter; "is not this a fine, craven cock we have chosen for a bridegroom for our Dorothy? He has done well to run for it. I would have slit his nose for him, and I will, too, if he comes within my reach."

"No, no!" said my aunt. "Much better treat him with the contempt he deserves. — Think you not so, my love?"

"I don't understand," said I.

"She has not taken in the matter," said my aunt, "and no wonder. Read the letter again, my love."

I did so, and saw it all.



“How did Morley get this idea of your having a fortune?” asked my uncle.

“Don't tease her with questions now, my dear,” said my aunt kindly. “She is in no state to answer you.”

“Oh, yes!” said I. I was in a strange state of mind. I comprehended the whole matter, but it seemed to me as if it related to somebody else than myself,—somebody I was very sorry for, but whom I could talk of quite quietly. “I know because he told me. He said Mrs. Ursula Jackson, his cousin, told him; and I dare say she did.”

“But how should she get the notion?”

I told him what I thought, adding that Ursula was apt to take up fancies about people, and then repeat them for facts.

“She must be a nice woman,” observed my uncle. “Well, my maid, you take the loss of your bridegroom more quietly than I expected. I thought you were in love with his very shadow.”

“My Dorothy has too much proper spirit, and has been too well brought up, to fix her affections on any man without the leave of her guardians,” said my aunt. “'Tis a great mortification, no doubt, but far better than if she had married so unworthy a person. I am glad it has all happened here instead of in town. Mr. Morley will hold his tongue for his own sake, and no one outside the family need know any thing of the matter.”

“The miserable, cowardly hound has sneaked

off to Scotland on some errand for his Majesty," said my uncle.

"So much the better," returned my aunt. "We shall go down to Devon next week ; and Dolly will have enough to divert her, and make her forget this unworthy man. — There, go, my love, to your own room, if you like, and compose your spirits."

"And we will find you a better bridegroom," said my uncle ; "some gallant, honest Devon man, worth a hundred of these court fops and coxcombs. There, Heaven bless thee, dear wench ! You have been a dutiful child to us, and a good sister to her that's gone ; and you shall never want a home while I have a shilling, or a roof over my head."

My aunt kissed me also, and called me a good girl, and said kindly that she was most grateful to Lady Clarenham for bringing her to the acquaintance of so good a niece. I left the room, still with that strange feeling of pitying myself as if I were somebody else. I even sat down to the harpsichord again, and played through the lesson of scales I had begun, as steadily as if nothing had happened ; but, as I stooped to take up another piece of music, it proved to be a song which Mr. Morley and I had often sung together. Then it all came to me. I threw it down as if it had burned me, and escaped to my room. My aunt sent to know if I would come to dinner, or if she should send me something. I told Mary to thank her, but said I would come down.

“Are you not well, Mrs. Dolly?” said Mary.

“I have a headache,” I answered, with perfect truth; “but I shall feel better to go about a little.”

Mary came to the table, and began to dust the books with her apron. When she left the room, I saw that she had laid my Prayer-Book open at the Twenty-seventh Psalm. The dear, good soul thought to comfort me, no doubt. I remember how she used to betake herself to her Prayer-Book and Bible to calm her spirits after my mistress had been abusing her in one of her horrid fits of ill-temper. She must have known or guessed that I was in some trouble.

But I can't comfort myself in that way. Perhaps I might, if things were different. If Mr. Morley had been killed in the rebellion, for instance, I don't think I should have minded nearly as much. Then I could have had the comfort of remembrance; but now — Oh, if I could only forget!

*October 28.*

My aunt praises me much for the way in which, as she says, I bear my trouble. She says she sees plainly that I do not mean to let this man's shadow darken my life. But it is not *his* shadow at all. It is the shadow of a man who never had an existence, save in mine own imagination. It is not that he is dead, but that he never lived. My aunt says the thought of his unworthiness ought to comfort me, but there is just the sting: it is just

his vileness and unworthiness that I mourn over. It seems to me now, that I could willingly have parted with him, if I could have kept on believing in him.

My aunt called Betty and myself into her room this morning, in order, as she said, to explain to us certain family matters. I don't even now understand just how it is, only that my uncle, induced by the representations of some business-man in whom he had confidence, did, without consulting his wife, and against the advice of his old lawyer and agent in Exeter, put all his spare cash into this man's hands to embark in some trading venture which was to bring in a golden harvest of guineas. But the bubble hath burst, and the blower thereof hath run away to America, where I hope the Indian savages may take and scalp him ; and my uncle, from being rich, has become comparatively poor. True, he has his landed estate, and happily he has no debts of any amount ; and my aunt thinks that by letting his fine mansion, which it seems he can do to good advantage, and retiring to a smaller house which belongs to my aunt, he may, in the course of a few years, be relieved from all his embarrassments.

I was much pleased to notice that my aunt did not, in all she said, cast one word of blame or reflection upon her husband, though he acted without her knowledge and against her known wishes, she being ever against speculation, and although — so Sharpless tells me — a good deal of the lost

money was of her bringing. Methinks such forbearance shows real greatness of soul. I cannot endure to hear married people complaining of each other, as Ursula Jackson does of her husband to every one she can get to hear her.

As Betty said nothing, and my aunt seemed to expect some one to speak, I asked where this house lay.

"It is not very far from Exeter. The name of the estate is Lady Hill," answered my aunt.

"What an odd name!" I remarked.

"There was once a small convent on the spot, whereof the ruins still remain," answered my aunt. "The house is not large, but convenient; and there is land enough to serve your uncle for an occupation. We shall not need nearly as many servants as at Fullham, which will be one advantage, and we must settle whom to keep. My own woman, Mrs. Brown, leaves this next month to be married, so she tells me."

"Then, madam, why should you not take Sharpless to be your own woman?" asked Betty. "Dolly and I can wait on and dress each other, can't we, Dolly?"

"Yes, indeed, I should think so, seeing I never had a waiting-woman in my life till I came here to live," I answered. "And, aunt, I think you would find Mary Mathews a very careful and efficient housemaid; and Betty and I will be your gentlewomen, so you will have three instead of one."

“Oh, yes, that will do nicely!” said Betty, with more interest than I have seen her show since Meg’s death. “And Dolly will play and sing to my father of an evening, and I will play chess with you, dear mother, and read to you in your favorite chronicles; and we will be happy in ourselves, and let the world give us the go-by if it likes.”

My aunt’s eyes overflowed for the first time. “My dear, good girls,” said she, giving a hand to each, and drawing us near to her; “how happy it makes me to see you take things in this way!”

“There would be little use in sitting down to lament for spilled milk,” said Betty. “No doubt my father acted for the best, however he was mistaken.”

“That I am sure he did,” said my aunt. “I am sorry for your sakes, more than my own, that I cannot give you the benefit of another London season.”

“So am not I,” said Betty. “I hate London as much as my father does. I would rather live at that place in the Mendip hills, where the sun does not rise till ten of the clock in midsummer.”

“You should not interrupt your mother, my love: that is rude,” said my aunt, but without the displeasure she usually shows on these occasions. “I was going to say that I hoped we should not be quite out of the world, since we are so near Exeter, where there is very good society among the church dignitaries. I hope to see you both

well established in the world yet, for all that has come and gone. There, go now, my dears, and send Sharpless to me; she has been a most faithful servant, and is worthy of all confidence."

"Oh, yes, the world, the world, always the world!" said Betty discontentedly. "I wish one could get away from the world."

"You would like to go into a nunnery then," said I, as we sat ourselves down to our embroidery.

"I am not sure that I should, by any means," said Betty. "I should want to know more about the matter first. I have a fancy that the little world of a convent may be just as worldly as the great world outside, and perhaps harder to deal with, seeing that one would be shut up to it. If I have to deal with a wolf or a snake, I would rather have him in the field than in my chamber."

"I have noticed one thing in Thomas à Kempis," said I: "he is as full of warning against ambition, pride, envy, and so forth, as if he had been writing for the court instead of a convent."<sup>1</sup>

"But would you like to go into a convent, Dolly?" asked Betty.

"No," I answered abruptly, "not unless I could leave my memory at the gates. I would rather be like Mrs. Petty, going to the park every afternoon, and the play or a ball every night, and sleeping till noon next day; or even like old Lady

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<sup>1</sup> This is the case with all the conventual books of devotion (and they are many) which I have read. See the life of Saint Theresa, by herself, for a fine example.

Carewe, going to church in the morning, and playing at cards all the rest of the day. One might chance to forget sometimes in that way."

"You would not find any comfort in such a life," said Betty, laying down her work, and looking at me with eyes full of pity and love. "The gayest must have their hours of reflection, even in this world. Sickness and old age and death come to all, and then there is what comes after; there are no plays or balls or cards *there*, I fancy. And beside, Dolly, dear, it might have been worse: you might have married him, and found him out when it was too late."

"You don't understand, none of you understand," I cried passionately. "I am not thinking about myself, but about *him* — *him*, — that he should be so unworthy. If he had died like Meg, if he had been lost like Mercy Lane's sweetheart, it would not have been half so bad. But that he should be what he is, and that I can do nothing to help him, nothing!"

"But God can," said Betty softly. "He heard dear Meg's prayers for Lord Chesterton. Why don't you pray for him?"

"I can't," I answered. "It seems as if he had mocked me already. I asked him to give me Mr. Morley, and see how it hath turned out. Bab Andrews prayed for her lover, and he died a shameful death, after all. She asked for his life, but it was not given her."

"He asked of thee life, and thou gavest him a



long life, even for ever and ever,'” said Betty solemnly. “Is not that in the Psalms? When Bab and her lover look back from eternity at their troubles here, I don't believe they will seem so very long or hard.”

“Her case was not mine,” said I. “There is no use in talking to you. You were never in love.”

Betty was silent for a few minutes, and then began to try and divert me by telling me about Devon. I knew she meant kindly, and I tried to listen, and insensibly I did become interested. Betty is glad we are going to Lady Hill, which she likes better than Fullham, because there is such a lovely park and garden; though Fullham house is quite a palace, by all accounts. I shall be glad of the journey, at all events. We are to stay two or three days in London, where we hope to meet my Lord Chesterton, who has been kept by some matters of business. I am sure I hope we shall not meet Mr. Morley; but my uncle thinks he has gone to Scotland.

*November 5, London.*

Guy Fawkes Day, but there were no bonfires, they being forbidden by the king, which makes people look strangely on each other. Already mass is said openly at Whitehall and other places, and the court swarms with priests, especially Jesuits. The king's determination to dispense with the test act, and the dismissal of Lord Halifax from office, cause much murmuring even among the strongest

partisans of the king. So says Lord Chesterton, who has given us two or three visits. He still wears the deepest mourning, and lives very retired. Betty and he had a long talk this morning, but I have not heard what it was about.

A good many of my aunt's old friends have visited her; and she has spent one evening at my Lady Carewe's, at a card party, I believe. Betty and I were not asked to go; for which I am not sorry, for I think she is a hateful old woman. She must be seventy years old, at least, and yet she wears rouge and false hair, and is just as eager after every shilling she wins at play; and then she does so delight in scandalous dirty stories. I cannot think how my aunt, who hates scandal, can endure her; but then "*she moves in the best society,*" forsooth, and that is enough.

*November 6.*

I saw my dear Mrs. Williams this morning. It seems my mistress — I shall never get over calling her by that name — intends to spend the whole winter at the Bath, and hath sent Mrs. Williams to town on some business and to see to letting the house. I was out shopping with my aunt when I met Mrs. Williams; and aunt, learning who she was, and having heard, as she kindly said, of her goodness to me, gave me leave to give my old friend a visit. I was overjoyed to do so, for Mrs. Williams was my friend when I sorely needed one. If I had but followed her counsel, I should not be the forlorn wretch I am now. But there is no

use in looking back, or forward either for that matter. My aunt gave me a guinea, and bade me buy something for my old friend such as I thought she would like: so I bought her a large-print Bible and some chocolate, which she was always fond of. It is a new kind, made up in cakes like gingerbread, very convenient to carry.

My aunt left me at the door of my old dwelling, — I wont say *home*, for there never was any thing of home about it, — and told me she would call for me in two or three hours, as she had some visits to return. How strange and yet how familiar it seemed! I was let in by the old woman who takes care of the house, and who said Mrs. Williams would be back presently. As I stepped into the withdrawing room to look once more at my Lady Jem's portrait, it seemed every moment as if I should hear my mistress's whistle, in that sharp sudden note which always told me to expect at the least a box on the ear. The picture is as lovely as ever, most beautifully painted. I particularly noticed the diamond earrings, which are very large, and so well represented that they seemed actually to emit light. I wonder what has become of them. Round her neck is the very same locket and chain that Sir Charles gave me. I have it safe in my trinket-box, the chain having become somewhat thin by wearing. I told my aunt its history one day when she saw it by chance, and she bade me keep it as Sir Charles had said. I was glad, for I feared she might insist on examin-

ing it; but that is not her way. She is as entirely a woman of her word as any one I ever saw, and respects the same in other people. While I was looking at the picture, Mrs. Williams came in. She was much pleased with my little present, and insisted on preparing some chocolate at once. She had bought a fine cake and a cold fowl, and got ready quite a little feast.

"You are not looking well," said she to me.

"I am well enough," I answered; and then, moved by I know not what, I laid my head down in my old friend's lap, and poured out all my story. Mrs. Williams's comment was an unexpected one.

"I am glad it is no worse," said she.

"How could it have been worse?" I said pettishly.

"You might have married him," said she; "that would have been bad enough. Besides, I believe that man capable of any wickedness. He hath been one of the prime instruments of Col. Kirke and the chief justice in the horrible cruelties which have been practised on the poor folks of Somersetshire."

"I can't believe it," said I.

"I had it from a sure hand," she returned; "from the mother of one of the sufferers. It is such a tale as I would not pollute your ears withal. I thought of you when I heard it, and prayed that you might be preserved from his clutches."

"Let us talk of something else," said I. "How is my mistress?"

“Much as usual, only that her health is better.”

“You must have a hard time with her all alone.”

“So hard that I sometimes think I must leave her altogether,” replied Mrs. Williams. “I have told her that I must have a rest; and as soon as my business is ended here I shall go down to Kent, and make a visit to my brother-in-law.”

“Kent,” said I, “does not Mrs. Pendergast’s father live in Kent?”

“Yes, and close by where I am going: so I hope to see them often.”

“And where is Mr. Pendergast?”

“In the city, I suppose, but I cannot tell you where, sometimes in one place, and sometimes in another. He is a good man, though not yet fully enlightened as to spiritual things. But, my dear, if you wish to go through the house, we must be moving.”

I agreed, and we went all through the house. My mistress had carried away all of my Lady Jem’s clothes and other such matters; but I found on a shelf in her closet a pile of old books, — some of devotion, and others of romances and the like, — and, as I knew they were worthless to sell, I carried off two or three for keepsakes. Also I found in my old room my “Pilgrim’s Progress,” which I had forgotten in my removal. Mrs. Williams bade me show it to my aunt, and I promised to do so. I hope she will not disapprove it, for it is a book I love.

“And what do you know about Ursula Jackson?” I asked. Mrs. Williams shook her head.

“Nothing pleasant. She and her husband do not at all agree. She poured out all her woes to me, as I fancy she does to every one who will listen to her. She says Mr. Jackson is desperately jealous, and will let her speak to no one but himself. Mr. Robertson himself told me that Mr. Jackson was very angry at a certain person’s attentions to his wife, and forbade him the house.”

“Why do you suppose Ursula told — that story about my having a great fortune?”

“I suppose she made it partly out of something my mistress said. Ursula was wondering at your aunt’s adopting you when she had daughters of her own to marry, and my mistress answered her, ‘You may be sure Lady Fullham knows what she is about. Dolly may come into a fortune some day.’ I believe she only meant to hint that she herself might leave you something; but, seeing how eagerly Ursula took it up, she went on adding more hints just to tease her.”

“Ursula was always dreadfully afraid my mistress would leave me something, though I don’t think there is any danger,” said I.

“Nor I,” answered Mrs. Williams. “I doubt her ever bringing herself to make a will at all. She clings closer and closer to this world every day.”

“And if she does not, where will her money go?”

“To her brother’s descendants, I presume. There is quite a family of them; but my mistress never could abide them, though they are very nice people. Your acquaintance, Mr. Evelyn, brought up one of them, — a young lady who was left an orphan in the plague time, — and she was married from his house. She came to see my mistress once, and I thought her a very nice, pretty young lady. But there is no telling what my mistress may do.”

“Marry again, perhaps,” I suggested.

“Hardly, I think, though there is no telling. I always say I should be surprised at no one’s marriage but my own. Well, here is the coach come for you, my dear. Thank my good Lady Fullham for allowing me this visit. And, my dear child, take one bit of counsel from your old friend. Try to rest all this trouble of yours where it belongs. Cast thy burden on the Lord, and he shall sustain thee. Wait on the Lord, and commit thy way to him.”

“I can’t, said I, crying. “I have tried, and I can’t.”

“Perhaps you have not tried in the right way. But there, I must not keep you. God bless thee, my lamb! I do miss thee sorely, but thou art in better hands than mine; and I have faith to believe thou wilt be guided home, though not by the path of thine own choosing. He leadeth the blind by a way they know not, but all the same he leadeth them.”

I was in funds, having just been paid my quarter's allowance of spending money: so I gave Mrs. Williams ten shillings, and asked her to lay it out in presents for Mrs. Pendergast's two little children, who were always great pets of mine. Then I bade her good-by, and took leave forever of the house where I first saw Mr. Morley. I wish I had died then and there, before I ever saw him again.

I found Mr. Newington, our rector, in the coach with my aunt, going home to sup at our lodgings. My aunt asked what books I had; and I showed her they were Mr. Taylor's "Golden Grove," and the "Arcadia" by Philip Sidney.

"There is no harm in these," remarked my aunt, "but what is this? 'The Pilgrim's Progress,' by John Bunyan. Is he not that tinker turned preacher that I have heard of? I cannot think such an author suitable for the closet of a young lady. — What say you, Mr. Newington?"

"There is no harm in the piece, but a great deal of good," said Mr. Newington. "I have read the book more than once, and I venture to say Mrs. Dorothy will not be hurt by it."

"But a tinker, Mr. Newington," said my aunt; "a common tinker to aspire to be a preacher!"

"Well, what then, madam? I knew a worse case even than that, where a common carpenter put himself forward to take part in the services of his own parish church."

"And what did they do to him?" asked my



aunt, all unsuspecting of the trap into which she was falling.

“Do? Why, they said, ‘Is not this the carpenter, the son of Mary?’ and they were offended at him.”

My aunt drew herself up. “I think you are almost profane, Mr. Newington. Would you draw a parallel between our Lord and this Anabaptist preacher?”

“Heaven forbid, madam, that I should draw any such parallel between him and the very most exalted of his creatures!” said Mr. Newington solemnly. “All I meant to show was that outward rank and consequence are as nothing in his eyes, who took David from following the sheep to be king over his people, and sent Amos the herdsman to rebuke even kings. I am sorry for what I must think are the good man’s errors; but these peculiar notions do not at all appear in his book, which I can confidently recommend for Mrs. Dorothy’s perusal.”

My aunt could do no less than agree, but she said afterward that she was sorry so good a man should take up such strange notions. If what he said was true, any little mechanic or tradesman’s wife might be setting herself up to be the equal of any lady in the land. But it seems to me that the effect of these notions, if carried out, would make the tradesman’s wife not care any thing about being equal to anybody. If one really believes one’s-self a member of Christ, a child of God, and

an inheritor of the kingdom of heaven, as the Catechism says, one would not care for any earthly distinction. One would not fret very much because the duchess of this or my Lady T'other did not bow to them. But it seems to me as if most of the people I know did not really believe these things at all, not as they believe in the things of this world. I know there is no reality in them to me, at any rate. I wish there were. Perhaps I should find some comfort in them, and get rid of this dull pain at my heart which seems to press my life out.

*Lady Hill, December 1.*

We are here and mostly settled. I thought we never should get here alive. What with the state of the roads, and the dread of highwaymen with whom the country is more infested than usual since the late troubles, and the rain and wet, and my uncle's fretting and fuming, the journey was any thing but pleasant for the most part. I am glad they did not bring poor Meg's body down here to be buried. It would have been simply agonizing. We had six horses to the coach nearly all the way, and yet more than once my uncle had to send for oxen to drag the coach out of the mire. I could but admire my aunt's patience and cheerfulness. Not a fretful word escaped her in our very worst predicaments, and she was always ready to see something pleasant or odd to divert our minds. She certainly is an admirable woman in most ways.

Mary Mathews jumped at the chance of going into the country again, and hath greatly commended herself to my aunt and to Mrs. Sharpless by her usefulness and her cheerful spirits. She laughed at all our hardships, and told us such tales of travelling in the north (she comes from somewhere about Durham) as did indeed make our inconveniences seem very small. I am glad I was able to secure the place for her, both for her sake and my aunt's. Mrs. Sharpless takes to her greatly, and shows no jealousy of my aunt's favor to her, as poor Brown used to. I said as much to Betty one day. She laughed.

"There is just the difference between Sharpless and Brown that there is between the cat and the dog," said she. "The dog lives in the opinion of other people, and consequently he can be made jealous. But did you ever see a cat show any jealousy of the opinion or favor of her mistress?"

"I don't know that I ever did," said I. "The cat thinks too much of herself to care what any one thinks of her. Indeed, I don't think cats acknowledge any ownership in the people they live with. Puss is your friend, but it is on terms of equality."

"That is it exactly," said Betty: "Sharpless thinks too much of herself to be jealous of anybody."

I don't know whether that is the true solution or not; but, at any rate, such a person as Sharpless is much pleasanter to live with than one who is

always looking out for affronts and slights. But to what a distance have I wandered !

We staid a night in Exeter, and then came on here, having sent a groom in advance to announce our coming, as my uncle decided to stop here, and go to Fullham afterwards. In the morning, Betty and I went to service at the cathedral. It is a most huge and venerable pile of Gothic architecture, far more beautiful to my eyes, I must say, than the new St. Paul's will ever be. Aunt says my taste is not correct ; and that no doubt, as the Grecian and Roman style of building spreads more and more, many of these great piles will be taken down and rebuilt. But I hope that may not be in my day. Perhaps the fashion may change, and the Gothic come to be admired again. I must say I was quite overwhelmed with the prospect of the fretted roof, the long aisles, and colored windows ; though they say these last are nothing to what they were before the great rebellion. My uncle says, however, that the rebels did not all the mischief they are credited with in such cases, — that the Cavaliers were often quite as bad.

The service was musical, of course, and beautifully sung, as they pride themselves on the singing ; but I must say I am not fond of a musical service. It seems to me that the very beauty and and glory of our service is that it is *common* prayer, — common, that is, to the clergy and the people ; though I admit that, in practice, it is too often left to the parson and the clerk. But a musical ser-

vice seems to belong wholly to the clergy and the choir; and the people have only to listen and admire, — or criticise, as the case may be.

I was pleased to see the old men and women from the almshouses in their place, looking so warm and comfortable in their thick gray cloaks and hoods. I wonder do they like to come, or does the daily attendance become but a wearisome task? There are many charitable foundations in the city, — one especially for ladies in reduced circumstances, where my aunt hath several acquaintances, and where she hath promised to take us to visit some day.

In the afternoon we came out here. Mrs. Sharpless and Mary Mathews had preceded us, and got things into some order. The evening was closing in as we came in sight of the little knoll on which the house is built; and the lighted windows were a cheerful sight, as was the glow and warmth of the great wood fire which Mrs. Sharpless had caused to be built in the hall. We were received with many courtesies and bows by the old housekeeper and her husband, who acts as bailiff or steward, and found a savory, hot supper awaiting us.

“Why, this is pleasant, this is like home,” said my uncle, looking about him. “This is better than London cheer. Eh, Bess?”

“Yes, indeed, sir!” answered Bess heartily.

“And what says my clove-gillyflower?” asked my uncle, turning to me. “Will it take good root,

and flourish again in Devon soil, or will it pine for London smoke and fineries ? ”

I fear the poor, smirched, down-trodden clove-gillyflower will never flourish anywhere again, but I did not say so to my kind uncle. I answered him truthfully that I never wished to see London again.

“ Why, that’s well ! ” said my uncle. “ I must have you learn to ride and walk, and make a country maid of you. As to Bess, I believe she would like to don the russet-gown, and take up the milking-stool and pail, and tend the cows like any country Cicely, — hey, Bess ? ”

“ That I would, sir, ” answered Betty. “ I always thought I would like to be a dairy-maid ; ” whereat my aunt shook her head, but smilingly, and we sat down to supper in great good-humor.

For two or three days we were all very busy, under my aunt’s direction, in getting the house in order. It had been well cared for ; but, like other uninhabited houses, it needed a deal to make it really cheerful and comfortable. However, things are now pretty well settled. My aunt has given Betty and me a very pretty set of rooms on the second floor. Our sitting-room — for aunt says we are not to talk of the schoolroom any more — has a great bow-window, or oriel, which commands a beautiful view of the city of Exeter, rising from the Exe, crowned grandly with the towers of the great cathedral. I love to sit here at evening, and watch the kindling of the lights, like stars. Here

we have our harpsichord, on which I practise diligently every morning, our work-tables, and our French and Italian books. My aunt hath set us to embroidering new covers for the chairs in the great drawing-room, which are sadly worn and faded. Betty grumbles privately, and calls it a sad waste of time; but I must confess I like it. It is a real diversion; for one has to give it all one's attention, and thus it leaves no room for sad thoughts, as plain work does.

Our bedrooms open from this sitting-room, and are very comfortable, with moreen hangings, — one of red and the other of green, — and ornamented with some old prints of sacred subjects, which my aunt's first husband picked up abroad. They are brown and faded, with tarnished gilt frames, and my aunt would have consigned them to the lumber-room; but Betty and I begged them, as we did various odds and ends of china and carving. I fancy this gentleman must have been something of a virtuoso, from the heaps of shells, minerals, and other curiosities he has collected.

The garden is large, and very beautiful, to my thinking. A part thereof is laid out in the formal Dutch fashion, with parterres, and yew-trees clipped into the shape of peacocks and dragons and a rampant St. George on horseback; and there is a fountain and a maze and what not, which are the pride of the old gardener's heart. Beyond this extends what is, to me, the beautiful part of the garden. It has run wild, it is true, but there

are green, mossy walks, and tall trees, and a great bank of violets, and many curious trees and herbs which my uncle (I suppose he was my uncle as much as Sir Robert is) collected. Also there is a long row of bee-hives, and a plantation of such sweet herbs and flowers as their cunning little inhabitants love. My aunt says my uncle Foster was a great chemist and botanist, and used to distil many cordial and other medicines, which he gave away to poor folks. His furnace and retorts still occupy a room in the older part of the house, which room is looked upon with superstitious awe by the servants and the country people, who seem to have rewarded his goodness to them by believing that he was in league with the Devil.

*December 10.*

Betty has had a letter from my Lord Chesterton, to say that he has obtained leave from the duke, his uncle, to build a schoolhouse at Cross Hill, with rooms for the master and mistress, and a good endowment for their support. He has made Mercy Lane mistress ; and, till the new house shall be done, he has fitted up a good-sized cottage for her use. The school is to be called Mistress Margaret's School, in memory of our dear Meg. I think it is the loveliest monument I ever heard of ; much better than a great, unmeaning pile of marble which does no one any good. This monument will keep her memory green, and be a benefit for ages, perhaps. But who would have thought



of Lord Chesterton's doing such a thing when I first knew him! My uncle and aunt are greatly pleased, as well they may be.

We are fallen into a very regular course of life. My uncle hunts and shoots and attends to his farming, in which he takes great interest, specially in a new breed of cattle which he has obtained from his brother who lives in North Devon. (We are to visit this same brother before long.) My aunt attends to her housekeeping and her dairy, and overlooks our lessons and our work. I fancy she is rather homesick for London; though she does not say a word, and I dare say would be torn with wild horses before she would own as much. We have had some visits from country neighbors, and from the bishop's family and the other dignified clergy of Exeter; but of course we do not see nearly as much company as in London, especially now when the roads are so bad.

Betty and I go to church every morning when it is not too stormy, and we not seldom form nearly the whole congregation. The rector is a little old man, who always does make me think of a white owl, especially in his surplice; but he reads nicely, and is a good preacher, if he would not have so much to say about the divine right of kings and the duty of passive obedience. He is very kind to the poor people, alike to the Churchmen and the Dissenters, of whom there are a good many in the parish; and I believe they all love and respect him, though they do not show it by coming to

church. He is also a great antiquary; and the last time he was here he explained to Betty and me that the old mass of brick-work in the garden is the remains of some old Roman wall, of which there are many in these parts. I thought the good man would have fainted when my uncle said the old thing was an eye-sore, and ought to be blown up with gunpowder. He was so pathetic that my uncle promised that the ruin should not be touched in his time. I don't think he ever thought of doing it, but he sometimes likes to tease. But I have wandered a long way from our daily doings.

After our return from church I practise my music, and Betty takes her painting, in which she finds great pleasure. She is copying for me a Virgin and Child, which we both greatly admired at the bishop's palace, and which his lordship was kind enough to lend for the purpose. I do not usually care for these representations; but this picture is lovely, especially the little angel heads in the corners, looking down with a tender solicitude at the divine Child, which lies asleep in its mother's arms. Then we read French or Italian till dinner, after which we sit in my aunt's parlor with our work, ride with my uncle when the weather allows, or pay visits. We have been to Exeter to two card-parties, a kind of entertainment I heartily hate. It is shocking to me to see old women and old men, even clergymen, quarrelling over the cards, so eager after their gains, and so angry at

their losses, which they seem always to lay to their partners. And then when the cards are laid aside, and the coffee-cups come round, such tales of scandal, and pulling to pieces of the absent, and hints and innuendoes. However, we are not likely to see much more of them, for my uncle vows we shall go to no more evening parties unless we stay all night, the roads are so dangerous at this season.

Betty and I have taken to visiting a good deal among the poor folks, and to working for them. There is one poor body especially, a widow, with one or two children, whose mother has lately come to live with her, at least for the present. The poor old creature hath been well to do in her day, but her husband was unlucky enough to sell some horses to one of the Duke of Monmouth's officers. He could not well help himself for doing so, since the horses would have been taken at any rate: but for this offence, and this alone, he was hanged up at his own gate, and his wife was compelled to witness his death-struggle: after which she was allowed to buy her life, only to suffer a new bereavement; for her son, attempting to steal his father's body and bury it, was taken and hanged beside it.

"Ay, I saw all this with my own eyes, and the wretch mocked at my tears and cries," said the old woman, with flashing eyes. "I can see him now in his fine clothes, with his white, beringed hands, one of them scarred across the back with a

sabre-cut or some such thing, and his lady's favor in his hat."

I turned sick ; but something, I know not what, made me question her further.

"What was the favor like ?" I asked.

"A pink silk ribbon, worked with silver span-gles ; I can see it now."

So could I, for it was the very knot of ribbon I had found in Lady Jem's cabinet, and which Mr. Morley had begged from me one of those mornings when I met him in the park. And to think I allowed that very hand — But there, it won't bear thinking of. I would I could never think of him again. I grew so white that the good Priscilla Lee was scared, and made her mother a sign to cease talking.

"Ay, my dear tender lamb, your kind heart cannot abide to hear of such things," said the old woman kindly, as her daughter hastened to bring me a draught of fair water. "May you never have to suffer them ! But the time will come that the Lord will avenge his saints. He will not withhold his arm forever. Something tells me that I shall live, old as I am, to see the tyrant cast down, and that no son of his will sit on his throne after him."

"Hush, dame ! that is not safe talk," said I, recovering myself by a great effort. "You would not like to bring your daughter into trouble. I shall not repeat your words ; but others might, if they heard them."

“You are right, madam, and I am wrong,” said the old woman; “but these remembrances are too much for me at times. But I will be careful. Good-day, my dear lamb, and thank you for all your kindness. Take care of your steps, my pretty, for the ways are but slippery.”

“You will not mind my mother,” said Priscilla, following me to the gate of the little garden. “Indeed, she is a good and a godly woman, and hath been like an own mother to me. You will take no offence at her, my dear young lady?”

“No, indeed,” I answered; “who can wonder at her. But I hope she will be more careful.”

*December 31.*

I think Dame Penberthy's story put the crown to all my miseries; I suppose I had come to the place where I could bear no more. When I came home, my aunt asked if I were ill. I said no; though my head felt strangely bewildered, and I could hardly keep my wits together to answer the commonest question. My aunt sent me to bed at last, but I could not rest. The last I remember is waking from a dreadful dream of somebody choking me with a spangled ribbon, while Mr. Morley stood by laughing. My aunt was bending over me, and saying, —

“What is it, my love? What troubles thee so?”

I tried to answer, I remember; but I suppose I spoke wildly and beside the purpose, for I distinctly recollect my aunt's face of alarm. After

that, I knew no more till I awaked one evening, and saw the setting sun streaming in at the window, and heard the chimes of our little church ringing merrily. Sharpless was sitting by me, and rose as I moved.

“Why are the chimes ringing?” I asked.

“For service,” answered Sharpless, as tranquilly as though nothing were the matter; while she felt my pulse, and then put her hand on my forehead. I tried to raise my own hand, but it felt strangely useless.

“What has happened? Have I been ill?” I asked.

“Yes, quite ill, but I hope you are better now. See, take this broth, my dear lamb.”

(Sharpless is very punctilious in giving Betty and me our proper titles when we are well; but when we are ill, or in trouble, she falls back into all her Devon forms of endearment.)

I drank the broth obediently.

“How good it tastes!” said I.

“I am glad to hear you say so,” she answered. “It shows the fever hath left you. But do not talk, my lamb. Lie still, and try to sleep again.”

I slept well all night, but was waked early by singing under my window. As I turned, Sharpless rose from the great chair by the bed.

“How thoughtless,” said she. “I wonder no one remembered to hinder the waits from coming.”

“The waits!” I said, in wonder. “Is it Christmas already?”

“Yes, my dear, Christmas morning.”

“Please don't stop the singing. I love to hear it,” said I. And, indeed, it sounded very sweetly in the cold, frosty air. The rector is very fond of music, and a great promoter of it among his flock. As I lay and listened, I found the tears stealing down my cheeks; and they seemed to wash away the last clouds from my brain, so that I could think clearly. I have not been able to shed a tear in all my troubles before, but now I wept freely; and Sharpless did not check me at first, but kissed and poor deared me, and stroked my hair, like a mother with a sick babe. By and by she began gently to hush me, and after a time I fell asleep again. When my aunt brought the doctor in to see me, he pronounced me out of all danger if I were only prudent.

“Then you think she needs no more bleeding nor medicine?” asked my aunt, rather anxiously.

“Nothing but a few glasses of good port-wine which your own cellars will furnish, and a little cordial which I will send her, to spoil her pretty mouth with making faces,” answered the doctor, with a laugh it did me good to hear, it was so good-natured and cheerful. “I will send you a portion of the powder of Jesuits' bark, which you will put into a pint of port-wine, and let her have a glass three times a day.”

“Then you believe in the Jesuits' bark,” said my aunt. “Some say, you know, that his late Majesty was poisoned thereby.”

“Some talk great nonsense,” returned the doctor. “If his Majesty had taken nothing but the bark, he might have been alive now. The treatment they gave him, however well meant, was enough to kill a donkey, in my opinion. I have seen this medicine used when I was in South America ; and I can assure you, madam, it hath not its equal in rousing the power of nature to throw off disease. — But you look gravely on it, nurse,” he added, turning to Mrs. Sharpless, who did, indeed, wear a face of strong disapproval. “Confess, now, that the name scares you.”

Sharpless owned she could not believe any thing good which came from that quarter.

“There you are mistaken,” said the doctor. “The Jesuits have made known to us several valuable remedies ; and I, who have seen them in South America, can testify to their kindness to the poor oppressed Indians, standing between them and their cruel Spanish masters, who there, as everywhere, spoil all they touch. Besides,” he added, with a twinkle in his eye, “Jesuits’ bark is not the true name of the medicine, which is called cinchona by the natives of those parts, who make great use of it.”

Sharpless’s face cleared up on this. She has been obliged to allow the virtues of the medicine, which has cured herself of an obstinate pain in her face. It ought to do good, for the taste is horrible.

We were to have gone to Mr. Richard Fullham’s



to keep our Christmas, but my illness prevented. Our own Christmas passed very quietly. My bed was covered with pretty gifts from all my friends; even the old rector bringing me a beautiful little cup of Venetian glass from his collection. He prayed with me, and did hint something about the holy communion; but I did not respond. I feel I am in no state for it.

My recovery has been tolerably rapid, and my aunt hopes by Twelfth Day I may be able to go to Mr. Fullham's with the rest of them. I would very much rather stay at home; but I am determined to please my aunt in all things, so far as I am able. It is all I can do in return for her kindness to me. I can't be happy, to please her, — *that* I am sure I shall never be again, — but I will try not to be a kill-joy, at least.

Looking forward from the last day of this year, which has been such an eventful one for me, I seem to see life stretching on before me as a long road over a barren plain, without tree or shrub or shady grove or living spring, and ending — who knows where? If I were good, like poor Mercy Lane, I might take comfort in religion; but I am not good. My heart rises at times in fierce rebellion at my lot. I feel as if Providence had mocked me; as if one should hold a cool and sweet draught to a thirsty man's lips, and after one mouthful should dash the liquor on the ground. Then, again, it is, as I say, as if all the fair plains and fertile hills and running streams

were past, and only the barren, desert plain remained to be gone over. I don't really care for any thing, unless it be visiting among the poor folks, and talking with the old women and little children; and I cannot do that now.

*January 8, 1686.*

I did not go to Mr. Fullham's after all, having a little return of headache and fever; but the rest went, leaving me in the care of Mrs. Sharpless. I have rather enjoyed the quiet and loneliness, and have amused myself with roaming about the house, and looking at all the curious things which my uncle Foster collected in his lifetime. He must have been a man of great taste and learning. The rector, Dr. Burgoin, tells me he was a most amiable man, of courtly manners, and very devout, but that he cared nothing at all for riches or worldly honors; and though he had great connections, who might have advanced his fortunes, he never courted them, or sought their notice. I can't but wonder how he and my aunt got on together; for, with all her excellent qualities, it must be confessed that the world and society are all in all to her.

I walked down to the little hamlet this morning to see the Penberthys. The rector joined me coming back, and showed me a great curiosity, as he calls it. I had often noticed it before, but knew not what it was, — a circular mound or earthwork, within which stand two great stones,

covered with a third, making a kind of little grotto. There seems to have been a fourth slab, forming another side, but it has fallen down. Dr. Burgoin says this earthen bank, and the little grotto it encloses, are the work of the British people long ago, before the Saxons, or even the Romans, came into this land. He says there are many such about here, and have been many more; but the vandal plough, as he calls it, has destroyed them. He has himself a fine museum of Roman coins, pottery, and the like, found in his various explorations, and, what he values still more, a kind of necklace or circlet of gold, which he dug out of an earthwork on his own father's estate, near Arlington.

Dr. Burgoin tells me that Dame Penberthy really came to church with her daughter-in-law, last Sunday. He is very much pleased. I asked him what arguments he had used to induce her to do so.

“None, directly,” he answered. “I have not found much use in that. I did but read and pray with her, and strive to console her with those arguments which are common to all Christians. She told me yesterday, of her own accord, that she hoped grace had been given her to forgive even her husband's murderer.”

I am glad if she can forgive him. I can't, and that is the truth; neither can I forgive myself for being such a blind fool, as I can see now that I was. When I think of those meetings in the park,

— of the things he said to me, and the liberties I allowed him, — I am ready to eat my own heart for rage and shame. But all that is done now. I shall never love any man again.

*January 10.*

Our people have returned. Betty does not seem to have enjoyed herself greatly, though she says every one was very kind. Nor do I think the company was much to my aunt's taste, though she says my uncle Richard and his wife are good people, and the girls would be very presentable with a little polish. To-morrow we go to Fullham, my uncle's estate, where Mr. Cheney, who has rented the place for five years, desires to see my uncle on business.

*January 20.*

We came home last night, after a week's visit at Fullham, and glad am I to be quiet once more. Such a house full of company, — dancing and card-playing every night, when a sufficient number of gentlemen could be mustered sober enough for partners. Mr. Cheney has made a great deal of money in one way or other; no one seems to know exactly how, only he has been many years in South America and the West Indies. A lady whispered to me that every one knew Mr. Cheney had made the most of his wealth by piracy and the slave-trade, for all he held his head so high. I did not think she need have said as much, seeing that she was partaking of his hospitality. He is a small, dark man, with very piercing eyes, which

seemed to me always as it were on the alert, watching every thing and everybody; but that might be only my fancy, after what the lady told me. He is polite and accomplished; but I could not like him, for all his compliments, nor Bess either. Mrs. Cheney is a fine, handsome lady, well educated, and graceful, whom he married abroad, they say the daughter of a Spanish grandee whom he carried off. He is very kind and attentive to her, but I can't help thinking she is afraid of him. He has been very liberal in his dealings with my uncle, allowing him to take any furniture he pleased, though all went with the house. Betty has brought away a desk and cabinet which Meg always used, and my aunt has given me a lute and a workbox which were hers. Mr. Cheney made us each a handsome present at parting. I don't think aunt was sorry to come away, though the company was much to her taste. The truth is, that play ran pretty high of nights, and I suspect my uncle hath a weakness that way. I know a good deal of money changed hands, both among the men and women.

I had one pleasure connected with the visit; I met my old acquaintance Mr. Studley, who dined with us one day along with his father. We had quite a little chat afterward in the withdrawing room, he having made his escape from the table early. He tells me my lady is in London, and that she finds great comfort in Mrs. Patty's society.

I am glad of it ; but I wish she were down here, that I might see her sometimes.

“She is an excellent lady,” remarked my aunt, “but she lives in a world of her own.”

“Pardon me, madam,” said Mr. Studley, bowing, “not a world of her own. My good Lady Clarenham’s conversation is in heaven.”

My aunt was prevented from answering by someone who asked her a question. Mr. Studley asked me if I were enjoying my visit.

“In some ways,” I answered. “I like to hear Mrs. Cheney play and sing, and I am glad to have beheld the great sea with my own eyes. It must be lovely here in summer.”

“We must take you up to North Devon, and show you the ocean there,” said Mr. Studley, with animation ; and he began to describe to me the great cliffs affronting the waves, the deep caverns under them, with hidden rifts through which are thrown up columns of spray when the surf is high, the long coombes running down to the sea, with wooded banks, and clear streams running through them, and I know not what other beauties. Presently he checked himself, and said apologetically, —

“Pardon me if I weary you. Perhaps you do not care for such things.”

“You do not weary me,” I answered. “I love to hear of natural scenery.”

“You have been abroad ?” he asked.

“I told him no, and added that I had hardly

been out of the sound of Bow bells till I came to Devon."

"And you like the country," he said. "You do not pine for London?"

"No, indeed!" I answered with truth. "I never care to see it again. But you have been abroad?"

"Yes, I have been something of a traveller for a man of my age," he answered. "I have been as far as Jerusalem."

I asked him some questions, and we had really a very pleasant talk. He speaks fluently, yet modestly, and has very little to say about himself. Before we parted he drew from his pocket a little wooden box containing a small cross carved in veined wood.

"You were saying that you would like to possess something that came from Jerusalem. Will you accept this cross which I bought at Bethlehem, instead? The box is of sandal-wood, and was made at Jaffa, which is thought to be the Joppa of Scripture."

I could not well refuse the gift, and I must say I was very much pleased with it. The cross is made of olive-wood, very daintily carved, and the box has a sweet perfume. Afterwards I was a little doubtful whether I had done right in accepting a present, and showed it to my aunt.

"There was no harm in taking such a present as that," said my aunt. "Young ladies should not accept valuable gifts from gentlemen unless

they are accepted suitors, but a mere curiosity which has no special money value is quite a different matter. But I am pleased to see you so open, Dolly. If young ladies would always be so, they would save themselves and their friends a great deal of trouble."

I think I know that. I am resolved I will have no secrets from my aunt while I am under her roof.

When I showed the cross to Dr. Burgoin, he said he would add a chain to it, and gave me a string of carved pearl beads which he said came from Nazareth. It seems he hath also been in the Holy Land, and even as far east as Shiraz in Persia, when he was travelling with my uncle Foster.

*January 21.*

I have heard a piece of news which I don't know how to believe. Dr. Burdett dined here. He has recently been to Bath, and was amusing my aunt, who is not very well, with accounts of the humors of that place. Presently he turned to me.

"I met an old friend or acquaintance of yours, Mrs. Dolly. My brother was sent for to see a lady with an attack of spasms; and, as he had a broken leg on his hands, he sent me in his stead to see my Lady Corbet."

"My old mistress," said I. "And how did you find her?"

"With as promising an attack of indigestion as one would wish to see."



“I suppose she had been eating lobster again,” said I.

“Exactly. She had a hard time, but I relieved her at last. Her gentlewoman, a very nice middle-aged body, hearing I was from Exeter, asked me if I had met you, and seemed very glad to hear from you.”

“Dear Mrs. Williams! She was ever a most kind friend to me,” said I.

“She is not likely to stay long where she is, if all tales be true,” said the doctor. “My lady is going to be married.”

“Impossible!” I exclaimed.

“Very possible,” said the doctor. “Such things happen every day.

“But she has been married twice before; and she was always complaining of Sir Charles for spending her money and neglecting her, as she said.”

“I suppose she thinks ‘better luck next time,’” observed my uncle. “Who is the happy man on this occasion?”

“One Capt. Morley, an officer of Kirke’s. It is said he has made a deal of money to his own share in the late confiscations.”

“A nice way to make money,” said my uncle.

“A way that some greater people than he have not been ashamed of,” said Dr. Burdett. “Even the queen’s ladies of honor have traded in the ransoms of the poor little maidens who were betrayed by their schoolmistress into presenting the duke with a banner.”

“Well, I wonder at that,” said my uncle. “One would not be surprised at any thing in such a hound as this Morley, but that ladies should meddle with such gains does amaze me.”

“Scornful dogs will eat dirty puddings, if they be but rich enough,” observed the doctor. He is always shocking my aunt with his proverbs, which, truth to tell, are apt to be more forcible than elegant. But just now her kind heart was too much occupied with her poor little niece to allow her to give her kinsman more than a reproving look.

“Dorothy, my love, had you not better change your seat? I fear the air blows on you from that window,” said she. “Thomas, set Mrs. Dorothy’s chair and plate here by me.”

The little bustle of the change made a diversion, and when we were settled my aunt asked Dr. Burgoin (who also dined with us) if it were true that the Bath had been known so long as people said. No more was needed to set the good man off full tilt on his favorite hobby-horse; and between King Blalud and the Romans, and I know not what Saxon saints, the perilous subject was forgotten. I never did see any one with so much tact and skill as my dear aunt. When we were alone together, I could not forbear putting my arms round her neck and kissing her, though she does not encourage caresses. She returned the kiss, and told me I had behaved beautifully, adding that I had better lie down and rest a little, and

that I need not appear at supper unless I liked. I told her I would rather go out in the air, and walk, to which she consented.

But to think of his marrying that old woman, old enough to be his mother, and with all he knows of her temper. If I wished for revenge for all my wrongs, which I am sure I do not, I am in a way to have it; but, as I think of it, I do believe she always liked him. She never made him any of the insulting speeches she bestowed so liberally on every one else, and she would always go to extra expense for supper when he visited us. Poor Mrs. Williams, I wonder what she will do! I am sure she will never in the world live under the same roof with that man, whom she always disliked. I know she has saved money; and, besides, her skill and accomplishments will easily find her another place. But I think she will feel sadly, for I know she loved her mistress.

My head aches again to-night, but I am determined I will not be ill if I can help it. I fancy Dr. Burdett thought something was wrong, for he asked me specially after my health, and told me to take my Jesuits' bark again.

*January 30.*

I have had a slight return of fever, but not nearly so bad as the last, and I am nearly well again; so that I hope to go down to the village to-morrow to see Priscilla Penberthy, who has lost her pretty little maid. Poor thing, she has sorrow on sorrow, and yet she is so very good! I don't

understand it. Sometimes I think the best people have the most trouble, like poor Mr. Baxter and the Pendergasts; and then again I think of mine own, which certainly did not proceed from any goodness on my part.

*February 1.*

I have had an adventure which came near costing me dear. That I am alive to write it down, is owing to Mr. Studley. I had been down, to see poor Priscilla, whom I found indeed in deep affliction, but taking her trouble in such a sweet and patient spirit as I never saw before, and could not too much admire. She says Dr. Burgoin hath been very kind to her. He has quite won over Dame Penberthy, who now goes to church every Sunday. Coming back I took a somewhat lonely path through the park, intending to look for snow-drops, which grow very plentifully at one place, which they say was once a piece of the old convent garden. I found abundance of the pretty white blossoms peeping above the short grass, and gathered my hands full of them. I had come within sight of the nun's grave (so the people call the little grotto within the earth-work, from some idle tale or other), when I heard a strange noise behind me; and looking round I saw a great stag pushing his way through the bushes.

I was not scared at first, for the stags are not often dangerous so late in the winter; but I suppose something had put him out of humor, for the moment he saw me he began pawing and tearing

up the earth, and bellowing, — I don't know the proper name for the noise they make. I looked about. There was no tree that I could climb or even get behind. I had sense enough not to run, and I retreated backward toward a great oak in which was a hollow wherein I thought I might creep. The stag seemed to grow more and more enraged every moment, now making a rush toward me, and now stopping as I stopped, and tearing up the turf. I was weak from my illness, and feared every moment to fall. I am not a coward, but I had given myself up for lost, when I heard a clear, cheery voice behind me say in encouraging tones, —

“To the stones, Mrs. Corbet, to the stones; but do not run, for your life. I will divert him.”

And with that Mr. Studley stepped out into the open glade; and taking off his cloak he shook it, shouting loudly at the same time. But the stag was not to be diverted. He seemed to regard me as the one enemy whom he had been seeking all his life. He just turned his head a moment, and then made another rush.

“Ah, well, we must fight for it then!” said Mr. Studley composedly. He drew his sword as he spoke, calling to me to go on. But my strength was spent, and I dropped in a heap on the ground, and covered my face; but I did not faint. I heard the sound of a desperate struggle, and then a fall. I dared not look up till a hand was laid on my shoulder, and a kind voice said cheerily, —

“Look up, Mrs. Dorothy. The danger is over. Look up and see your fallen adversary.”

I looked up: Mr. Studley was standing by me, covered with blood and dust, but apparently unhurt. The stag lay on the ground dead. Like a fool, instead of thanking my preserver, I burst into tears. I think my weeping scared Mr. Studley almost as much as the stag had frightened me. However, he behaved very well. He brought me some water from a spring near by, in a cup which he took out of his pocket; fanned me with his hat; and, when I made an effort to rise, he helped me to my feet, and stood looking at me with such a face of alarm, that he nearly set me off laughing.

“Don’t mind me,” said I. “It was silly to cry; but I am not very strong, and a little thing over-sets me.”

“An attack from an enraged stag can hardly be called a little thing,” said Mr. Studley, looking immensely relieved. “I am overjoyed that I happened to come this way. Thank God.”

He took off his hat, and spoke as if he meant it.

“But you are worn out, and it is too cold and damp for you to sit down. Let me take you to the house,” said he; “and in good time here comes Sir Robert to call me to account for killing his deer.”

My uncle was indeed just coming down the path from the house.

“Hullo, Dolly! I was coming to look for you,” he shouted. “Dan Lee has just told me that the

old black stag was in a fury ; and I feared he might meet you and do you a mischief. Who have we here, — Mr. Studley ? ”

“ At your service, sir,” said Mr. Studley, bowing. “ As to the stag, he will do no more mischief, I take it, for yonder he lies.”

“ Hullo, what does this mean ? ” asked Sir Robert, staring first at the deer and then at Mr. Studley. “ Are you turned deer-stealer, Master Precisian ? ”

“ You see at least I have not carried off my booty, Sir Robert,” answered Mr. Studley, smiling : “ so you can send me to jail as soon as you please, since you have taken me red-handed.”

“ Mr. Studley saved my life, uncle,” said I ; and then, collecting my wits, I told him all about it.

“ I hoped to entangle the creature in my cloak, and so spare his life,” added Mr. Studley ; “ but he baffled me, so we had a hand-to-hand fight for it. I thought he would be too much for me, and longed for my good hunting-knife instead of this toy,” taking up his sword from the grass ; “ but I will hold it sacred henceforth, since it has done such good service.”

“ And are you unhurt yourself ? ” asked my uncle ; “ you know ‘ hurt of hart ’ is no laughing matter.”

“ I have but a few scratches, which are of no manner of consequence,” answered Mr. Studley. “ Had we not better take Mrs. Dolly to the house, Sir Robert ? ”

“Ay, do so; and I will take order for this venison.”

“He was a gallant fellow,” remarked Mr. Studley, pausing a moment to look at his fallen adversary. “How happens it that he keeps his horns so late as this?”

“That I can’t tell you. It was an oddity of his, and for that and his great size I prized him. But you have done well, sir, and I thank you most heartily,” added my uncle, with that courtly grace which belongs to him with all his roughness. “We had been a sorrowful household if old Bevis had trampled down our clove-gilliflower. Now you must stay and sup with us. Nay, I will take no denial,” as Mr. Studley began to speak of his disarray. “I will lend you a suit, or send for one of your own; but you must give my lady a chance to thank you for saving our dear niece.”

So they settled it between them, and Mr. Studley staid; but I did not help to entertain him, for I was no sooner in my room than I was taken with a chill, enough to shake me to pieces, so that Betty ran for Sharpless and for her mother in all haste. The poor child really thought I was dying. But Dr. Burnett being summoned (he is staying here at present) said the trouble only came from my being scared and over-wrought. He gave me some composing drops, and bade Sharpless bring me some tea, a drink which he greatly approves, and which Sharpless regards with horror, as I remember Mrs. Williams used to do. He would



prepare it for me himself, tempering it with cream and sugar; and I must say I found it very comforting and refreshing. Then he would have a cup himself; and by some magic of coaxing he made Sharpless have another, and even allow that it was pleasant.

My aunt came up to see me after supper, and told me Mr. Studley had made himself very agreeable. It seems he is visiting Dr. Burgoin, who is his old tutor.

“He is a fine young man,” said my aunt: “’tis a pity he has taken up such a strict set of notions.”

“Such as what, madam?” asked Betty, who had staid with me instead of going to supper.

“Oh, he happened to let fall that he had been in Seville, where you know your father went with my Lord Sandwich, when he was ambassador to Spain. But when Sir Robert asked him about their bull-feasts, he answered, almost with horror, that he had never witnessed one; and on Sir Robert’s asking why, he said he could not think the sight of innocent beasts tortured, and men’s lives put in jeopardy, was one for a Christian man to delight in. And when Sir Robert said he had seen good Christian men, and women also, looking on at a bull-baiting, Mr. Studley said very gravely, ‘Sir Robert, can you imagine our blessed Lord and his mother making a part of the company at such a show?’ I think your father would have been downright angry if the young man had not just

done us such a service.—Is he a Presbyterian, do you know, Dolly?”

“No, aunt; I heard him say when he was at Lady Clarenham’s that he was an unworthy member of the Church of England.”

“Ah, well, I am glad of it with all my heart!” said my aunt, as though she was rejoicing that he was not a forger or coiner. “But it is a great pity that he has taken up such notions. He ought to know more than to set himself up to be so much better than his elders. As if the best people in the land did not promote bull-baitings as a means of keeping up a brave spirit among the common people!”

“I do not see any thing very brave in a set of men looking on to see savage dogs torment a poor tethered beast,” said Betty. “I always did like it in Gen. Cromwell that he stopped the bear-baiting, and put the poor tortured creatures out of their pain.”<sup>1</sup>

“Hush, Betty, you are very much to blame,” said her mother severely. “I don’t know what your father would say to hear his daughter praising Cromwell.”

Betty was silent, of course, but she did not look very penitent. I must say I think she was right; and, if a thing is wrong, I don’t see that

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<sup>1</sup> Macaulay says the Puritan contrived to have the pleasure of tormenting both the spectators and the bear, while the story he tells proves exactly the contrary to any thinking person. But Macaulay never hesitated to sacrifice any thing to the witty or graceful turn of a paragraph.

the fact of respectable people encouraging it makes the matter any better.

*February 28.*

I have quite recovered from my adventure, which did Mr. Studley more harm than it did me. The wound on his arm, which he made so light of that he would hardly let my aunt do it up with some of her famous healing balsam, inflamed, and was very painful, and even dangerous. However, Dr. Burnett cured it at last. I am glad he was staying here. He has been examining my uncle Foster's books for some scientific matter or other. There are a great quantity of them, as well as many manuscripts, both in Greek and Arabic, which Dr. Burnett says are very valuable. He showed us one very old one, done on vellum, which he says is Persian. It looks as if an army of flies and spiders had held a desperate engagement, and left their severed members behind them. I believe Sharpless was out and out afraid of it.

As I said, Mr. Studley had a bad time with his arm, but it is now quite well again. He has made us several visits, and is a prime favorite with my uncle, who is obliged to own that the young man is no milksop, though he is so strict in his religious notions. There is a very fine young horse on the place, of the best blood, and a most beautiful creature, but so wild and fierce in his temper that no one has been able to break him heretofore, and all the men are afraid of him. Mr. Studley begged my uncle to allow him to take the creature in

hand, and he consented, somewhat unwillingly, thinking it a dangerous experiment ; but in a week's time Mr. Studley had Sultan as tame as a kitten, and the creature will follow him anywhere,—all by the force of kindness, as it seems, though the grooms will have it there is some magic in the matter. My uncle told us about it. He said Mr. Studley walked up to the door of the loose box ; and when Sultan came at him, laying back his ears and showing his teeth, he just held out his hand to him. Sultan stopped as if amazed, and presently approaching, almost timidly as it seemed, began smelling his hand and arm. By and by Mr. Studley slipped the other hand over his head and began stroking his ears, and presently offered him some sugar in his open palm ; and so he went on from one endearment to another, till Sultan at length allowed his new friend to slip a bridle on him and lead him about. Mr. Studley says he learned the secret among the Arabians, who never beat their horses nor break them, as we understand breaking, but bring them up to be friends and companions. It does seem a much more sensible way. I think I should try it with children if I had any ; but it is not likely I shall ever be married.

*March 1.*

A great thing has happened. Mr. Studley has asked my uncle for my hand in marriage, bringing a letter from his father to the same effect, the old gentleman being confined with gout.

At first, when my aunt broke the matter to me, I thought I could not entertain the idea for a moment; but she has given me several days for consideration, and I have changed my mind. I shall tell my aunt, when she asks me, that I will marry Mr. Studley.

In the first place, though I can never love him nor any man again in *that* way, yet Mr. Studley is one that I can heartily respect and admire. 'Tis true he is over-strict, it may be, in his notions; but that is a fault on the right side. If he does not play, he will not gamble away his substance, as so many young men — yes, and old ones — do in these days; and if he is no drinker, I shall not be mortified by seeing him under the table, or hearing him talk vile, blasphemous nonsense, in his cups, as poor little Mrs. Lightfoot's husband did at Fullham, I remember.

Then, though my aunt and uncle make light of it, I know I am something of a charge to them. My uncle lost much money by his ventures, and I can't but think he has lost more in play with Mr. Cheney. He hath been to Fullham two or three times, and always comes home in a bad humor; and my dear aunt looks very anxious and unhappy at these times. Mr. Studley asks for no dowry with me. He is his father's only son, and the old gentleman is rich.

And I suppose I must marry some time or other. My good aunt thinks women were made for no other end, and that no so great misfortune can

befall any one as to be an old maiden, as they call them hereabouts. I have heard her wonder how old Lady Jem Stanton's family could have allowed her to follow such an eccentric course. (She was a lady of quality, who lived in her own house not very far from here. She never married, but kept her house full of orphan maids, whom she brought up in all good ways and housewifely accomplishments. She died only the other day at a great age.) My aunt, since we came here, has talked of several matches for me; and I know she would never be satisfied to have me live single. I owe every thing to her kindness, and I owe my life to Mr. Studley's bravery; and, if I can pleasure them both at once, why should I not do so? I can honestly say that I have not one particle of love for Mr. Morley remaining in my heart. Somehow, the notion of his marrying that woman, and being subject to her caprices, did set him in such a mean and ridiculous light that it finished the cure which Dame Penberthy began. I could never love a cruel man.

I think I can make Mr. Studley a good, dutiful wife. I wish I did love him more; but my aunt says that will come, and perhaps she is right. I do love him, in a way; that is, I would like him for my brother. If he had taken to Bess, I should have been delighted.

*March 3.*

I told my aunt this morning, on her questioning me, that I was ready to content her and my uncle

by marrying Mr. Studley. She was very much pleased, kissed me, called me her good, dutiful daughter, and was sure I should be very happy.

My uncle looked rather doubtful.

"I don't know. She does not look as she did when the other fellow was in hand," he muttered, thinking aloud, as his fashion is; and then to me, "Are you sure you are content, Dolly? I won't have my clove-gillyflower sacrificed to anybody, not if I go out as a ploughman to keep her."

"I am sure, Dolly" — my aunt began, but my uncle interrupted her.

"Let her speak for herself, my lady," he said. "What is it, Doll? Speak out, and have no fear."

Thus adjured, I told my uncle I was perfectly content to marry Mr. Studley, whom I esteemed above any young man I had ever seen, and respected as well; and that I would do my best to make him a good wife. I don't think my uncle was quite satisfied; but he kissed me, and wished me joy, and then said he would put poor Studley out of pain.

I hope Mr. Studley will not expect too much of me. I shall try to have a full and frank explanation with him if I can. I won't marry any man under false pretences.

*March 4.*

Mr. Studley called this morning, and my aunt informed him that I had accepted his proposals. I must say he behaved beautifully. But oh, if they would only let me live single! I don't won-

der girls in popish countries go into nunneries to escape from unwelcome suitors. Good as Mr. Studley is, and much as I respect, — yes, and love him too, in a way, — I would rather go back to my old way of life with my mistress than marry him. But the die is cast. My word is passed, and I cannot recede. All that remains is to do my duty in that state of life to which it hath pleased God to call me.

When I said as much to Betty, she took me up sharply.

“ You do not quote it rightly, Dolly. The catechism does not say, ‘ To which it *hath*,’ but ‘ to which it SHALL please God to call me.’ That is a very different matter. And I think one ought to be very sure of that call, before undertaking what you are about to do.”

Betty grows more and more serious every day. She has read my “ Pilgrim’s Progress ” till I think she knows it by heart. My aunt mentioned it to the bishop ; but my lord only laughed, and said young maids were always taking fancies, and it was not worth while to make them of importance by opposition.

He talked with Betty very kindly and seriously afterward, and I suppose he was satisfied with her spiritual state ; for he told my aunt that her daughter was a young lady of an excellent spirit, though somewhat inclined to austerity.

“ But that is a good fault, and not common in these days,” he added. “ For my part, I should



never quarrel with a young lady for loving visiting the poor more than dancing, and her closet and her Bible more than the card-table and the Devil's books, as you know Mrs. Dolly's Presbyterian friends call them."

"But you do not think there is any harm in cards," said my aunt.

"No more than in push-pin or jack-straws, considered in themselves," answered his lordship; "'tis the use that is made of them. You must see, Lady Fullham, all the evils that are now wrought in the community by gambling; how many families are impoverished and disgraced thereby."

"Yes, indeed," said my aunt, sighing.

And, indeed, gambling does prevail to a fearful extent. Even the clergy and their families are not exempt. I think the bishop might give us a sermon on it, instead of some of those on passive obedience and Divine right with which he wearies us, — or me at least. I can't help wondering how his non-resistance would hold out if the king were to put one of his popish priests into the see of Exeter, for instance, — a thing not so unlikely to happen, if matters go on as we hear they are going at present.

*March 8.*

The day is fixed for my wedding, — the 15th of April. My aunt and Sharpless are over head and ears in wedding-clothes. My uncle has been liberal, though I know he is cramped for money;

but I think most of my things have come from my aunt's private purse, and then she hath given me most of the wardrobe provided for poor dear Meg.

Mr. Studley has done us another service, which I think hath bound my aunt to him forever. He was invited to go with my uncle to Fullham. Now, he does not like Mr. Cheney any more than I do, and he neither drinks to excess nor gambles: so the society at Fullham is not specially congenial to him; but I think he read something in my aunt's face which made him consent to Sir Robert's request that he would ride over with him. Contrary to what has been the case heretofore, my uncle came home rather early. The next morning I was sitting with my aunt, mending of some rare old lace which she has given me, when my uncle came in and threw himself down in a great chair.

"So, busy with the wedding finery," said he. "I must say, Gilliflower, thou hast chosen the queerest stick of a bridegroom." (As if I had chosen him at all!) "I would you had seen him last night."

"Why, what did he do?" asked my aunt. "Nothing unbecoming, I trust."

"Why, no; at least, I suppose you would not say so. The beginning was at supper. Mr. Cheney produced some Greek wines, which he greatly commended; but Studley would not taste them, saying he had tried them in their native country, and found them heady and heating.

And I think they are. I know they got into my head, which is pretty well seasoned."

"Well," said my aunt, as my uncle paused.

"Well, Cheney urged them on Studley, and laughed and jeered him more than was becoming a gentleman at his own table, I thought; but not a whit was my master moved, nor did he lose his temper, though I saw his eyes flash at one jest of his host's, which I will not repeat in a lady's ears. By and by we sat down to cards. Mr. Studley played a game or two of piquet; but when the betting began he put down his cards, and rose from the table.

"'What, man! Art afraid of losing thy pocket-money, and being whipped by thy dad?' said Mr. Cheney. 'Thou lookest at the cards as though they were so many spotted adders. Take courage, they will not bite thee.'

"'If you had had a dear friend bitten to death by an adder, you would not care to play with the beast, not even if his fangs were drawn; much less when you saw them dropping venom,' answered Studley.

"'What mean you by that?' asked Mr. Cheney.

"'I can tell you the tale, if you desire to hear it,' answered Studley.

"'Oh, tell it, by all means!' sneered our host; and I do think the man looks like an incarnate fiend when he wears that mocking smile. I suppose he thought to find more food for mockery, but he never was more mistaken in his life. Mr.

Studley began, and told us of a friend of his who had been at college and abroad with him, who was drawn into high play at Paris, whither he had gone, carrying with him a considerable sum belonging to some widow lady. He was drawn into play, and lost it all. Then he came to his friend's apartment, and told the story, saying that he could not and would not survive the disgrace.

“‘I strove to keep him, saying the money might be retrieved or replaced,’ continued Studley, ‘but all my arguments were in vain. He broke from me and rushed into the street, and I lost him in the crowd. The next day I saw his dead body drawn out of the river. He had left a letter to me, enclosing one to his father; and I had to carry to the poor, white-haired old gentleman the news of his only son's disgrace and death. He never held up his head afterward, but died in a few days. Do you wonder, gentlemen, that I have no liking for that which ruined, body and soul, the man I had loved like an own brother?’

“That was his tale, but I can't tell it as he did. I can tell you, he brought tears to my eyes, for one. Lightfoot, who has been both playing and drinking deeply of late, flung down his hand, and said, with a deep curse, that he wished the Devil, who invented cards and dice, had them again. Cheney blustered a little, and talked of spoil-sports and wet blankets; but all the company took sides with Studley, and he fairly broke up the party for that time.”

“I am thankful for it,” said my aunt.

“Well, you may be thankful, my lady,” returned my uncle bluntly. “I was in no state to play coolly, and I might have lost pretty deeply. I have already left in Cheney’s hands more than I can well afford, and I am ready to swear that I will go thither no more.”

“I wish you would, Sir Robert,” said my aunt earnestly. “There is that about the man which repels me, though I cannot tell what it is.”

“They tell hard stories about him,” observed my uncle; “as that he hath been a slave-dealer, or even a pirate. Studley says he is sure he hath seen him in the East, though he cannot tell where. But I would you had seen and heard the young fellow. I wonder at such notions in the son of old George Studley, who was any thing but a saint when I knew him.”

Anyhow, I like Mr. Studley none the worse for his conduct. I think it must take more courage for a young man to stand up in that way, than if he had faced a battery of cannon.

I have had a great pleasure in a letter from Bab Andrews. She promised to write me, but I did not build much upon it, knowing how much she would have to engage her attention, and how infrequent is the communication; but then, if Bab promised any thing, it was ever certain to come to pass. I am sure, if my aunt knew her, she would get over some of her violent prejudices — for they are no more — against every one who does not be-

long to the Church of England. My mistress felt just so towards every one who was not a Presbyterian, and could hardly forgive Mr. Baxter for allowing that an Anabaptist could write a good book. I think one is about as reasonable as the other. Of course, I believe my side is right, because it would not otherwise be my side; and if I think salt is white, I must needs think that man mistaken who says it is black or red, but that need not make me consider him a hypocrite or a villain. However, I have got a long way from Bab and her letter. She tells me they had a long though a prosperous voyage, and landed at a place called Newcastle, which is some way up the great river of the Delawares, and quite a thriving little town. However, she did not stay there, but in a few days removed to the other side of the river, to West Jersey, where her aunt lives in a place called Cohansey Bridge-town. Bab says the bridge is there, such as it is; but the town is still greatly to seek, there being not more than six or eight houses in all.<sup>1</sup> Bab writes as follows:—

“I had expected a good many hardships and privations, and was surprised enough to find my good aunt living in great comfort, in a neat house, partly of stone and partly of hewn logs, but all pleasant and comfortable. The stone is of a dark red color, and when first taken out of the ground cuts very easily, but by exposure to the weather

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<sup>1</sup> I am not quite certain that there was any town at all, though there was a bridge at this point in very early times.

becomes hard enough for building. The log houses are warm, and to my thinking very pretty. The worst is they harbor insects, and especially earwigs as long as your finger, very frightful, but not dangerous, though they can give a nip in self-defence; but they are very timid and easily killed. My aunt hath a fine orchard of peach and apple trees; and we have abundance of nice winter apples, and of peaches also, which are preserved by being cut into quarters and dried in the sun. They are very good, and so plentiful that the poorest people can have them. The climate is mild even now, and I enclose a rosebud which I gathered in our garden yesterday.

“There is full liberty in these parts for every one to worship God in his own way. We have half a dozen sorts represented in this little settlement, — Quakers, Presbyterians, and Anabaptists, — but all live in peace. The Presbyterians have Sunday worship in the little log schoolhouse, when there is any one to conduct it.”

She tells me a great deal more about the place and country, — of the Indian savages, who live in great peace with the white people; of the birds, which are abundant; and of the little school which she has set up, and in which she has gathered all the children of the settlement, — and ends with these words: —

“I would you were with me, Dolly. Do you know, when I used to build my castle in the air, about coming out here, you always occupied one

room thereof? I fully intended to ask you to come with me, whenever I came; but of course, after your aunt so kindly adopted you, that was out of the question."

When I read this to my aunt, who was much interested in the letter, she said, —

"But you would never have gone, Dolly?"

"I believe I should, madam," I answered. "I think I should have done almost any thing to escape from Lady Corbet, and I was always fond of Bab."

"Ah, well, it hath all ended for the best," observed my aunt. "I am glad I came in the nick of time to save you from such a fate."

Am I glad? I don't know that I am. I think I would like to be in New Jersey with Bab at this minute, gathering of wild flowers, which she says make the land like a garden, or helping her in her little school, or her aunt in the farm-work. No, I can't say that I think all is for the best. But, as things were then, should I have gone? I can't tell, and there is no use in speculating.

I don't understand my own feelings at all. I think sometimes I have none. I am content to drift with the current, careless where I shall land. I hope, for the sake of my family, I shall make no utter shipwreck. I hope, too, that I shall make a good wife to my husband, who certainly deserves a far better one.



*March 20.*

How fast the time runs on! News has come from London which has decided my aunt and uncle to go thither as soon as the wedding is over. It is something concerning my uncle's speculating venture, out of which he hopes to save somewhat. I think my aunt is pleased. So is not Betty, who hates London and all the round of plays and balls and all the rest of the gayeties.

Mr. Studley hath been home to visit his father, and I cannot but think since his return his spirits have been somewhat flatter than his wont. He tells me one thing which I am glad to hear; namely, that his father hath promised to fit up a separate house on the estate for us, that we may keep house.

"'Tis but a plain old house and not large," said he to me, "but it is comfortable; and I thought you would rather govern your own household, though it were but a small one."

"You were right," said I. "I believe it is much the best arrangement. I don't care how plain the house is, so we do but have it to ourselves."

"You don't care for luxury," remarked Mr. Studley, looking well pleased.

"I won't say that," I answered. "I like it well enough, but even in my short life I have seen enough to know that outward things have little to do with happiness."

"You are right there, Dolly," said Mr. Studley,

sighing. "Unless there be peace within, no outward peace avails any thing. But I hope we shall have both in our quiet little home."

Then he went on to describe to me the house and garden, the poultry yard, and other conveniences ; and I listened, glad to please him in any way. Finally I asked about the church and parson. He shook his head rather sadly.

"The church is well enough, though small and rustical, but there is a fine painted window, and sundry old carvings and monumental brasses which were the delight of my good old tutor when he visited us ; but as to the parson, the less said the better. He is no credit to the place that he fills."

"That must be a grief to you," I remarked.

"It is, indeed, and I would matters were otherwise ; but at present I can do nothing save wait and pray."

I never saw a young man like Mr. Studley, — I mean one whose religion seemed so a part of himself. He never parades it any more than he does his travels or his music ; but, when he has occasion to speak thereof, it is with no more hesitation or embarrassment than he would speak of being in Rome.

*April 10.*

The day is near at hand, and all the preparations are finished, for which I am glad. I have been so out of patience with the foolish finery at times, I have felt an insane longing to tear it to pieces or burn it up. If Mr. Studley were as

foolishly fond as some men are in the like circumstances, I believe I should quarrel with him ; but that is not his way. Only at times I catch his eyes fixed on me with a look that goes to my heart, and makes me feel like weeping. Such a look from Mr. Morley would have made me happy for a week ; but, try as I will, I can't feel the love for him that I did for that unworthy man. I am glad he is out of my way, where I am not like to see him. I wonder if he is married. To think of a man selling himself in that way ! But Betty says Lord Chesterton told her that Mr. Morley is a gamester and loaded with debt. I fancy he is much mistaken if he thinks my lady will pay them for him. I do hope at least he will have the honesty to tell her of them.

I am not going to write in my journal any more ; that is, more than to set down the day's events, perhaps. I can't quite make up my mind to destroy these two volumes which have been such a comfort to me, but I shall seal them up and put them away. I will not write any thing that I cannot show to my husband, for I am resolved I will have no secrets from him.

If I could but love him as I loved that other ! If I had only seen him first ! If only something would not keep whispering his name to me, and suggesting — But there, I won't write it.

I am resolved that I will do my best to be a good wife to Mr. Studley, and a dutiful daughter to his old father, who, from what I hear, is like

enough to be somewhat of a trial. It may be that in time something like love will come to me. I think my aunt suspects the state of my heart, for she discoursed largely last night of the nature of true affection, and how much better foundation for happiness were respect and esteem than the blind passion commonly called love. I wonder if she thought so when she married Mr. Foster. From what I have learned about him from Dr. Burnett and Dr. Burgoin, he and my aunt could not have been very congenial spirits, yet Dr. Burnett says it was altogether a love match.

Ah, well, the die is cast! The sacrifice is made, and there is no receding. Since I must needs be married, I am glad my aunt's choice has fallen upon such a worthy man, whom, as I have said to myself over and over again, I can respect and admire, if I do not love him.

THE THIRD BOOK.





### BOOK III.

*Studley Hall, 1687.*

**W**HEN I was looking over my things in preparation for removing from the farm to this house, I opened a trunk mail in which I had stored away a quantity of finery unsuitable to a farmer's wife. Turning over the things, my hand fell upon a square sealed package, of which I could not remember the contents. Breaking the seals, I found my two old journal books, which used to stand me in stead of confidential friends and father confessor. I fell to looking them over; and Mr. Studley coming in at the moment, I read him the last pages I wrote. He laughed, and kissed me, saying, "All's well that ends well."

"Perhaps so," I answered; "but, Ned, I can see now what a wrong I did you, and what a sin I committed, in wedding you as I did; promising so solemnly to love, honor, and obey, when my heart was not in the matter."

"Ah, well, you have been a fairly dutiful and obedient wife, save when you will go out in the wet to hunt up your missing fowls," said Mr.

Studley; "and as to love, I think there is a little between us, Dolly." Then he added more gravely: "In truth, dear wife, if there was any blame, it attached more to me than to you. I was not so blinded by my love but that I could see how you felt toward me. You would hardly have walked down as far as the red gate to meet your bridegroom coming to woo, even in the finest weather, as you did yesterday in the rain to meet your stupid, humdrum old goodman coming from market, you foolish woman!"

"I wanted to see if you had forgotten my knitting-pins," said I, pretending to pout.

"And so send me back for them. No doubt I should have gone, like an obedient, hen-pecked husband, as I am; only you forgot to ask for them at all, and here they are in my pocket. But indeed, Dolly, I was to blame. I knew your heart was not in the match; but it seemed to my self-will as if I could not live without you, and I was vain enough to believe I could win your regard if I had a fair chance."

"How conceited some men are!" I said.

"But, Dolly, since you are like, or so I hope, to have a little more leisure, with our mended fortunes, why should you not continue your chronicle down to the present time?" continued my husband. "It will be a pleasant pastime, and our daughter will like to read them when she is a sober house-dame like thyself."

"It seems odd to think that mite of a creature



should ever be a sober, married woman," said I, regarding my three months old Barbara asleep in her cot; "but I suppose we were all like that once. I hope she may have as good a fortune as her mother before her; only I would not have her left as I was, for the lot of an orphan maid is too often a sad one. But then, as you say, 'all's well that ends well.'"

Mrs. Williams, coming in for some directions about the new cheeses, put an end to the talk for that time, but my husband adverted to it more than once afterward; and as we are now quite settled in our new home, and we have the house well cleaned, which it greatly needed, and every thing is going on well, I know no reason why I should not content him. He has gone to Plymouth for a week to see about some property there, and I have a mind to surprise him when he comes home.

To begin with the wedding. It went off as such things usually do, I suppose. Betty was bridesmaid, and I am sure a soberer one was never seen. I don't think I was a very sober bride. Somehow, just at the last, a reckless spirit took possession of me. Dr. Burnett had been to the Bath again, and had brought news that Mr. Morley was actually married to his ancient bride: she is sixty-five at the very least. When I heard that, as I said before, a spirit of recklessness took possession of me. I was determined to show that I did not care: so I talked and laughed, entered with zeal

into all the preparations for the festivities, and feigned the greatest interest in my wedding array. I saw Mr. Studley look at me with wondering eyes more than once. I suppose he must have said something to my aunt, for I heard her tell him that young maids' spirits were always variable at such times.

The wedding-day is much like a dream to me. We were married at the parish church ; and almost the only clear remembrance I have is the face of old Dame Penberthy, as she pressed a bunch of blue and white violets into my hand at the church door.

We had no very great wedding festivities, for the absence of which my aunt's mourning was a sufficient excuse. Our only guests were the bishop's family, who are my aunt's relations, a few of our nearest neighbors, and Mr. and Mrs. Lightfoot. Mr. Lightfoot had sought Mr. Studley's company since that evening at Fullham which I have recorded, and by his persuasion had left off cards and dice, and given himself to retrieving his encumbered estate. Mrs. Lightfoot looked upon my husband almost as an angel, as well, indeed, she might, poor little woman !

The next day after my marriage was lovely, and my husband asked me to walk out in the park with him. All my high spirits had evaporated by that time, and a kind of impatient misery had succeeded to it. I felt as if I could not endure any thing. I bent down to gather a prim-

rose, and as I did so I scratched my hand with a thistle ; and in my vexation I gave vent to an oath, — a modish oath, such as half the fine ladies in London used without ever giving it a thought. I had caught up the habit there, and had been trying to break myself of it ; but I think such a habit one of the hardest in the world to conquer. I was brought to myself by my husband's look of almost horrified surprise.

“Dolly !” said he, and the tone spoke volumes. I felt the blood come up in my cheeks, but I tried to carry it off lightly.

“I did not mean any thing,” said I ; “it was only a trick I picked up in London. Everybody there uses such words.”

“If the whole world used them, I could not be reconciled to hearing them from the lips of my dear wife,” said Mr. Studley. “See you not, my love, that it is this very light use of the word which the Commandment forbids, — the taking the holy name in vain, or lightly ?”

“I suppose so,” I answered. “The truth is, Mr. Studley, I am not one bit religious. I was once, I believe ; at least, when I was confirmed I made many good resolutions, and did love to read in the Bible and to go to church. But afterwards, somehow, it all became dim and unreal to me. I did not go to church, and the books I read to my mistress were only tasks to me ; and since” — I stopped, horrified at the words which came to my lips.

“Since when, my dear?” asked my husband gently. “Canst thou not open thy heart to thy husband, my Dorothy?”

Now, I had resolved that the name of Philip Morley should nevermore pass my lips, that Mr. Studley should never know what he had been to me. While I was fully resolved to have no secrets from my husband, as soon as he became so, it seemed to me that my single life was mine own.

But I know not what possessed me ; whether I had endured as long as endurance was possible, or whether the kindness of his manner broke down my reserve, as ice is melted by the warm south winds : I began at the beginning, and told him the whole story of my life, — how Mr. Harpe had cheated me, and my mistress abused me ; how I saw Mr. Morley first, and all about my acquaintance with him, even to those clandestine meetings in the park, which I can never think of without shame and anger.

“And I can’t be religious : how can I ?” I concluded. “How can I think Heaven has been good to me, or that any one there loves me, when I have been so thwarted and shamed and tossed about ? I might as well think that God cared for one of those withered weeds, or a bit of tangle on the shore.”

I stopped, rather scared at my own desperate words. Mr. Studley had been standing before me, as I sat on a rustic bench in the shade of a thicket. To my surprise he turned from me, and

walked away without a word, disappearing among the trees.

What would I not have given to recall what I had said? I had thrown away my husband's love and respect; and, now they were gone, it seemed that I would give worlds to have them back again. I seemed all at once to realize all I felt for him. What would he do? Would he ever speak to me again? Would he leave me altogether, and go away? What would my friends say if he did, and where should I hide my disgraced head when they knew all?

Tears came to my eyes at last; but they were hot, burning tears, and gave me no relief. I covered my face with my hands, and was sitting in a kind of heavy, listless despair, when all at once my head was drawn to a warm, strong resting-place, and a kind hand wiped my tears. Not a word was spoken till I looked up, and said, in a voice that was hardly articulate, —

“I thought you had gone and left me.”

“No, indeed; you do not get rid of me so easily,” replied my husband. “I ought not to have left you alone so long, but I confess I had need of a little solitude to compose my spirits.”

“Then you don't hate me?”

“Not quite yet. It would be a strange love, methinks, which would be alienated by such openness as yours, my Dolly. I own that for a moment I was shocked and startled by what you told me. But I do not believe you love this man.”

“No, indeed,” I answered, with energy. “It is a wonder to me how I could ever care for him.”

“It is no great wonder, under the circumstances. But, Dolly, you say that you cannot love God because he hath dealt so hardly with you. Was it hard dealing with you not to leave you to reap the harvest of your own self-will and indiscretion?”

“No, perhaps not. But why did he take my mother from me, and leave me a forlorn orphan maid, with no one to guide me?”

“That I cannot tell you. It belongs to the great unsolvable riddle,—the existence of evil at all. But, Dolly, is it quite true that he left you with no one to guide you? You say that both Mrs. Williams and your friend Mrs. Andrews warned you. And was there not something within which confirmed their warnings?”

“It is true,” I answered. “I knew all the time I was doing wrong.”

“Exactly. You see your Father did not leave you alone, after all.”

“I wish I could feel that he were my Father indeed,” said I. “I would I could love him as you do. I have tried, but I cannot.”

“That is because you have not tried in the right way, my dear one,” answered my husband. “You could not love him while you thought him your foe. ‘We love him because he first loved us.’” And with that he began and drew a picture of the love of God, and the work of the Holy Trinity in our redemption, so tender, so moving, supporting

all he said by the words of Scripture, as I never heard the like from any preacher. I wept abundantly; but my tears were cool and refreshing, and seemed to overflow and carry away all remains of that spring of bitterness in my heart which had been poisoning my life.

“But you make my case worse and worse, Edward,” said I. (I don’t think I had ever called him by his name before.) “If I have been sinning all my life against such love as this you describe, and which I must needs believe in, how can I ever be forgiven? What remains for such a sinner?”

“Eternal life, if the sinner will but take the free gift held out to her,” answered my husband. “Do you not see, Dolly, that the fact of your being a sinner, is in one way your title to salvation?”

“I don’t understand,” said I. “Must one not be good to be saved?”

“Yes and no. You put the cart before the horse, as we say in these parts. You are not to be saved because you are good, but you are to be good because you are saved. If you could work out your salvation, then were our Lord’s work useless. But he came into the world to save sinners. You are a sinner; *ergo*, he came into the world to save you. Does not that make it plain?”

We talked a long time. He showed me at last, plainly, both by the Bible and Prayer-Book, that I had only to believe that the Lord had died for me, and to put my trust in him, in order to reap all the

benefits of his passion. He showed me how all the services and sacraments pointed the same way, and served to the same end, — that God's children were to perfect holiness in his fear, because they were his children by creation, by adoption at our baptism, and at last by our own act and deed consenting thereto. I cannot write all that he said. I know from that hour life was a new thing to me.

“But we must not sit here too long: the air is growing chill,” said he. “Your aunt will chide me if you get the ague from my carelessness.”

“It will be an ague well bought,” said I. And then, a little mischievously, “Then you won't quite give up your wayward little wife, though she has been such a naughty girl?”

His only answer was a kiss, which for the very first time I returned. From that hour I began to love my husband; and that love has grown, and will grow while life remains.

We went round by the spring, and I stopped to bathe my eyes, which were swollen with weeping. Nevertheless, my aunt saw the traces of my tears, and followed me to my room, saying with some anxiety, —

“I hope nothing has gone wrong, my love.”

“No, dear aunt, the farthest possible from wrong,” I answered; “only I have been holding a long talk with my husband. I think we understand each other better than ever before.”

“That is well,” said my aunt, evidently relieved.



(I think she had had her misgivings all along.)  
“I must say one thing for you, Dolly, you are the most candid young person I have ever met. I feel that I know more of you than I do of mine own daughter.”

I do think she did. But if I had grown up under my aunt's system, should I have been more open with her than Betty is? I doubt it. I know one thing, I will always encourage my Barbara to open her heart to her mother. How can a child be frank, a child at least who thinks for herself, who is repressed and set down, and even severely reproved for speaking out her thoughts when they happen to differ from her elders. I remember how even Meg was chidden and punished because she said she thought it not right for women to play indecent parts upon the stage. But this is by the way.

I asked my aunt to excuse me from going to supper, not feeling in the mood to meet my uncle's jokes, which were not the most refined. My aunt kindly consented, and said she would send Mary with my tray; but Mr. Studley, hearing of the matter, would bring it up himself, and even feed me. We got frolicking over it like two silly children; but, indeed, my heart felt so light I was ready for any thing. Then Mr. Studley brought out a new piece of music he had bought for me at Exeter, — an evening hymn, by the good Bishop of Bath and Wells, set to a fine canon of Tallis's, — and we sang it together. We went down to

prayers; and I think my aunt, and even Betty, were satisfied with my looks.

The next day, when we were alone together, Betty said to me in her blunt way, —

“What has come over you, Dolly? You look as though you had seen some joyful sight.”

“And so I have,” I answered her; and I told her a little of the talk I had held with my husband.

“You have a right to be happy,” said she, and she sighed. “Dolly, you don’t know how I dread this visit to London. I know just how it will be. All the visiting and play-going and vanity will begin over again, and I cannot join in it. I dare not do so, thinking as I do. I shall have to run counter to my mother in every thing, and what will become of me?”

“Now you are borrowing trouble,” said I. “If I were you, I would lay my trouble before the bishop, — you know his lordship is always very kind to you, — and ask his advice.”

“I have,” answered Betty, “and much good it did.”

“Why, what did he say?”

“He said that while I was under my mother, it was my duty to obey her in all things which did not go against my conscience; and that I must be careful not to make a confusion between my conscience and my taste, not to think things must be wrong because I did not like them.”

“Well, I am sure that was good,” I remarked; “and what then?”

“Then he patted my head, and gave me his blessing and a book of his friend Bishop Wilson’s, and bade me remember that even in *Vanity Fair* Christiana found some good people, and that, at any rate, ‘sufficient unto the day was the evil thereof.’”

I don’t see how he could have given Betty any better advice, but I could see she was not satisfied. And, indeed, my good aunt’s theory and practice were hard to reconcile. She gave us books to read which taught us that this world was nought, and then would have us live as if it were all. I could not but wonder that the bishop should quote such a book as the “*Pilgrim’s Progress*,” but then he reads every book that comes in his way. I dare say he might pick it up at a stall, where he is always hunting for curiosities in that line.

The next day but one my husband and myself set out for our new home. We were to go by sea from Exmouth to Biddeford, where we would be met by my father-in-law’s horses and servants. I had never been on the water in my life, and was scared at the idea, though I would not have said so for the world; but my husband and my uncle both thought it would be easier for me than the rough land journey over the moors, by roads which are not too safe at any time, and which have been much worse since the troubles last year drove so many desperate men to take refuge in those wilds and almost inaccessible morasses.

However, I must say I found the voyage very

pleasant. The vessel, though small, was clean and well found; and the captain and sailors, who knew my husband well, were civil and attentive. I was sick hardly at all, and there was so much of novelty to engage my attention that the time seemed not long to me.

We landed safely one pleasant morning at Biddeford, which is a quaint little town, once of considerable importance, but a good deal decayed. We went at once to the principal inn, where we ordered some refreshment, as it was nearly noon. While we were eating and drinking, the landlord came to say that a man desired speech of my husband; and presently he brought him up, — an elderly, steady man, the very model of an old-fashioned serving-man.

“Welcome, Andrew!” said my husband. “You see I have brought my wife.”

The old man bowed, and drank my health in a cup of ale, which, at my husband’s sign, I poured out and gave him.

“And what is the news from home?” asked my husband. “I suppose the timbered house is all ready for us.”

“Why, no, Master Edward, it be’n’t,” said the old man rather reluctantly. “Your father has altered his mind about it, and you and the young mistress are to come to Studley Hall. I only hope you will like the company you find there.”

“What do you mean, Andrew?” asked my husband; and, as Andrew hesitated, he added, with

more impatience than is his wont, "Speak out, man, and tell us the truth, whatever it is. Bad news does not mend by keeping."

"And that's true, Master Ned," said the serving-man. "Well, then, here it is. My master hath taken Mr. Kirton and his sister to live with him; and she rules the household within, and he without."

My husband turned ashy pale, and his eyes shot fire as he asked, in a tone not the least like his own, —

"Is he married to her?"

"He says so, and certainly he ought to be," answered Andrew reluctantly; "but no one knows where the wedding was done, nor who married them. Anyhow, my lady rules with a high hand, and most of the old servants have left."

"When was this done?" asked my husband, in the same hard, constrained voice.

"About three weeks ago," answered Andrew. "My master laughed when he told us, and said he would steal a march on Master Milksop. But I had best go and see to the horses," added the good old man, guessing, I suppose, that we would rather be alone together. "I shall be below the window in the court, mistress, if you will but make a sign when I am wanted."

With these words he withdrew, shutting the door behind him. My husband walked up and down the room two or three times; and then dropping into a chair, and laying his head on his

folded arms, he fairly burst into tears, and sobbed like a babe.

I soothed him as well as I could. I was scared, for there was something terrible in the grief of one usually so self-restrained. When I saw him growing quiet, I ventured to ask, —

“What has happened, Edward? Who are these people?”

“The woman is such an one as I would not have you even name,” said he. “The man is a physician, — at least so he calls himself, and he hath some skill that way. He helped my father in a fit of gout in the stomach, and hath crept into his confidence more and more; though I believe him as unworthy of trust as a man can be. I have feared at times that my father was taken with the woman, who is very handsome, in a way; but I never thought to see her in the place of my mother, a saint if one ever lived on earth. O Dolly, to think I should have brought you to this!” and again he gave way to his grief, though but for a few moments. Then composing himself, —

“The question is, what to do?”

“Will you not read your father’s letter?” I asked, handing him the letter which old Andrew had given me. “That may throw some light on the subject.”

The letter was kind enough, though somewhat needlessly blustering; saying that we would be welcome to his house, provided that we would

treat his wife with respect, and that his son was prepared to behave like a man.

“Ay, I know what that means,” said my husband. “Well, what shall we do, Dolly?”

“In my judgment we had better take up with the invitation,” I answered, trying to speak cheerfully, though I was dreadfully disappointed. I had built so much on going to my own house. “This person is your father’s wife, it seems; and as such we must treat her with respect, as he says. If we find we cannot live there, it will be time to think what to do next.”

“But I know not what that will be,” said my husband. “My father promised to allow me a house and land, and four hundred pounds a year; and if he sees fit to quarrel with me, as I make no doubt he will, if Kirton can bring it about, we shall be left destitute.”

“Then you shall take your violin, and I will take my lute, and we will go sing at fairs and weddings, till we win money enough to rent a cottage at Biddeford, or somewhere else, where you shall be parish-clerk, and I will knit hose, and spin fine thread,” said I. “In truth, dear Edward, we are wrong to borrow trouble. We are both young and strong, — not made of sugar nor salt, to be washed away in the first shower of adversity.”

“I don’t know. I think you have a good deal of both in your composition, Dolly,” said my husband.

“Of course I have,” I answered, overjoyed to see

him smile again. "Don't you know that little girls are made of —

'Sugar and spice, and all that's nice'?"

"I know one little girl that is, at all events," he answered. "Dolly, what have I done to deserve such a good wife?"

"Why, nothing," I answered demurely. "Have not you yourself taught me that we don't get good things because we deserve them?"

"And you think we had better go on to my father's?"

"Truly, I do."

"And what is to become of our fine castle in the air?" he asked, smiling sorrowfully.

"It is in the air still," I answered; "but it may yet descend to earth, and rest on a solid foundation. And if we cannot have our castle, why we will be content with a cottage, as I said."

We talked matters over by ourselves and with old Andrew, whom we called into our counsels. I could see that the old man was very doubtful about our reception. Afterward, Edward having gone out in the town about some business, Andrew told me privately that he believed both Mr. Kirton and his sister had done their best to prejudice old Mr. Studley against his son, which he added was needless, as Mr. Ned had never been a favorite with his father. It seems there was a younger brother of a very different disposition from Edward, and much more congenial to



his father, who was killed at sixteen by a fall from his horse.

“It was no fault of Master Ned’s,” continued Andrew. “Indeed, he did his best to persuade poor Walty from going out. My master had taught him to drink deeply already, and he was in no state to manage a fiery horse; but his father cheered him on, and they both laughed at Ned for a milksop and a coward. But the horse was enraged with the whip and spur, which Walty plied mercilessly: he reared and threw him off, and his brains were dashed out against the wall of the court.”

“How very sad! But Edward was not to blame for that.”

“No, my pretty — I mean my young mistress,” said the old man, catching himself up, “but it was visited on him, for all that. Then Master Ned took up with strict notions about religion, and that angered his father still more. The old master did every thing to drive them out, — from sending him to travel abroad, to putting him to work in the stable.”

“Surely, he never did that,” said I.

“Indeed he did, mistress. Many’s the time I have seen Master Ned in his frock, rubbing down the horses as cheerfully as you please. Afterward, he sent him abroad with my young Lord Stantoun, and then put him to govern my Lady Clarenham’s household, thinking because she was a great court lady, Mr. Ned would get over his strict notions with her.”

“It was not a very good choice, if that was what his father desired,” said I. “My Lady Clarenham, though a court lady, as you say, was strict enough in her own notions.”

“So I have heard, madam. But when Mr. Studley found that out, he took his son away again. Then he tried another way, and made him his own bailiff; and I would he were so again,” said the old man, sighing. “But I doubt all that is over. Kirton rules every thing on the place. It is owing to him and his sister, I do believe, that my master changed his mind about the Timber House.”

“But I can’t understand that,” said I. “I should think these people would rather have the house to themselves.”

“They mean to have the house to themselves,” answered Andrew with a meaning look. “And if you take my advice, young madam, you will leave the most of your things here in safe keeping, and not carry them to Studley Hall, till you see how the land lies.”

“What is that you say?” asked my husband, entering at the moment. Andrew repeated his words.

“Your counsel is good,” said Mr. Studley. “I think, Dolly, we will leave most of our baggage in the hands of my good friend, Mr. Gifford the merchant.”

“Very well,” I answered. “I have all I shall need at present in the small mail that was brought thither.”

“But we must be riding, my love,” said my husband. “Andrew, will you see the horses ready?”

We came in sight of Studley Court just as the sun was setting, and I never saw a lovelier scene. The old red brick house, shaded by great nut-trees, was, as it were, nestled into a valley, or glen, opening to the south-west toward the sea. A clear, prattling stream crossed the garden not very far from the house, and fell in a succession of still pools and tinkling cascades toward the shore. The garden showed careful cultivation in times past, though some large weeds and many small ones gave tokens of recent neglect. I saw my husband shake his head when he looked at it. He is very fond of a garden. The whole place was bathed in warm, soft sunshine. The sea, at high water, was making a gentle roar on the shore below, and the birds were singing softly in the trees. It looked the very abode of peace. As we rode into the courtyard, my father-in-law appeared on the steps. He was a very handsome, stately old man; but I did not like his face, which showed traces of hard living and of a violent temper. Perhaps I may have imagined a little, knowing what I did of him beforehand. He welcomed me with sufficient courtesy, and his son hardly with civility, I thought.

“Well, Master Ned, I have stolen a march on you,” he said bluntly, yet with a kind of swagger, I thought, as if he were somewhat ashamed of

what he had to tell, but meant to carry it off with a high hand.

“So I hear, sir,” answered my husband. “I wish you and your wife all happiness.”

“Humph!” answered the old gentleman, somewhat disconcerted, as it seemed. “Mind, sir, you are to treat my wife with respect. I will have no airs from you or your wife either. — Do you hear, mistress?”

I courtesied without answering. My former experiences had taught me that “mum chance is a safe game,” as Sharpless used to say.

“Humph! we mean to be discreet, I see,” muttered the old gentleman; then aloud, “Well, well, you are a pretty creature, and look as if you lacked not spirit, little as you are. Hast thou not a kiss for thy old dad, child?”

“That I am sure she has, sir,” answered Edward promptly. “I have brought you a loving and dutiful daughter, father, who I hope and believe will be a comfort to you.”

My father-in-law seemed to soften at these words. He gave Edward his hand, which he had not done before, bade one of the serving-men carry up our mails, and asked, in some surprise, if that were all.

“We left a part of our effects with Mr. Gifford, in Biddeford, sir,” answered Ned. “We did not care to scare you with too much at once.”

“Well, well, ’twas not ill-considered,” said my father-in-law, giving me his hand to lead me in; for we had stood all this while at the door, and

I had begun to wonder whether we were to be allowed to enter at all. He conducted me to a pretty, old-fashioned parlor, where sat his wife.

How shall I describe her? She was a large woman, and very handsome in a way, with regular, aquiline features; bold, round black eyes, very wide open, and abundance of dark hair growing well back from a rounded forehead, and a red and white complexion which I thought might owe something to the rouge-pot. She rose as we entered, and treated us to a broad stare and a swimming courtesy. It seemed to me that I had seen her before, but I could not tell where.

"This is my son Edward, Rebecca, and this is his bride. — What am I to call you, child?"

"Dorothy, if you please, father," I answered, "or Dolly, if you like it better."

I got a look from my husband which rewarded me for all the pains the words cost me. The old gentleman also looked well pleased, but I can't say as much for Mrs. Studley. I felt from the first moment as if she were an enemy, as if I were in the presence of some fierce and treacherous animal.

"You are welcome, Mrs. Edward Studley," she said stiffly enough; and then, turning to her husband, "I suppose the young lady will like to go to her room before supper, which will be ready directly."

I answered that I should be glad to do so.

"The blue room, Ned; you need no one to

show you the way," said his father. Accordingly my husband led me up stairs, and along a gallery to a tolerably comfortable chamber, not in the best order, where a decent-looking old body was somewhat hurriedly laying clean towels and the like. She dropped whatever she had in her hand as we came in, and burst out crying, saying in her broad Devon dialect, "O Master Ned, Master Ned, what a home-coming is here! what a home-coming is here for you, my lamb!"

"Hush, hush, Janey!" said my husband, shaking hands with her. "Do you greet my bride with tears? That is not a good omen. — Dolly, this is my old nurse and friend. — Come, Janey, shake hands, and wish her joy."

"And so I do with all my heart, the dear, tender little lamb, and God bless her into the bargain! But what a house is this to bring a young lady into!"

"It is indeed a very different house from what I expected," said my husband; "but we must make the best, Janey."

"Best! there is no best, with that witch and wizard who have cast their spells on my poor old master!" said Janey. And then in a lower, awe-struck tone, "You need not tell me they are right Christian folk; no, not they!"

"Hush, Janey, I cannot hear you speak so of my father's wife," said Edward; "that is not right. Come, help your young mistress to take off her riding gear, and get ready for supper."

“Ay, that will I,” said the old woman. She performed her office deftly enough, with abundance of “poor dears” and “tender lambs,” and such like phrases. When we were about to leave the room, she laid a trembling, withered hand on my husband’s arm, —

“Don’t let her get a hold on thee, don’t, now, Master Neddy,” she whispered. “I tell’e she bain’t right. There’s them has seen mun in other forms than mun wears now, and in strange places. And it bain’t for nought that the white owl has whooped and screamed every night since she came hither. No, no, the white owl doesn’t screech like that for nought, though you make light o’ mun, Master Neddy. But oh, have a care! I have put a branch of rowan over your bed, and a four-leaved clover under every threshold, so she can work no harm here. But oh, have a care, my lambs, and be sure to taste bread and salt the first thing!”

I must confess I was silly enough to observe this precaution against witchcraft, when we sat down to supper. At the table we were introduced to Dr. Kirton, a cunning, plausible sort of man, who was rather obtrusively civil in his manners, and to whom I took a huge dislike on the instant.

My husband had brought his father some fine tobacco, and a pretty box full of snuff. The old gentleman received them with satisfaction, and seemed inclined to be more friendly than at first; asking Ned about one old acquaintance and an-

other, and telling him about the cattle and horses, especially a fine blood mare he had bought for my riding. Then turning to me, he asked me if I were a good horsewoman.

“Only passable, sir,” I answered. “I never rode at all till last winter; but my uncle has taken great pains to teach me, and, if you will do the same, I hope you will find me an apt scholar.”

“Indeed, sir, Dolly is a very good horsewoman, considering,” said Edward. “She is very fearless, and that is half the battle, you know.”

“So it is, so it is,” replied the old gentleman. “But how happened it that you never learned before last winter, chick?”

“Because I never had a chance, sir,” I answered. “I have been in my uncle’s family not quite a year. Before that I lived in London. We only came down to Devon about Christmas-tide.”

“In London, eh? I did not think I was to have a fine London lady for a daughter; but you don’t look like a Londoner! eh, Rebecca?” addressing the lady at the head of the table, who had stiffened more and more, the more her husband relaxed.

“I know nothing of the matter,” she answered tartly. “I never was in London in my life, and never wish to be.”

“If I have not seen you there I am as much mistaken as ever I was,” I said to myself. The more I looked at her, the more sure I was that I had seen her before.



“Well, well! I should have taken you for Devon born, and North Devon at that,” said my father in-law. “Who is she so like, Rowson?”

The remark was addressed to the vicar of the parish, — a heavy, good-natured looking man, who had come in after we sat down, and been introduced as Mr. Rowson. He looked, I must say, any thing but a reverend priest, and yet I took a certain liking to him from the first.

“Mrs. Edward Studley is very much like the Corbet family,” answered the vicar, with a polite little bow. “I should almost say she belonged to them.”

“I suppose I do,” I answered. “My father’s name was Corbet, and he and my mother were somewhat akin. After my mother’s death I lived in the family of Sir Charles Corbet, my father’s cousin.”

“Ay, I remember now,” said Mr. Studley. “But Sir Charles died some years ago, did he not?”

“Yes, sir. After his death I remained with his widow, till my aunt found me out and adopted me.”

“Well, well! thou art a pretty bird, but of the least.”

“‘Good gear goes in little bulk,’ I have heard say, sir,” I answered, whereat he laughed and seemed pleased. But the more pleased he appeared, the blacker grew my lady’s brow. She was evidently jealous already. When supper was over,

my husband asked to be excused, saying that he had a headache.

“Ay, I know of old there is no good-fellowship to be had of thee,” said his father grumblingly; and then, more gently, “But thou art a young bridegroom, and would rather toy with thy pretty pussy than drink the best wine that ever flowed. Go along, then.”

He actually rose to open the door for me, when his lady pushed past me and left the room first. It was certainly a very discourteous action for a lady in her own house, and I saw my husband’s face flush at it; but I did not care. I did not believe I should long have to live with her.

We stopped a moment at the hall-door, while Edward pointed out to me some object in the landscape; and when we reached the parlor it was empty. There was a pretty harpsichon in the room, which Edward opened and invited me to try.

“It was my mother’s instrument, and for her sake I have kept it in tune,” said he. “She was a great lover of music, and a good performer.”

“It is from her that you get your music,” I remarked.

“It is from her that I get any good which is in me,” replied my husband, with a sigh. “I believe I first liked you because something in your looks reminded me of her. And to see that” —

“Patience,” said I, as he checked himself; “patience is our only game just now, Edward.”

“You are right,” he answered. “Play something, and soothe my spirits, Dolly.”

“‘Music hath charms to soothe the savage breast,’” said I, as I sat down; “and you are not savage, only disturbed and distressed, and no wonder. Now, take that arm-chair, and listen and compose your spirits.”

I played one or two lessons, and then began to sing Mr. Shakspeare's Song of the Lark, which was always a great favorite of mine. When I had finished, I was rewarded by a clapping of hands; and, turning round, I saw my father-in-law and the chaplain, who had come in so quietly I had not known of their presence.

“Well done,” said my father-in-law. “Why, you are a lark yourself. We don't hear singing like that every day, eh, Rowson?”

“I have not heard the like since I was in Italy,” answered the chaplain. “Will not the young lady sing something else?”

I obeyed, and sang two or three songs, to the last of which Mr. Rowson volunteered a bass. He had a fine voice, though somewhat the worse for wine, and a cultivated manner. When we had finished, he said, with real feeling and courtesy, —

“This is a pleasure indeed. I did not expect such a feast.”

“Ay, Rowson is like any other donkey, he likes his ears tickled,” said Mr. Studley, laughing. “You will hear good singing in his church, if not

much else. But, indeed, you have given us all pleasure, — eh, my dear?” turning to his wife, who only tossed her head, and said something about not being a judge. I concluded I had done enough, and rose from the instrument. I supposed we should have prayers, as the chaplain was present, but no such thing took place. When we had retired to our room, I found I had dropped my handkerchief, and ran down to look for it. I paused, however, at the parlor door, hearing voices within; and while I was hesitating I caught the words, —

“Making herself at home — a London fine lady to look down on me, and insult me with her airs.”

“Tut, tut! I saw no airs, nor insults either,” said my father-in-law. “Don’t be a goose, Becky.”

“Becky!” I exclaimed aloud. It all came to me in a minute.

“Eh, what’s that?” said my father-in-law, opening wide the door, which was already ajar. “What do you want, child, and who are you calling *Becky*?”

“Nobody, sir,” I answered. “I heard the name, and was struck with it, as I never heard it but once before.”

“And where was that?” asked he, rather sharply.

“In London, sir,” I answered; and then, to divert him, I asked if he had seen my handkerchief. He began to look for it, while my lady stood by, regarding us with no friendly glances.

"Here it is," said I, unearthing it from a pile of music-books. "Thank you, father, and good-night."

"The riddle is read," said I, as I rejoined my husband. "I knew I had seen her before."

"Where?" asked Edward.

"At the theatre in London," I answered. "I have seen her twenty times. It is Becky Marshall the actress, — the one poor Mr. Baxter tried in vain to rescue. She had a sister younger than herself, both well brought up, but I never heard of any brother. But if she is not Becky Marshall I will eat her."

"I would not like you to do that," said my husband, who is always taking me up about what he calls my intemperate ejaculations. "She might not agree with you. But are you sure, Dolly?"

"As sure as I am of you," I answered. "I have often seen her, for my aunt was a great play-goer, and always took one of us with her. I heard this woman had left the stage."

"Well, well; we can do nothing now, that I see," said my husband. "To think, Dolly, that I, of all people, should have brought you into such associations!"

"You could not help it, seeing you knew nothing of them," I answered. "But where did your father meet these people?"

"At Bristol, whither he went to drink the waters of St. Vincent's well. There he was taken very ill; and Kirton cured him, or so he thought.

He has known the brother for a year, but it is only a few weeks since he met the sister. I saw Gifford was full of stories about her ; but, with all his good qualities, he is a bit of a scandal-monger, and I gave him no encouragement. But come, Dolly, let us take our reading and prayers, and go to rest. To-morrow is a new day, and may bring better counsel. I shall try to prevail on my father to go back to the first plan, and let us have the timbered house. If not, we must see what else we can do, for I will not have you living with this woman."

The next day was Saturday. Janey had not failed to remark on the fact that we had arrived on a Friday, as boding ill luck. My father-in-law was evidently in a worse humor than the night before ; and as to my lady, she hardly troubled herself to be civil. We did not meet till dinner-time, when Mr. Studley grumbled over the pie, and scolded because the beef was overroasted, saying he had not put a decent morsel into his mouth since the new cook had come. My lady promised to see to the cooking herself, and seemed trying to conciliate her husband, while she was any thing but polite to Edward or me.

"And you, child, I suppose you don't know the neck of a goose from the rump," said my father-in-law, turning to me.

"Of course not," said his wife. "Fine London ladies don't study cooking."

"But I am not a fine London lady, madam ; and,

as it happens, I am a bit of a cook," said I, willing for my husband's sake to conciliate her. "My mother and my aunt both thought the government of a household a very important part of a young lady's education."

"And they were right," said my father-in-law, with an oath. "What matters it what else a woman knows if she can't make her husband comfortable?"

Nobody made any answer to this question, and the meal went on. After dinner, Mr. Studley announced his intention of riding to look at some outlying land.

"I will ride with you if you will permit me, sir," said Edward.

"What! and leave your bride alone a whole afternoon. You are not weary of her already, are you?"

"Hardly, sir," answered Edward, smiling; "and I do not mean she should weary of me, as I fear she would if I were tied to her apron-string."

"Humph! Well, then, if you are suffering for exercise, I wish you would go over and see Master Atkins. Tell him I will let him have the two heifers at his own price, if he will come for them. The land hath more stock than it can carry. Tell Tom to put the side-saddle on the black mare, and carry your wife with you."

It was evidently an excuse for putting off, or getting rid of, a private interview. My husband looked disappointed, but made the best of the matter.

“Would you like to go, Dolly?” he asked. “It is a pleasant ride; and the old folk are friends of mine, and will be glad to see you.”

I professed my willingness, and we were soon on our way. The day was lovely, with a fresh breeze blowing, and sending the white-caps into the little bay, and the larks were singing over head. I should have enjoyed the ride beyond any thing, only that my husband was so sad and distraught.

“Eh, — what?” said he, after I had spoken to him twice without getting any reply. “I beg your pardon, Dolly. I am very bad company, I know; but I am so troubled and perplexed I know not what to do, nor which way to turn.”

“And therefore you cannot turn any way,” I answered. “You must just wait till the fog lifts, and shows you your road.”

“And meantime the boat may drift on the breakers, or the traveller be mired in the bog,” said he.

“Not if the boat be anchored, and the traveller sit still,” I answered. “Where is your faith, Edward? Have you not taught me that God is our Father, and that he will make all things work together for good to them that love him? Can we not trust ourselves in his hands?”

“You are right, and I am wrong, my dear,” said my husband. “I fear I am very faithless.”

“No, you are not faithless any more than Abraham was,” I answered. “You are failing in your



strong point just as he did. Don't you know that fortresses are almost always taken on their strong side? Only don't make Abraham's mistake by taking matters into your own hands. You know the trouble he prepared for himself by that step, — because he could not wait for God to bestow the blessing he had promised."

"I don't know that I ever thought of it in just that way, but I believe you are right," said Edward. "You have read your Old Testament to purpose, Dolly."

"It is one of the few things I have to thank my old mistress for," I answered. "She made me read it from end to end every year. Is this the farm where we are to stop?"

"Yes. They will make you very welcome, Dolly, and they are good people too."

We found the dame busy with her knitting in the sunny porch of the old timbered house, and received such a hearty welcome that we were almost overwhelmed with it. A rosy-faced old man took our horses, and an equally rosy-faced lad was sent to find Master Atkins; while the dame conducted us into her clean, wide kitchen, where a little wood-fire still smouldered on the hearth. Here we must eat and drink the first minute, of course; and we were ensconced in two arm-chairs, while the dame and her pretty, comely daughter-in-law bustled about, — covering one end of the great table with a snowy, homespun cloth, and bringing out clotted cream and cheese-cakes and

spice-bread, and I know not what else. Edward asked after her son.

“Oh, he is away to the Levant! He must take to the sea, like his grandfather and father before him,” answered the dame, smiling and sighing at once. “He has got the salt drop in mun’s blood, like every Lee and Atkins as never was born, I think. And Will, he’s away to America, and has taken his wife with him to visit her kindred: so Patience and me, we be left alone as it were. But have you heard, Master Ned, that my husband’s cousin, Ezechel Atkins, at Applecombe, wants to sell out and go to America?”

“I have heard no news at all, dame, since I came home only yesterday. But why does Ezechel sell? I thought he had one of the nicest places in all North Devon.”

“So he has, so he has. But you know his brother is in New England already, and ’Zechel hath a great family, — twelve lads, no less, and four maidens; and ’Zechel thinks there will be more room for his lads over there.”

“And he is right, Master Ned,” said the master of the house, entering in time to hear his wife’s last words. “Welcome home, sir, and much joy befall you and your bride.”

Master Atkins was a tall, spare man, with black curly hair a good deal grizzled, and splendid white teeth. He was very polite and even polished in his way. I learned afterward that he

had been an officer in the navy, but had retired and taken to farming.

“And so you think your cousin 'Zechel is making a wise move,” said my husband, as we sat down to the table.

“I do, sir; though if it were my case I should go not to New England, but to New Jersey, where land is quite as good and the climate not so severe. But 'Zechel's brother is settled in New England, and doing well, and doubtless that is a strong reason for their choice.”

“I have a friend in New Jersey. Is that very far from where your cousin is going?” said I. “I would like to send her a little parcel.”

Master Lee smiled. “There is almost, if not quite, the length of England between the two places,” said he. “Folk hereabout do not understand the size of things over there. But I make no doubt my cousin will take your parcel, madam. He may easily find a chance to send it, for there is a great deal of trade going on.”

“But what will 'Zechel Atkins do with his farm?” asked my husband. “His lease must have a long time to run yet.”

“Sixty years,” answered our host. “'Zechel would gladly sell stock and fixtures, and the most of his furniture, if he could get his price.”

“And that is” —

“Two hundred and fifty pounds, but I doubt not he would take two hundred if he had the money in hand. The farm is well stocked, and hath the finest orchard in the country.”

The talk then drifted away to other matters. I observed the beauty of the china bowl which held the clotted cream, and of some other pieces ; and the dame must needs show me her china closet, which would have made many a fine lady wild with envy. I particularly admired a little black and gold coffee-pot, and nothing would do but she must bestow it on me for a wedding gift, as she said, as well as a lace kerchief which she told me she had made herself when a maid at school. Then we must go out and see the garden, the poultry yard, and the noble orchard : so it was on toward sunset before we got away.

We found supper ready when we arrived at the Hall. My father-in-law was evidently in a worse humor than in the morning, and received Edward's report of his errand with only a "humph." The parson was at the table, as usual, but there was no pretence of grace said. Madam sat at the head of the table, dressed out in all her finery ; and, as we took our places, she shot a glance at us wherein I read triumphant malice. She had evidently been using her time well.

Mr. Studley drank plenty of strong ale with his supper, and called for wine afterward. My husband took one or two glasses, and then declined more. His father called him a white-livered milk-sop, and turned to the parson, —

"You are a man, at any rate, Rowson. You are not afraid of your brains, like my sanctimonious

son. We will finish the bottle and another before we part."

"Not to-night, sir," answered Mr. Rowson. "Tomorrow is Sacrament Sunday, and I must not drink deep to-night, lest I get the bishop down on me again."

My father-in-law cursed the Sacrament, using terms which made my blood run cold. In all my life I had never heard such blasphemy. Involuntarily I laid my hand on his arm.

"Dear sir, don't speak so," said I. "Think of what you are speaking, — of the Holy Communion."

He shook off my hand, and stared at me with a look of fury.

"What, you, you!" he stammered. "Has he made a sanctified humbug of you already?"

"I told you you would have enough of my lady's airs," remarked his wife with a sneer. "Fine doings, indeed! a young woman rebuking her father-in-law at his own table."

"And you, sir, you have put this chit up to beard me, have you?" roared Mr. Studley, turning to his son.

"Do not be so angry, Mr. Studley," interposed Dr. Kirton, in his smooth, oily tones. He had a habit of putting his head on one side when he spoke, which would have set me against him if nothing else did. "I am sure Mr. Edward will make his wife beg your pardon."

"I pray you, Dr. Kirton, not to interfere between my father and myself," said my husband, speaking

quite calmly, though I saw by his paleness how much he was moved. "I see nothing in my wife's words for which she need to ask pardon."

"Of course not," said Mrs. Studley tauntingly. "She has a right to insult your father at his own table, and to call his wife an actress and I know not what else. — Oh, yes, you may stare, madam, but I can tell you stone walls have ears. A pretty way, to be sure!"

With that Mr. Studley exploded in a new fury. In all my life I never saw any thing like it. There was no opprobrious epithet which he did not heap upon his son, and I think no demon from the lower regions could have beat him in the blasphemous language with which he assailed religion in all its forms. I looked at the parson, expecting him to show some displeasure; but though he looked annoyed, as a man might at an interruption to his pleasure, he never moved. Dr. Kirton put in a word now and then, artfully calculated to increase his patron's anger; while his sister made no attempt to conceal her satisfaction. As for Edward, he never said one word, till his father applied to me an epithet too vile to be recorded here. Then he rose from the table with flashing eyes.

"Come, Dolly, this is no place for you," was all he said. I rose and put my hand through his arm.

"Ay, go, and never let me see thy craven face again!" roared the old man. "Begone from my house! I have tried in vain to make a man of

thee. Begone, and beg or starve, as pleases thee best, and take thy father's curse with thee."

"Curses are like young chickens: they always come home to roost," said Edward solemnly. "Heaven grant that it may not be so with yours, sir! — Come, my wife."

My lady gave an insolent laugh as we left the dining-room. It soon appeared that the old man was in earnest. We had been in our room but a few minutes when Mr. Rowson came to the door.

"You had best be gone, Ned," said he. "The old man grows worse and worse, and vows you shall not stay in the house to-night; and that witch pushes him on. I have ordered your horses to the door, and Andrew will attend you."

"But where to go?" said my husband. "We cannot spend the night on the moor. Cannot you take us in?"

The parson looked perplexed. "I would," said he, "but my house is no place for a lady; and beside — Well, the truth is, Ned, I owe your father money, and I can't afford to displease him."

"We will not trouble you," said my husband. "The man who will not stand up for his Lord and Master will hardly do much for his friend."

"Nay, but do hear reason," said the poor parson, in a strait between his kindness and his cowardice. "Let us think a moment."

"Why should we not go to Master Atkins, where we were this afternoon?" said I. "Surely those good people will take us in over Sunday."

“A good thought,” said my husband, “if the ride will not be too much for you.”

“Nay, 'tis only six miles,” said the parson. “She deserves some trouble for blowing up all this storm. Why could she not hold her tongue? But women must always be meddling.”

“I will hear not one word against my wife,” returned my husband sternly. “She did but what any Christian should, — what you yourself should have done, and not have left your Master’s defence to a girl.”

“What use in talking to an angry man?” said the parson, coloring; “but I bear no malice. Here comes Andrew for your mails. Go down the back way, and I will try to keep the old man engaged.” So saying, he disappeared.

“And that man,” began my husband; but I begged him to be quiet and let us get away. In truth, I was terribly scared, and wanted nothing so much as to be out of the house. We were not to escape scot free, however. The poor old man followed us to the door, and dismissed us with a volley of execrations,<sup>1</sup> swearing by all that was holy we should never see a penny of his money.

“I value not your oath, sir, since you swear by what you yourself do not believe in,” said Edward, turning as we were about leaving the courtyard. “It grieves me to part from you in anger. I have

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<sup>1</sup> This is no fiction. Mr. Studley is a real historical personage, and was turned out of his father’s house in just the same way, for the same cause.



borne much from you in times past. I entreat you to remember, that, deny God's word as you may, it is not the less true; and that, so surely as you live, you must one day stand before him, to give account of deeds done in the body. I call you yourself to witness that I have been to you a submissive and dutiful son; and I am willing to be so again, so soon as you shall see fit to recall me. — Come, Dolly."

As we rode out of the courtyard, we heard the old man's wrath exploding in execrations; and I caught sight of the woman laying her hand on his arm, as though scared at the storm she had herself provoked. I never saw her in life again, but once.

"We must ride fast, my love," said my husband. "It is growing late."

This was all he said during our ride, except a word, of warning or encouragement now and then. Fortunately, it was a fine evening, and a half-moon gave us plenty of light. How glad I was that we had taken no luggage with us but our pillion mails, and one small mail that Andrew could carry easily behind him!

It was near ten o'clock when we reached the farm; but there was a light in the kitchen, and Master Atkins was standing in the porch, smoking his pipe. He uttered an exclamation of wonder on seeing us again, as well he might, and hastened to take me down from my horse.

"Will you take us in for the night, my friend?"

asked my husband. "I have literally no shelter for my head or that of my poor young wife."

"Take you in! Ay, that I will, and more than welcome," answered Master Atkins. "What, the old gentleman is in his tantrums again!" Then, as Edward nodded, "Come in, come in. — Come, madam. — Janey, here is Master Edward and his lady come to stay all night with us."

I cannot think without grateful tears, even now, of the warmth and delicacy with which these excellent people welcomed us. The fire was blown up, and a couple of rosy maids sent in half a dozen different ways; while the dame herself would wait on me, take off my riding-gear, and smooth my hair. I was worn out with fatigue and excitement, and the dame's motherly care was too much for my self-control: I burst into a flood of tears, and sobbed so convulsively that my husband was alarmed.

"There, don't'e mind, don't'e mind," said the dame soothingly. "She will be all the better, poor lamb. — Bring some wine, Patience. — There, drink this, my pretty. Hush, hush, nothing shall harm thee. There, see, thou art better already."

"I am very silly," said I, making a great effort to control myself; "but I am not used to riding so far, and I am so tired."

"Yes, indeed, poor tender soul! Bed is the best place for thee, and it is all ready. Come now, let me undress thee, and don't grieve too much. All will be well."

With the greatest kindness she helped me to undress, and as soon as I was in bed brought me a warm drink to keep me from taking cold. All this time neither she nor her husband had asked a single question. As she bade me good-night, I held her hand for a moment.

“You must not think, dame, that my husband has done any thing wrong.”

“I know, I know,” she answered. “Bless you, my dear, every one knows the old squire! Master Edward has been the wonder of the country for his patience and dutifulness to the old man. There, sleep, my tender, and all will be well.”

The next morning I was waked early by the singing of the birds, the crowing of the cocks, and other farmyard noises. I could hear sounds of movement below, but all quiet and subdued. I was bewildered at first, and could hardly tell where I was. The room was far more comfortable, I must say, than that we had occupied at Studley Hall. The bed-linen was snowy white, and smelled of lavender. The curtains and counterpane were of India chintz, and a fine Turkish rug lay before the bed, — odd things, I thought, to find in a farmhouse in North Devon. But I remembered that the master of the house had been a seafaring man, which probably accounted for all these luxuries. While I was studying the patterns on the hangings, I fell asleep, and did not wake till my husband called me.

“Are you rested, Dolly? Do you feel like going to church? It is not a long walk.”

“I should like to go, of all things,” I answered; “but, Edward, how can you endure to see that man in the desk, and breaking the consecrated bread?”

“What, Rowson? Oh, we are not in his parish!” answered Edward; “and if we were, you know, love, the unworthiness of the priest hindereth not the efficacy of the sacraments. But this is quite a different person, as you will see. I think we shall both be better for the worship, and we will try to put aside all our cares till to-morrow. ‘This is the day the Lord hath made; we will rejoice and be glad in it.’”

We broke our fast, and then walked with our host and his family to the little church, the tower of which I had seen from my window. It was very small and very old, built of the moor-stone, and almost shrouded in great leaved ivy; but there was a beautiful carved oak chancel screen, almost black with age, and I saw with pleasure how fair and white were the altar-linen and the surplice. The vicar was an old man, of almost rustical plainness of speech and manner; but he gave us an excellent, practical discourse, suitable to the day, and administered the communion with great reverence and decency. I was rather surprised to see how many communicants there were in proportion to the size of the parish, and remarked upon the matter to Master Atkins as we were walking homeward.

“Yes, our parson has done a great deal for the parish,” he answered. “’Twas but a godless place when he came here, for the last incumbent was much such another as him over yonder at Studley, only worse. But we got rid of him at last. Mr. Dean is a Devon man born and bred, and knows how to deal with the people. The worst man in the parish will pull off his hat to him, and I have known him to go single-handed and unarmed into a den of deer-stealers and broken men, break up their assembly, and persuade them from some lawless deed, by the sheer force of his presence and speech. I would the old squire had him to deal with. He would find it a different matter, I trow.”

“I hope so,” I answered. “I was disgusted to see Mr. Rowson sit by and say not a word, while every thing that he ought to have held sacred was blasphemed and profaned.”

“Ay, that is Mr. Rowson all over. But he hath been a free liver, and I fancy the old squire hath some hold over him. ‘The borrower is servant to the lender,’ you know, madam.”

“Well, I do wonder how my husband ever lived with his father so long,” I said, rather incautiously, perhaps.

“And so do many more, madam; but in spite of his pretending to despise his son, the old gentleman has always greatly depended on Master Ned in business matters. Only for that I believe your husband would have made himself independent

long ago. I fear the poor old man hath got into bad hands enough, and that Master Ned will suffer by it."

We went to evening service, and heard the school-children catechized; and I was much pleased by the way in which Mr. Dean explained the Commandments, not descending to any trivialities, but making his matter so plain that the youngest child could carry away something thereof. Master Atkins told us the rector took great interest in the school, which had an excellent woman for a dame, and that even the Dissenters in the parish sent their children to her. I thought within myself that I would make a little treat for the children, and then remembered, with a pang, that I was not likely to have money for any such purpose. However, I reflected that I had among my things a great roll of silk pieces which I had collected for my patchwork, and I could at least make some work-bags and needle-books for the little maidens. I suppose it was childish in me, but somehow this little plan for giving pleasure to others seemed to lighten up my spirits amazingly.

The next morning, my husband called me into our bedroom from the dairy, where I was diligently learning the true Devon way of making a junket.

"I am sorry to interrupt the process of your education, Dolly, but we must needs consider our ways and means. What are we to do to live?"

"I suppose there is no use in expecting any thing from your father," said I.

“No use at all, while he is in such hands. I have never been a favorite with him, but I did think he would have kept his promise when he agreed to give me a house and an income of mine own. I never would have brought you hither else.”

“Then I am glad you were mistaken,” I answered; “for I would not be anywhere else for the world.”

“Truly?” asked my husband, with a bright look.

“Truly,” I answered. “I can frankly say, Ned, that I would rather live in a cob hut with you, than in a palace with any one else.”

Here occurred an interruption to the discourse which I need not set down. But how glad I was that I could in all honesty say as much!

“But we must think what we are going to do,” continued my husband. “If we had only any capital to start with, I would take ’Zechel Atkins’s farm off his hands. I have no fear but I could manage it, and make eventually a good thing of it; though it would mean hard fare for a few years, and harder work than these tender little hands are used to.”

“Never mind the tender little hands,” said I. “They have more strength than you think for, and what I don’t know I can learn.”

“But Master ’Zechel wants his money down, that he may have something more to start on,” continued my husband; “and beside that, I would

not at any rate like to begin with a millstone of debt round my neck; nor can I well apply to your uncle. He hath done a good deal for us; and beside that, I know that he has lost enough of late seriously to embarrass him. Have you any money, Dolly?"

"I have ten pounds," said I.

"And I have twenty. So we have at least thirty pounds between us and starvation."

At this moment a thought struck me which made me jump up in a hurry. My husband looked on with surprise as I brought out my trinket-box from my mail, and began turning over its contents. At last I found what I wanted. It was the little golden egg which my poor cousin, Sir Charles, had given me on his death-bed.

"What is it?" said Ned, as I put it into his hands. I told him its history.

"And you have never opened it," said he, turning it over. "Who shall say that women have no curiosity?"

"Nobody need say so about me, because I have a great deal," said I; "so much, that I want you to open my egg directly, that I may see what is in it. I don't think it will be any infraction of my promise to open it now, for surely we are in a strait, if people ever were. Only, don't break the locket if you can help. Who knows but it may be like the golden egg, which the fairy gave to the wandering princess in the story, and contain a talisman which shall help us out of all our troubles?"



“There is no need of breaking the locket,” said my husband, examining it with attention. “I see how it opens.” He pressed the spring as he spoke. The egg parted in the middle, and out dropped two little parcels, carefully wrapped in silver paper, and a small, folded note.

“What have we here?” said my husband.

We each opened one of the little parcels, and were fairly dazzled by the splendor of the jewels they contained.

“Lady Jem’s diamond ear-rings!” I exclaimed, “the very same that are in her portrait by Lely. My mistress always wondered what had become of them. I little thought I had them in my possession all the time.”

“But what is this?” said my husband, opening the folded paper. It was a note in Sir Charles’s handwriting, saying that he gave the enclosed jewels, which were his own private property, to his dear cousin, Mrs. Dorothy Corbet, to be kept by her till after her marriage, and then either worn or used by her in any way she should think proper. The note was signed by Sir Charles, and attested by the names of Dr. Clarke his physician, and Richards his confidential servant.

“That was very thoughtful of your cousin,” said Ned. “Do you know these witnesses?”

“Oh, yes! Dr. Clarke is court physician, and always attended my mistress; and after his master’s death, Richards married, and has a shop for gloves and perfumes in Westminster Hall. I car-

ried my aunt thither, and she bought a great deal of him. But how much, think you, the jewels are worth, Ned?"

"More than fifty pounds apiece, if I am any judge of such matters," answered my husband. "My good friend, Master Gifford of Biddeford, will, however, have a juster notion of them, having handled many such matters in his day. We will go thither to-morrow, and stop on our way home, that you may see Applecoombe for yourself; that is, if you are minded to sacrifice your splendid ear-rings."

"It will be no great sacrifice," I answered. "I never had any fondness for trinkets; and I am sure these will do me more good put into a home, than dangling from my ears, specially out here in North Devon. Only I will keep the locket, if you please, in memory of my kind cousin."

"But, Dolly, have you thought what all this means for you?" asked my husband. "Do you understand that it means hard work and plain fare and the rank of a farmer's dame? What would your aunt say?"

"I shall not ask her," said I. "What is the use of being a married woman, if I can't have mine own way?"

"You shall have your way and mine too, if you like," said Edward. "Then it is settled that we are to carry these jewels to market, and exchange them for kine and sheep and such vulgar matters."

"Even so," I answered.

“Then we will ride to Biddeford to-morrow, if you are well rested. But take care of the note, Dolly. It may save trouble some day.”

Our conference was interrupted by a call to dinner; for these good folk kept to their primitive hours, and dined before eleven of the clock. The good dame treated us to all sorts of country dainties, for she was and is a famous cook. I saw with pleasure the devout way in which Master Atkins said grace, not mumbling it over like a charm against rats, as my poor uncle used to do. The meal was a very pleasant one. Master Atkins, being skilfully led on by my husband, told us some very nice tales of his travels and adventures, and of the strange superstitions of sailors, particularly of the ghostly bark called the “Flying Dutchman,” which never appears but in a storm, and is doomed, for the wickedness of its captain and crew, to wander forever, without ever making a port.

“You speak rather as if you believed in this unlucky ‘Dutchman,’” said my husband.

“I would not say absolutely that I do not,” answered Master Atkins seriously.<sup>1</sup> “We old sailors see many strange things. I could tell you of a great creature with a body like a snow wreath, fully two fathoms in length; and with a dozen snaky arms, each big enough to pull down a big fishing boat, twisting and writhing like serpents;

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<sup>1</sup> One of the most intelligent sailors I ever met, a Christian man and fairly educated, fully believed in the “Flying Dutchman.”

and great staring eyes,—a horrible sight it was, I can tell you. I never wish to see it again, I am sure of that.”<sup>1</sup>

“Hush, Willy,” said his wife reprovingly. “You should not tell the young lady of such frightful creatures.”

“Oh, I am not easily scared!” I said; but the dame shook her head at her husband so meaningly, that he began to talk of pleasanter things, of the beautiful birds of South America, and the great fireflies, infinitely brighter than our glow-worms, and by which one can see to read even.

“When I hear Will Atkins’s stories, it revives my old longing for the sea,” said my husband. “If worst comes to worst, Dolly, I can leave you with our good friends here, and ship on a Bristol trader.”

“And then I will don men’s attire, and follow you, like the lady in the ballad,” said I. “But with such tastes, and such a home, I wonder you never ran away to sea as a boy.”

“I could not leave my mother while she lived,” answered Edward. “I was her only comfort, and I promised her I would stay by my father as long as it was possible. Otherwise, I would have sailed with my poor uncle, and perhaps have shared his fate.”

“Why, what happened to him?” I asked.

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<sup>1</sup> The great white squid, seen once in a generation by the whalers, but never yet described by naturalists. It is considered as of evil omen.

“His vessel was taken by Barbary corsairs, and the whole crew killed, or driven into slavery. One object of my journey to the East was to try to hear some news of my uncle; but I believe, from all I can learn, that he was killed in defence of his vessel. Better so than a lifetime of Turkish slavery.”

“Maybe he will turn up sometime, with a ship-load of gold, as one reads of in story-books,” said I; “or perhaps he is a Turk, with a long beard, smoking a great curly pipe, like the grand Turk in Mr. Chardin’s travels, and with as many wives as the stars in the skies. Who knows but you might have done the same if you had gone with him?”

Edward is so sober, that I do like to stir him up sometimes, just as I used to poke up my mistress’s great Indian cat and make him play in spite of his grave airs. Tom Atkins has promised to bring me a pair of these same cats next time he goes to Bombay. I hope he will get them home safely. I do love a nice cat.

The next day we rode to Biddeford and visited Master Gifford, who made us very welcome, and confirmed Edward’s opinion of the worth of the jewels.

“But I would you had them in Bristol,” said he. “There is a very worthy man, a correspondent of mine own, who deals in these matters, and who has, I know, a commission at present to purchase a number of fine diamonds. I am going thither to-morrow. Suppose you both go with

me. The sea will be like a mill-pond; but, if madam is afraid of the voyage, my wife and daughters will make her most welcome while we are away."

Madam Gifford and her pretty daughters warmly seconded the invitation; but my husband leaving the matter to me, I decided to go with him. I was not at all afraid of the sea, and I always did like to see new places.

We had a very nice voyage, though the sea was not exactly like a mill-pond. I was surprised to see Bristol such a great and busy city, and wondered, like all strangers, at the steep and narrow streets, too narrow for any thing but a dog-cart. Master Gifford took us to a very nice inn; and, after we had eaten and rested, he led us to his correspondent the jeweller. We found him in his shop, — a tall, nice-looking man, with very black crispy hair, and pale blue eyes, which, despite their want of color, had a singularly penetrating look. I liked him the moment I saw him. When he learned the nature of our business, he led us into his private room, and bade us be seated. My husband stated his errand, and produced the jewels, which Master Davidson examined with great attention.

"How much do you conceive these stones to be worth?" said he at last.

"If they are genuine, they should be worth fifty pounds apiece at least," answered my husband.

Mr. Davidson smiled. There was a look of mild amusement in his eyes which made my heart sink fathoms deep, for I thought at once that he believed the jewels were counterfeit.

"I should say you were no great judge of such matters," said Mr. Davidson, smiling again. I saw my husband's face change, and knew his thought was the same as my own. I felt downright sick with suspense. Mr. Davidson looked at the jewels once more, and laid them carefully down on a piece of black velvet, where they shone like stars.

"I will give you a hundred pounds apiece for these diamonds," said he deliberately. "I say not that they are not worth more, but you know I must make my profit on them."

"That is no more than right," said my husband; while I felt like crying and laughing both at once. "Then you think there is no doubt of the stones?"

"I can tell a genuine stone from the best imitation ever made," said the merchant somewhat scornfully. "Nay, put me in a dark room, and I can tell the difference by the feeling."

"How?" I asked.

"That I cannot explain to you, madam. 'Tis a faculty that comes by use, and also by inheritance. My family have dealt in precious stones for many generations. These stones are not only of good size, but of very uncommonly fine lustre."

It seemed like a dream, too good to be true, when I saw the two hundred pounds counted out, and realized the fact that my poor cousin's gift had made

my husband and myself independent. Mr. Davidson would treat us to coffee and to some wonderful foreign sweetmeats, the like whereof I never saw, — rose-leaves and violets preserved in clear syrup, — and a kind of marmalade made of figs, as he told us, which came from Constantinople. He would present me with a box of the marmalade when we came away, and also with a beautiful little china coffee-cup in a silver stand which I had greatly admired.

“Well,” said Master Gifford, when we had returned to the inn, “did I not keep my word, and bring you to an honest merchant?”

“Yes, indeed, and we are greatly obliged to you,” said my husband.

“’Tis nothing,” answered Master Gifford hastily. “I would do much more than that for your mother’s son. But, Ned, if you take my advice, you will bestow this treasure in a safe place till we leave town. My good friend, Master Birch, will take care of it in his strong-room.”

My husband agreed, and we went forth to find the place. Master Birch was a sugar-refiner, with whom my husband had some slight acquaintance; and nothing would do but he must show us his furnaces, and treat us to Bristol milk<sup>1</sup> (which is not milk for babes, by any means) and other dainties. I wonder, by the way, if this fashion of always giving wine or strong drink to visitors will

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<sup>1</sup> A kind of very rich punch, for which the Bristol sugar-refiners used to be famous.



ever go out. I am sure it will be a good thing if it does. Learning that I was lately married, Master Birch presented me with three loaves of very fine sugar, for luck, as he said, promising to send them to the inn.

Having thus prosperously disposed of our business, we went out to see the town, and to make some purchases which I had undertaken for Master Gifford's daughters. We were in a book-shop selecting music for the young ladies, when I heard a well-known voice at my elbow asking for Luther's Commentary on Galatians. It brought back to me at once my old life with my mistress. I turned with a start and saw Mr. Baxter, looking older and more worn than I had seen him, but as faultlessly neat and precise as ever. I don't believe even in prison his black coat ever had a speck on it.

I greeted him warmly; but he did not recognize me for a moment, till I told him who I was, when he answered me with all his old fatherly kindness.

"But you are so grown and improved, Mrs. Dolly, 'tis no wonder I did not know you," said he. "I have often wished to hear how you got on in your new relations. But I need not ask if you are happy, since your face tells its own story."

"Yes, indeed I am," I answered, "far happier than I ever hoped or deserved;" and I presented to him my husband.

The stationer, seeing that we had met as old friends, kindly asked us into his private shop, and gave us seats.

“And so you are married, little Dolly,” said Mr. Baxter. “It seems but a few days since you came, a shy, scared little girl of fifteen, to my Lady Corbet’s service.”

“I remember it well,” I answered, “and how kindly you spoke to me when you found me crying in the ante-chamber.”

“Ay, ’twas a hard place for a child,” said Mr. Baxter musingly. “I have sometimes feared your mistress’s peculiarities might set you against all religion.”

“They did something toward it, I do believe,” I answered ; “not because she was a Presbyterian, however. I saw enough in Mr. and Mrs. Pendergast, and Mrs. Andrews, not to say yourself, Mr. Baxter, to cure me of any such notion as that, if I had ever taken it up. It was, that, while I heard my mistress make great professions of piety, I saw that her whole heart and affections were set on things of this world ; and it does not seem to me possible for any one to do that and be a true Christian, whether the world take the form of money or fashion or pleasure.”

“You are right, my child, and glad am I to hear such sentiments from your lips,” answered Mr. Baxter ; “but you were ever a gracious child. — This little wife of yours, Mr. Studley, sent her very last guinea, I do believe, for the relief of a poor prisoner, when her wealthy mistress gave — How much, Dolly ?”

“Seven shillings,” said I. “I can never think

of Dr. Bates's face without laughing. How is the good gentleman, sir?"

"Why, well and prospering as ever."

"And my mistress: do you know aught of her and her husband? for I hear she is married again." How glad I was to be able to ask this question without a tremor!

"Oh, yes! I heard of her only this day from an old friend of yours and hers, — Mrs. Williams," said Mr. Baxter, with a look of disgust on his thin, refined face which nearly set me off laughing.

"Mrs. Williams!" I exclaimed joyfully. "Is she here, then? Where is she to be found?"

"She is not far off, seeing she lodges above stairs with Master Bridges, the stationer, and his sister," answered Mr. Baxter, smiling; "but you cannot see her now, because she has just gone out. She can tell you of your late mistress better than I can. She is an admirable woman, though she is infected with some of the heresies of the day, and no more accessible to argument than a post."

I smiled, remembering some of the ancient controversies of these two good people, and how I used to wonder what they were about.

"And what is the news in town?" asked my husband. Mr. Baxter shook his head.

"Nothing good, sir. The Papists rear their heads more and more boldly. Popish books and trinkets are openly sold in the shops, as you see they are here also, and conversions are growing to be the mode in the fashionable world. Mr.

Dryden, the poet, hath been received into the Romish Church, as hath also my Lord Sunderland."

"I don't so much wonder at Sunderland," observed my husband. "He would sell his own soul or any one else for court favor. What part does his lady take?"

"I hear that excellent lady is greatly grieved and distressed," answered Mr. Baxter. "She is, by all accounts, an admirable woman."

"She is, indeed," said I. "I have often met her at my aunt's; they are great friends. And you say many converts are being made?"

"Yes, it is the latest mode," answered Mr. Baxter dryly; "but there is no knowing how long it may last, for the king grows more and more unpopular every day, and there are ominous murmurs. I believe strange events are preparing for this nation."

"I have heard that his Majesty is inclined to show great favor to the Dissenters, and hath even promised them toleration," said my husband.

"Yes, and at what price, and for what purpose? That he may secure not only toleration, but domination, for his own sect. For the sake of that, he would indulge not only Presbyterians, but Anabaptists and Quakers and ranters of every sort," said Mr. Baxter. "We will accept of no such gift, if I know my brethren at all. But I must be going. My dearest Dolly, I am most happy to have met you again. You have a treasure in this child, Master Studley; I hope you will cherish her

as she deserves. And, my children, I trust you mean to set up your household in the fear of God, and as those who must give account to him."

"I trust so, sir," answered Edward.

"It was my husband who first taught me to love God, Mr. Baxter," I said. "It was he who led the poor, tired little lamb, weary of the thorns and briars of the world, back to the fold of the Good Shepherd."

"Why, that is well, and right glad am I to hear you say so," said Mr. Baxter. He gave us his blessing, and went away just as Mrs. Williams came in.

I never was more glad to see any one in my life. We carried her to our inn, and would have her sup with us; and my husband going out with Master Gifford, she gave me the whole story of her lady's marriage.

"And you have really left her?" said I.

"Ay, she turned me away," answered Mrs. Williams, with a tremor of the lip. "After all my years of hard and faithful service, she drove me from her because I spoke my mind concerning her intended marriage. But I could not do otherwise, so I must needs take the consequences."

"What possessed her?" said I.

"Who can tell? The spirit which sometimes does possess old women to make fools of themselves," answered Mrs. Williams, with more bitterness than ever I heard from her. "She is besotted with that wicked man, and can refuse him nothing."

“Not even money?” I asked incredulously.

“Not even money,” answered Mrs. Williams. “She lavishes gold on him like water; and he takes it, rewards her with a kiss or not, as it happens, and, unless he be greatly belied, spends it in gambling and every sort of wickedness.”

“Ay, we heard he was a gambler,” said I. “Poor woman, she may die in an almshouse yet, as she was always predicting!”

“Likely enough; for she hath put every thing into his hands, except a few hundred pounds which Mr. Robertson has in his control, and won’t give up. You ought to see her, with her dark wig and fashionable dresses, trying to look young. Bah! it makes me sick to think of it. But tell me all about yourself, my dear. This seems a very fine young gentleman you have married.”

“He is, indeed,” said I. “If I thanked God for nothing else, I would do so for giving him to me, and saving me from that other.”

“And so you may, so you may, my dear. But about your fortunes now?”

“Our fortunes are not very flourishing, but yet I trust we may do well enough,” I answered. “Take out your knitting, which I am sure you have in your pocket, and I will tell you all about it. There, now you look like yourself” (for the dear woman had pulled out her stocking, I should say the very same I had last seen in her hands). “Now you shall hear the whole, from the beginning.”

I told it accordingly, with a running commentary of exclamations from my good old friend. I had hardly done, when she took me up with eagerness.

“O Mrs. Dorothy, my dear, take me to live with you! I will be worth ten hired servants to you, and ask for no wages. I have all the money I shall ever need; but oh, let me but have a home under your roof! You are very young and new to your duties; but I know all about dairy work, from the rearing of calves and lambs to the making of cream cheeses.”

“Dear Mrs. Williams, I would love nothing better than to have you with me,” said I. “You were my only friend after my mother died; and, had I but been guided by you, I should have been saved the great trouble of my life. But you know we shall be very poor. I do not suppose I shall be able to keep any servant, except, perhaps, some little village maid who will come for her meat and clothes. And you are so accomplished: you might take a place in any nobleman’s household.”

“Never mind my accomplishments,” said Mrs. Williams almost crossly. “They will keep, I dare say. I have no desire to go into any more great households. What I want is a quiet home for my old age, where I can be quit of the vanities of the world, and yet be of some use in it.”

“You are not likely to see much of the vanities of the world in our household, seeing my husband and I have no more than two hundred and fifty

pounds between us," said I. "Dear Mrs. Williams, nothing would make me happier than to have you with me, as I said; but you know I must consult my husband."

"To be sure you must. But Dolly, my dear, — I beg pardon, I should say Mrs. Studley" —

"No, you shouldn't; you should say Dolly, just as you always did," I interrupted. "But what were you going to say? You see I have not forgotten all my naughty tricks. I know how to interrupt, as you used to chide me for doing."

"Ay, I remember. I was going to ask you, my dear, whether your husband knew about Mr. Morley?"

"All about him that I know," I answered. "I told him the whole story."

"And very rightly," said Mrs. Williams, looking relieved. "These untold stories and concealments are ghosts which have risen to disturb many a married pair."

Mr. Studley coming in at the moment, I told him of Mrs. Williams's proposal. He left the matter wholly to me, and I was not long in accepting the offer. Mrs. Williams has made her home under our roof ever since, and I believe will never leave it, save for her home in Paradise.

We returned to Biddeford next day, leaving our treasure in the hands of Mr. Birch, subject to Mr. Studley's order, which we could do with great convenience, as Master 'Zechel Atkins meant to embark from Bristol. On our way



home, we stopped at Applecoombe to view the farm.

“What a lovely wood,” said I, as we came in sight of the place, “and so near the house.”

“That is the orchard,” said my husband. “Applecoombe has always been famous for its orchard. You see the house is a very old-fashioned one.”

It was, indeed, being built of brick and timber, like many of the old houses in Biddeford. There was a deep porch overgrown with jessamine and passion-flower, and on either side the door grew great myrtle trees, taller than my head. There was a very pretty flower-garden, — rather a rare sight on a farm, — and every thing looked in excellent trim.

“This seems promising, does it not?” said I.

“Oh, I know the place well!” replied my husband. “I have often been over the farm with the oldest lad, who was a great playmate of mine.”

“And where is he now?” I asked.

“His bones lie out yonder in the Atlantic, like those of many another friend and playmate of my youth,” answered my husband. “But here comes the dame to welcome us.”

And a very warm welcome she gave us, leading us into the house, and sending for her husband and sons, who were busy abroad. Of course we had to eat and drink; and then the good woman took us over the house, while Edward talked with her husband. The house, though old, as I said,

was convenient and pleasant, — facing the west and south, well sheltered from the wind, and with quite a grove of walnut and sweet chestnut trees at the back. The upper rooms were a good deal pulled up, for which the dame apologized, saying she and her daughters had already begun to pack. I liked the look of the place from the first, and was glad when my husband told me he had concluded his bargain on very favorable terms.

We came over again the next day, to decide about the furniture, most of which we kept, as we had none of our own; and here I found the use of having Mrs. Williams at my elbow with her advice, for naturally I knew very little about the matter. I do think she heartily enjoyed the business of poking the feather-beds and pillows, tapping the earthenware with her knuckles, to test its soundness, and so on. I followed after her, looking as wise as I could, and holding my tongue, so as not to show my ignorance.

A bargain is soon settled when both parties are anxious for it. In less than a fortnight, Master Atkins and his family had embarked for America, with all their goods and chattels, and we entered on our new home. Very forlorn it looked, I must say, on that chilly May morning. No house looks very cheerful just after a removal; and it seemed to me that the furniture left behind, and standing about in disorder, and the litter of odds and ends of no earthly use, and too good to burn up, made the rooms more dismal than they would otherwise

have been. I did feel terribly down-hearted and discouraged at first, I must say; but I would not have shown any such feeling for the world. How glad I was to have Mrs. Williams at my elbow! Mrs. Atkins had lent me a strong, handy maiden to help me for a day or two. We all went to work with a will, and a few hours made a great difference in the appearance of things.

“Oh, it is not bad, by any means!” said Mrs. Williams cheerfully, as we sat down to rest a moment. “The house is so clean, that it will be easy to get it in order. The kitchen does not look like ours, when we moved to the court end of the town. Do you remember?”

“Yes, indeed,” I answered. “I wonder what Peggy would say to working in such a place, — all underground, and with the water coming in to flood the floor at high-tides, and the black beetles running all about the walls.”

“Mussy!” exclaimed Peggy; “and do people live like that in London, mistress? I thought London town had been all gold and gilding.”

“The gold is all on the upper side, my maid,” answered Mrs. Williams; “and most of that is but gilding and base metal.”

“My sister liveth in Biddeford with a merchant’s lady, and I thought her kitchen was narrow enough,” said Peggy; “but to live underground, and with black beetles — mussy to gracious!”

A knock at the door averted from Peggy’s head

a lecture on profane swearing, which I saw hovering on Mrs. Williams's lips. She is quite a Quaker in her notions on those matters. The visitor proved to be Master Atkins, with a great basket containing roast fowl, cream cheese, tarts, and I know not what else, for our dinners. Dame Atkins had insisted on our taking a loaf of bread and a bottle of wine with us, that we need not bring scarceness on our new home by entering it empty-handed. I sent him out to find Mr. Studley, who was busy about the barn, and we had quite a feast ready when the men came in. My husband intended to keep but one man at the house, and had been looking for someone, but had not heretofore heard of anybody to suit him. He now entered, followed by Andrew.

"You see I have found a man," said he. "Andrew is turned adrift as well as ourselves, and for our sake."

"I don't mind," said the old man, though his lip trembled. "I meant to have left at the term, anyhow. I can't abide to live under the same roof with those two. I'm not so young as I was, but I'm strong enough, and not afraid to do my day's ploughing or harvesting with any lad of them all."

(Edward told me afterward that he would have preferred a younger man; but, as Andrew had lost his place on our account, he felt bound to take him on. It seems my father-in-law was greatly enraged when he learned next day that Andrew

had attended us to the farm, and turned him away without ceremony, though he had lived in the family all his life).

“But, indeed, he groweth worse and worse,” said Andrew, concluding his tale. “He is like one possessed with the Evil One, drinking, swearing, and blaspheming from morning till night, and almost from night till morning, and Kirton egging him on to drink more and more all the time. ’Tis my belief that the poor old gentleman will not stand it long, and that they are trying to get him out of the way.”

“But I should think that he would see for himself that so much drink is hurtful to him,” said I, while Edward went into the outer kitchen to wash his hands.

Master Atkins shook his head.

“When a man has lived past his threescore and ten without ever denying or controlling himself, he is not going to begin then,” said he. “And that hath been the way with Mr. Studley. His life hath been one long self-indulgence in every wish which hath sprung up in his mind, or which Satan has put there. I would not tell you all the mischief he hath wrought hereabouts, — far more than his son ever heard of. I hope these adventurers who have got him in their clutches may not chouse Master Ned out of his inheritance entirely, but I shall not be surprised if the old man leaves every thing to them.”

Edward now returned ; and we sat down in true

farmer fashion, with the servants at the lower end of the board. I could not but wonder what my aunt would have said to see me. But I had made up my mind from the first, that, if I were to be a farmer's dame, I would *be* one, and not keep up any fine-lady airs.

In a week's time we were comfortably settled in our new home, and I had made good progress in the arts of the dairy and kitchen. Indeed, I had taken lessons before of Mistress Atkins ; and I shall never forget my husband's face of surprise when he found me in the barnyard in a red petticoat and homespun kirtle, milking a long-horned heifer. (I own I was rather afraid of her, but I did not let her find it out.)

“What would Lady Fullham say?” said he.

“She would say I had got a good mess of milk, I hope,” I answered merrily. “And now you may carry the bucket to the dairy, if you like.”

“I would the barns were nearer the house, for your sake,” said Edward ; “but I think our North Devon farmers like to get them as far away as possible. I will make a change in that matter, if we stay long enough.”

If it be an inconvenient fashion in one way, it is nice in another, for one does not have the smells and noises of the farmyard all day long. But I must say that on rainy and sleety days I could have wished the barnyard nearer, and the path that led to it less steep.

I did not have a very easy time that summer.

Of course every thing was new to me. I made mistakes, and should have made more if I had not had my dear Mrs. Williams to counsel me. She could give little more than counsel, for she had the ill-fortune to sprain her ankle, and was confined to her settle and arm-chair for nearly three months; so I had her to wait on with all the rest. But I could well afford to do it. My only servant was a younger sister of Peggy's, — a stout, willing girl, very good-tempered, but not very bright, and with a special genius for dropping and slopping. More than one pan of milk have I seen her spill all over the floor, in removing it from the hearth to the shelf, after the cream had clotted beautifully. I must say my fingers itched to cuff her ears, but I never did. At last, however, I found the place to get hold of her. I discovered that she was very anxious to learn to read, and I promised her a lesson every day that she did her work well. Her mother was very doubtful, declaring that Molly would be good for nothing at all if she moiled what little brains she had over books; but I persevered, and my experiment turned out admirably. Using her mind in one direction seemed to brighten it in another; and, when Molly knew that her beloved spelling-lesson depended on the state of her floor and pails, she took infinite pains with her cleaning. At present, I must say, she goes rather to the other extreme.

Well, I worked very hard, and was often so discouraged with my own failures that I was ready

to sit down and cry; but I could not but put the best face upon matters when I saw how hard my poor husband worked. He felt very sadly, too, about his father. We never saw any of the family, but the accounts we heard were worse and worse. Strange as it seemed, Edward did really love his father, and grieved over the estrangement. He wrote to the old man two or three times; but the letters were returned torn in two, without having been opened, and with some abusive message. At last Mr. Rowson rode over to see us, and counselled my husband to send no more letters.

“They do but anger him the more, and that woman makes use of them to set him against you. He is wholly in her hands and those of her brother, as he calls himself, though between ourselves I don’t believe he is her brother at all, more than I am.”

“How strange that Mr. Studley should be governed by such wretches, to the prejudice of his own son!” said I.

“It is not strange to me,” answered Mr. Rowson. “Mr. Studley was always that way. He always had somebody who was all perfection, some favorite servant or boon companion who flattered and governed him. Do you remember, Ned, how he held on to Wilkins, his steward, long after every one in the country knew that Wilkins was cheating the eyes out of his head? I believe people of his disposition, so afraid of being influenced or



advised by those who have the right to do so, are often served just in this way."

"No doubt you are right," said Edward.

"I know I am," answered Mr. Rowson. "And so, Ned, if you will take my advice, you will write no more at present. You know me for your friend, I hope, and I would not advise you save for your good. I may not have been a very good friend to myself, but I have been a good one to you."

"That you have," answered Edward warmly. "But, Rowson, why should you not be a good friend to yourself? Why should you not break off these courses so unbecoming any Christian, much more an ordained priest, and live as becomes what you profess?"

Mr. Rowson shook his head sadly.

"'Tis too late, I doubt," said he. "Beside, I keep some influence with the old man by drinking out a bottle with him now and then. We must fight the Devil with his own weapons."

"*Negatur*, to both propositions," answered my husband. "You do not keep any influence with my father by sharing in his drinking-bouts. Will he take one bottle the less because you ask him? Neither are we to fight the Devil with his own weapons. He understands the use of them far better than we do. If we would have the advantage, we must attack him with weapons he does not understand, or dares not touch."

"Maybe so," answered Mr. Rowson. "But I have at least done one thing, Ned. I had a little

money come to me from my old aunt Truesdale's estate, and I have paid your father all the money I owed him. So I have that yoke off my neck, at all events. But it went hard," said the poor man, shaking his head. "I did so want to put it into the church-organ. Nobody knows what I suffer every Sunday from that horrible instrument."

"When I come to my fortune, you shall have a new one," said my husband. "Meantime, stay and sup with us; and my wife shall sing for you, and show you that the milk-pail and the churn have not quite spoiled her hand for the lute."

Mr. Rowson staid and made himself very agreeable. 'Twas a pity to see a man of his gifts, who might be so useful, sunk in self-indulgence and sloth. But I have never seen elegant tastes and accomplishments do any thing toward keeping man or woman from sin.

Matters went on in this way till the middle of September. The last month had been to me much easier than those which had gone before. I had learned to do my work more easily, and took great pride in my butter and cream cheese, which Mrs. Atkins pronounced equal to her own. The crops were turning out well, and the cattle doing nicely; and our apple-orchard, always a fine one, was this year quite wonderful for the beauty and abundance of the crop. I had been out to look for some stray hens which had been seduced from the ways of virtue and domesticity by a pair of vagrant guinea-fowls, and was coming in with my apron full of

early pippins, when I saw Mr. Rowson at the kitchen door holding his jaded horse by the bridle, and conferring with my husband. Both the men wore such perturbed faces, that I was sure something had happened, and quickened my steps. As I came up, Mr. Rowson put out his hand as if to keep me off.

“Don’t come near me, child. You need not be in the mess, at all events,” said he.

“What mess?” I asked, wondering, for he was always very polite to me. “What do you mean?”

“My father and his wife are both very ill with fever,” said Edward huskily. “Everybody has deserted them, and left them to die alone. I must go to them at once, Dolly. Will you get a few things ready?”

I went up-stairs, got my husband’s clothes ready, and then coolly put on my own riding-gear. I had always noticed that if I wanted to do any thing particularly audacious, and went on and did it without saying any thing, my husband took it for granted that all was right. So I came down-stairs with my bundles, as though it had been all settled between us. Mr. Rowson opened his eyes wide when he saw me.

“What, you!” said he. “Edward, you will not suffer this child to risk her life in any such way.”

My husband looked doubtfully at me, but I did not give him time to speak.

“Of course I shall go,” said I, as quietly as if it had been a question of going to church. “A

woman's help will be needed, and Ned must have some one to look after his comfort.—Mrs. Williams, am I not right?"

"I think you are, and none of us will die till the time appointed," answered Mrs. Williams, bringing her predestination doctrine to my support. "Mrs. Studley's place is with her husband, and she will not die any the sooner for doing her duty. I can see to every thing here." And then she began to tell me how to guard myself and my husband by taking good food and fresh air and avoiding chills. She really is the most sensible woman in the world.

It was near sunset when we came to Studley Hall, and I was at once reminded of my first arrival. At the gate we met Dr. Kirton, booted and spurred, just mounting his horse.

"You had better not go in. You can do no good," said he. "Your father will not know you, and they are both as good as dead. You won't get any thing by going in now."

"Judas," said my husband, with such a burst of passion as I never heard from him before, "dost thou judge every one by thy vile self? Dost thou think it is *that* I am thinking of? Begone."

Kirton cast a venomous glance at Edward, but made no reply; and I was glad to see him mount his horse and ride off. We dismounted at the door; and fastening our horses, for there was no one to take them, we entered the house. All was

still and deserted below, but up-stairs we heard a woman's voice in such accents of horror and despair as I never imagined, and cannot describe.

"Don't desert me, Jack," it cried. "I did all for you. Don't leave me to die alone. Oh, for pity's sake, don't leave me!"

We went up-stairs, following the sound. The doors of two adjoining chambers were open, and from them proceeded an air enough to knock one down. Edward went straight through the first room, and flung the casement wide open. Then he drew back the closed curtains of the bed. There lay the poor old man, without sense or motion, with half-open glazed eyes and blackened, parted lips. Only his heavy breathing showed he was alive.

"Go, Dolly," said Edward hoarsely. "You can do no good here. Rowson will help me."

I obeyed at once, for I wanted to find the other poor thing, whose wailing pierced my heart. She did not notice me at first; but when I too had opened the window, and put back the curtain, the fresh air seemed to bring her a little to herself, and she stared at me with a wondering gaze.

"You!" said she. "You are young Mrs. Studley. Did you die on the moor, and has your ghost come back?"

"No," I answered. "I am no ghost. See, my hands are warm and substantial. Try to compose yourself, and tell me what you want."

"Water, water," she gasped. "Oh, for one

drop of water to cool my tongue, for I am tormented in this flame !”

I did not believe any thing would hurt her, and I remembered that in my ague Dr. Burnett gave me all the water I wanted, in spite of Mrs. Sharpless's horror. I brought a glass of water, fresh from the draw-well, and she drank it eagerly.

“It *is* Mrs. Studley,” said she, looking at me, and holding my hand, as I would have withdrawn the glass. “What has brought you here? Have you come to heap coals of fire on my head? Don't do that: it is burning already.”

“Hush,” I answered. “I am going to bathe your head and face, and you will feel better.”

I went to the toilet table, which was loaded with perfumes and cosmetics, and finding a bottle of Hungary water,<sup>1</sup> I bathed her face and hands with it, brushed her hair as well as I could, and smoothed and cooled the tumbled pillows. My cares seemed to soothe her, for she fell into a troubled sleep, and I stepped away without disturbing her. I found that Edward and Mr. Rowson had changed the old gentleman to a clean cot-bed, and cleared out the room a little; but the poor old man was insensible to all their cares. Mr. Rowson told me in a whisper, that he could not live more than a few hours. I went down-stairs, roused up the kitchen fire, and finding some coffee

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<sup>1</sup> Hungary water was distilled from rosemary, and was esteemed of great value in fevers. It was the invention of the unfortunate Queen of Bohemia.

I made a pot of it, toasted some bread, and set out what decent provisions I could find. There was an abundance of every thing, but in such a state, — such pots of stale broth and heaps of bones and fragments, — it was enough to breed the plague, let alone a fever. It was clear enough what kind of house-keeping had obtained under the sway of the poor woman up-stairs. I was trying to bring things to some kind of order, when the kitchen-door opened, and in came old Janey.

“I heard you and Master Neddy had come, and I couldn't stop away,” said the good soul. “Don't 'ee do that, mistress; 't isn't fit for the likes of you,” — taking a saucepan out of my hand. “And how is the poor old gentleman?”

I told her. She shook her head.

“'Tis all over with mun,” said she solemnly. “I knowed that afore I come. 'Twant for naught I heerd the white owl last night and night before.”

“What about the white owl?” I asked, as I was picking up the old silver spoons which lay here and there among the rubbish. “I should think owls might be common enough here. I am sure they are about Applecoombe. They carried off a dozen chickens from me last month.”

Janey shook her head solemnly.

“'Tis no common owl, my tender; 'tis the white owl of the Studleys, the snow-white bird that always screams before any great misfortune befalls the family. I heard mun plain enough the night before master brought home that witch; but no

one ever sees mun, but one of the family. Oh, there's a-many such things happen here in the west! But how about that other?" I told her about Mrs. Studley.

"*She* won't die," said Janey scornfully. "That kind never do, unless their Master has done with them. But do you get Master Ned to come down, and take some meat; and take some yourself, there's a lamb. I will stay with that one up-stairs. I can't abide to think of your tender hands a-touching mun."

"But that is not Christian like, Janey," said I. "Think what our Lord did for the woman who was a sinner."

"Ay, but a repentant sinner," answered the old woman shrewdly. "There, don't'ee stand to argue with an old woman, but bring Master Neddy to his supper, there's a lamb."

There was sense in this, at any rate: so I went up, and with some coaxing brought my husband down to take refreshment. Mr. Rowson promised to watch my father-in-law every moment, and to call us if he showed any signs of life. The other patient continued to sleep uneasily, muttering, and throwing her arms about. It seemed to me her face had changed for the worse, and I said as much to Janey. The old woman nodded.

"She is struck for death," she said. "Her ill-gotten gains won't do her no more good;" and then, in a relenting tone, "Poor thing, poor thing! Maybe after all she never had the chance to learn



better. Mr. Champernoun's Harry, who hath been in Bristol, says he knows he saw her in a theatre there, a-playing in men's clothes, and that she is a regular play actor.<sup>1</sup> To think of that, — a woman a-playing on the stage, and in men's clothes! Do you think it can be true, mistress?"

"I know it is," I answered. "I have seen her often in London." But I did not tell Janey, what I knew to be true, that Becky Marshall was the daughter of a godly Presbyterian minister, as good a man as ever lived, so Mrs. Pendergast had told me.

When night came, Janey would have had me go to bed, or at least lie down; but, as it turned out, both of us were needed to manage the patient, who raved in delirium all night, now going over parts she had played, and now repeating bits of the Westminster Catechism which no doubt she had learned at her mother's knee. At last she fell into a troubled slumber. The gray dawn was beginning to steal up the sky, and Janey had gone down to see to the kitchen fire, when Mrs. Studley opened her eyes, and fixed them on me with a look I shall never forget.

"Am I dying?" said she.

"I fear so," I answered. I dared not but tell her the truth. "My poor Rebecca, try to turn

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<sup>1</sup> It must be remembered that the appearance of women on the stage was an innovation of Charles Second's days, which excited grave reprobation from all serious people.

your eyes to God,—your father's God. There is yet time. Let me call Mr. Rowson."

"Yes, call him, call him," said she eagerly.

I went to call Mr. Rowson, who was resting in a great chair. My father-in-law was still lying stupid, as he had done ever since we arrived. Mr. Rowson rose unwillingly, as it seemed.

"What can she want of me? I can do her no good. What am I to comfort a dying sinner, who need mercy myself?"

"We all need it," said I. "But hasten, I do not think she has many minutes to live."

When we entered the room, we found Rebecca's great black eyes eagerly fixed on the door.

"The will, the will!" she exclaimed as Mr. Rowson came to the bedside. "Find that will, and burn it. It is in the great walnut cabinet. Burn it."

"Never mind the will," said I. "Try to think of something better.—Pray with her, Mr. Rowson."

"I want none of his prayers," she cried. "I know what his religion is worth. Go, go, and find the will, and burn it."

"Perhaps I had better pacify her," he whispered to me; and then, aloud, "Yes, we will try to find it. Make your mind easy, Mrs. Studley. Justice will be done at last, never fear."

She seemed content, and dozed off again for a few minutes; then she roused up and looked around.

"I thought my father was here," said she. "I

thought I heard him say, 'The blood of Jesus cleanseth from sin;' but it is all a dream," she added sorrowfully, "all a dream. My father is in a better place, and there is no cleansing for such as I."

"There is, there is!" I exclaimed. "Dear Rebecca, though your sins have been as scarlet, they shall be white as snow. I know your good father would say so if he were here. Only believe."

She looked at me with a singularly intent gaze.

"*You* came to me when all the world deserted me," said she. "I slandered you, and abused you, and turned you out of doors; and yet you came to me at the risk of your life and nursed me. If He were like that" —

"He is a thousand million times better," said I, weeping. "Only turn to him, only pray for forgiveness."

"You may pray," said she, sinking back on her pillows. "You are good. Yes, pray; my head is growing heavy, and I cannot think of the words."

Oh, how earnestly I prayed that this poor creature might have, even in this awful moment, grace to turn her face homeward to her Father's house! I think she understood the words, and tried to join in them; but as I looked up, at a touch from Janey, I saw she was going. I began the commendatory prayer, but before I finished it all was over.

Mr. Studley lingered all day, and died at sun-

set, making no sign, save that once he opened his eyes and turned them wistfully from Edward to myself. I think he knew us both, but it was only for a moment. The veil fell again ; and, just as the last rays of the sun shot into the room, he died without a struggle.

“He is gone! My old friend is gone,” said Mr. Rowson, weeping like a child, as Edward closed his father’s eyes. “Oh, if I had but been faithful, how different might his death have been! But I am a changed man,” said he, looking solemnly upward. “If it please Heaven to spare some short remnant of my worthless, wasted life, it shall be given to his service.”

I was glad to hear him say as much, but I had no time to attend to him. Edward’s fixed looks alarmed me, and I wanted nothing so much as to get him out of the room. I had no sooner brought him to the parlor than he fainted, and lay for some time as much like one dead as a living man could be. However, I revived him at last, and was thankful when he burst into a flood of tears. I soothed and quieted him as well as I could, and persuaded him to take some food, and then to lie and rest, while Mr. Rowson, Janey, and I did what was needful up-stairs. How glad I was that I had carried my point and come with him!

The day of the funeral Dr. Kirton appeared, in company with an attorney from Biddeford, a man of no good reputation. Edward had looked carefully among his father’s papers for the will which

he knew the old gentleman had made shortly before our marriage, but it was not to be found. I had my own idea about the matter, remembering poor Rebecca's words; and I was not much surprised when the attorney produced a will made some time during the summer, and leaving every thing to Dr. Kirton and his sister, except a hundred pounds to Mr. Rowson, and the harpsichord and music-books belonging to the first Mrs. Studley, which, to my great surprise, were left to me. The will was witnessed by two persons in Biddeford, and was perfectly formal.

"You will find it quite correct," said Dr. Kirton very politely, but with a gleam of triumph in his snaky eyes. "The musical instrument shall be sent to Mrs. Studley, as my poor friend directed. — The money shall be paid to you in due time, Mr. Rowson. — I presume, Mr. Studley, you will not care to remain here longer. — Mr. Rowson, will you not stay to sup with me? I have your fee for your services to my late brother."

"Thy money perish with thee!" burst forth Mr. Rowson. "May the Lord do so to me, and more also, if ever I break bread with thee! Hast thou killed, and also taken possession? Beware, that the fate of Ahab and Jezebel doth not overtake thee in the midst of thy ill-gotten gains! — Come, my children, and leave this roof, which is accursed with the presence of a traitor, a murderer."

"Mr. Rowson, you shall answer for this lan-

guage," said Dr. Kirton, turning fairly blue, partly with rage, and partly, I fancy, from fright.

"I do not fear you," answered the vicar. "Come, children."

Edward hardly spoke a word till we arrived at home, where Mrs. Williams had every thing in order, and a bright little fire to welcome us. Then, as he looked about, he broke silence.

"Well, Dorothy, this is to be our home, it seems. Are you content with it?"

"More than content," said I; "happy and thankful. But it is easier for me than for you to lose what is rightfully yours. It is very hard upon you, my poor Ned."

"It is hard," my husband admitted. "The old place hath been in our family since before the Conquest. The Hall was built with Spanish gold taken in the days of Elizabeth. But what does it matter, after all? I must soon have left it. My great trouble is for thee, my dear. I little thought what I was bringing thee to."

"You have brought me to the happiest part of my life," said I. "Don't fret about that, but doff your riding-gear, and get ready for the savory supper Mrs. Williams has prepared for us."

Edward was quite unwell for several days, and my heart sank fathoms deep as I thought of his coming down with the fever. But I believe his illness was more of the mind than the body. He could not but feel deeply the loss of the estate which had descended from father to son for so

many generations, and of which he was now deprived by no fault of his own; but that was a small matter, to one of his way of thinking, compared to his father's death,—taken in the midst of his sin. I was going to say, without one moment for repentance; but that would not be true, seeing he had had a long life granted him wherein to make his salvation sure.

As for myself, I won't deny that I was disappointed, though, as I said, poor Rebecca had prepared me in some measure for what happened. No doubt she was knowing to the will. I could not but wish to see my husband take his proper place in the county, nor was I quite insensible to the change that would have been made in my own position had Edward succeeded to his rights. But, after all, I was young and strong, and the work was no such great hardship. So I did not fret very much about that. Only on cold, sleety days, when the path was slippery, and the barnyard miry, and the butter was long in coming, or the kitchen chimney smoked, I would think how much pleasanter it would be to practise on my harpsichord or sit at my knitting. But I soon learned that such thoughts were unprofitable guests, and I resolutely turned them out.

Edward had one great comfort, and that was the change in Mr. Rowson. Certainly I never saw a man so altered. He never touched wine, or even cider, saying that he dared not trust himself with it. He took to studying his Bible, and reviv-

ing his knowledge of Greek and Hebrew, for he had once been a fine scholar. He preached every Sunday, catechized the children, visited the poor and the sick, and strove in every way to repair, if he could not undo, the mischief he had done. The only indulgence he allowed himself was his music. He used the hundred pounds left him by his patron in repairing the church-organ, and found a good organist in the person of an old gentleman in Biddeford, who was just about retiring to one of the almshouses in Exeter, but was easily prevailed upon to accept a cottage in Studley and a small salary instead. Almost all the folks hereabout are naturally musical; and I do think Mr. Rowson's choir, which he took great pains in training, brought a good many to church, where they certainly heard the gospel preached as never before. Mr. Rowson was a frequent visitor at our house, and used to have many deep arguments with Mrs. Williams concerning her peculiar tenets (which I don't in the least understand, to this day); but they always came together at last on the New Testament, so they continued excellent friends.

I had heard but twice from my aunt since my marriage. The family was still in London, detained by my uncle's business, which, however, was prospering, and he was in a way to retrieve his losses. My aunt wrote that Betty was well in health, but not in good spirits; that she did not care to go out, and missed her sister more than



ever. Betty's letter was written evidently in one of her bad moods. She hated London and every thing about it. Her mother would make her go to the theatre and to balls and banquets, and she had been obliged to leave off her mourning. She only wished she were with me. I wished it, too, and determined I would try to have a visit from her when the family returned.

In my aunt's next letter she wrote that Betty was in better spirits; that she had been presented at court and much admired, and the king had taken great notice of her, which was an unusual compliment from him nowadays, as his Majesty was so engrossed with public business. My uncle was like to recover all he had lost, and more, and the family were coming home for Christmas, when she hoped Mr. Studley would spare me for a visit. Betty's letter was not a bit like herself. It was long, and full of public news and accounts of the balls she had attended, but not one word of herself. The letter made me uncomfortable, I could hardly tell why. I had never told my aunt any particulars about our way of life, and I suppose she thought my husband and myself were living as we had expected to do. Now, however, by my husband's advice, I wrote her the whole story. The letter I received in reply was quite characteristic of my aunt's curiously mixed character. Of course, she wrote, it was every one's duty to be religious; but there was no need of parading one's religion, and it was a great pity Mr. Studley

had offended his father by so doing. He ought to have remembered that St. Paul became all things to all men. There was no knowing how Ned might have influenced his father for good if he had only been more complying to the old gentleman's humors ; but all young persons nowadays seemed to think themselves wiser than their elders. She little thought she was sending me to such a life. Why had not Mr. Studley applied to Sir Robert, who might have obtained for him a commission, or some place about the court, which would at least have given me the position of a lady ? She was glad to see that I was resigned to my change of fortune, but she pitied me from her heart. She only wished I had been as fortunate as Betty was likely to be.

“ So she hath a match in hand for Betty,” said my husband, returning me the letter.

“ She will never make any match for Betty that Betty does not like,” I answered. “ Betty is made of different stuff from poor Meg. She is stronger both in body and in will. She may break, but she will not bend.”

“ But do you think your aunt would force on Betty a match which she did not like ?” asked Edward.

“ Yes, if she thought it for her good, as she says ; that is, if the man were rich or great, and able to give Betty a grand position in the world. That was all she thought of with Meg. When Lord Chesterton first proposed for Meg, he was a

rake and an out-and-out infidel; yet my aunt accepted him eagerly, because, as I say, he was rich and would make his wife a great lady. But my aunt will never rule Betty as she did Meg."

"Then you do not think Margaret's heart was in the match with Lord Chesterton?" said my husband.

"Not one bit," I answered. "As I look back at it, I can see that Margaret felt she was dying at any rate, and so it did not greatly matter. Afterward, when she was ill at Cross Park, I believe she really did come to love Lord Chesterton; but he was a changed man then. I never in my life saw any one more altered. But I am sorry both for my aunt and Betty if this matter comes to a conflict, for neither will give way save at the last extremity."

Our winter passed away quietly enough. I had an urgent invitation to spend Christmas with my aunt, who had returned home; but my husband could not well leave the farm, and travelling was difficult in winter, so I declined. I had great pleasure in sending my aunt a hamper of cream cheese, butter, and other dairy products, the work of my own hands, and was gratified in return by a present of books, music, and working materials, and from my uncle ten guineas in a pretty purse. My uncle even wrote a few lines which were worth more than the money. He said, that, while he was sorry for Edward's misfortunes, he was glad to learn that the young fellow had behaved like a

man in standing by his colors, and he liked him all the better. Any thing but these sneaks who were ready to worship the Devil himself to curry court favor. He hoped to be in a position to give us some help before long, and meantime we must keep up a good heart. This letter was a great pleasure to me, for I was always fond of my uncle.

As I said, our winter passed quietly enough. Dr. Kirton had really sent us the harpsichord, and quite a library of old-fashioned music-books. I found some time for practice ; and I amused myself, and I hope did some good, by practising with the choir, and instructing the school-children in church music. Dr. Dean was not at all musical, and the singing had been something dreadful, inso-much that the Sunday Mr. Rowson preached for us I saw him privately stop his ears, and thought he would have run out of church when the children upraised their voices in the psalm.

We heard from Mr. Rowson that Dr. Kirton did not live at Studley, and that the Hall was shut up and deserted, only that old Janey and her husband, the gardener, lived in the kitchen. The house always had the reputation of being "troubled," — that is to say, haunted, — not only by the fateful white owl, but by the spirit of a certain Moorish lady whom some of the old freebooting Studleys had brought home, and afterward deserted, or, as some said, murdered. This poor lady's apparition used to rise from the old well in one corner of the court, into which tradition said she had been thrown, and

parade about the house in all her barbaric finery on moonlight nights. I used to wish I could see her, a black or copper-colored ghost would be such a pleasing novelty ; but my husband says many of the Turkish ladies are beautifully fair. Anyhow, it was the general belief at Studley that Dr. Kirton had not only seen this lady, but had also been haunted by the spirit of his unfortunate sister, who could not rest in her grave, but was always coming to his bedside and adjuring him to burn the unrighteous will. He left the care of the estate to his attorney in Biddeford, and returned to Bristol.

I well remember what a sweet spring evening it was, when we received a most unexpected guest. I had walked down to the red gate to meet my husband, who was somewhat late in coming from market. I was leaning over the gate to look down the road, when I beheld a most forlorn, tired-looking woman, dragging herself up the hill. At first I thought it was old Sally the hawker, who made a practice of visiting us three or four times in a season ; but, as the woman drew nearer, I saw she was a much younger person. I could not see her face under her deep hood, but there was something in the figure that was strangely familiar. Seeing how feeble she seemed, I hastened to meet her.

“You are very weary,” I said. “Let me help you to the gate, where there is a seat for you to rest upon.” (I had always a fancy for meeting Edward at this gate, and he had made a nice bench

for my accommodation.) The stranger accepted my arm, and leaned on it heavily enough, till she reached the seat, when she sank upon it as if fainting. I hastily untied her hood, and pushed it back from her face. What was my amazement and even horror to recognize my cousin Betty!

There was no one in sight, and I dared not leave her lest she should fall to the ground. I was considering what to do, when I heard my husband's voice asking what was the matter. I never was more glad to see him in my life, and that is saying a great deal.

"How shall we get this poor thing to the house?" said I.

"The house," answered Edward doubtfully. "Had we not better lay her in the barn first? She may have the fever about her."

"The barn!" said I scornfully. "Edward, it is my cousin Betty; though what has brought her here, I cannot guess. Don't stand staring there like a moorland colt," I added sharply, for Ned did indeed look like a statue of amazement. "Hurry to the house; and do you and Andrew bring down the little mattress from the green room, and a blanket. That will be the easiest way to manage it. Tell Mrs. Williams to get the blue room ready. And hurry back."

Ned went off without another word, — he is very good to mind, when I do take the command, — and the time did not seem long, even to me, till he and Andrew were back with the mattress, which

they had laid on a shutter. Betty had partly come to herself, but seemed unable to speak; only, as they tried to lift her, she moaned and grasped my hand tightly.

“Don’t be afraid, Betty,” said I. “You are with friends, and I won’t leave you.”

We carried her up-stairs, where Mrs. Williams helped me to undress her; and with much ado we got her into bed, and persuaded her to swallow a few spoonfuls of good broth. The fainting fit was succeeded by hysterics, and that by bitter weeping. I did not try to make her talk, but coaxed and soothed her, till at last she fell asleep; and I went down to my husband.

“Well,” said he, as I entered the kitchen, “what does it all mean?”

“I don’t know, though I have a shrewd guess,” I answered. “I have not tried to make her speak. She is fearfully exhausted. She must have walked a long way, for her shoes are cut to pieces.”

“But you are sure it is your cousin,” said Ned. “You could hardly be mistaken, though she comes in such a strange way.”

“Mistaken!” said I scornfully. “Do you think I would not know you, though you were to fall out of a comet, instead of riding home on old Sol-dan?”

“I doubt it,” answered my husband. “If I fell out of a comet, I doubt I should be past recognition by the time I reached you.”

“Not you! You would be on your feet in a minute, making an instructive reflection,” I retorted. “Come now and get your supper, for I know you must be half starved, and then we will think what is best to do.”

We talked the matter over, and agreed that nothing could be done till Betty was able to tell her own story. I watched with her. She was restless and moaning in her sleep till near morning, when she grew quieter and seemed to fall into a refreshing slumber. When she waked she was quite herself, but so weak and exhausted that I dared not let her talk; only I asked her if her mother knew where she was.”

She shook her head. “No, no, and don’t tell her. Don’t let her know. Hide me somewhere. Dolly, I will never go back to marry that man — never.”

“Hush, hush! Don’t excite yourself,” said I. “You are safe with me. But think, Betty, how anxious your poor father and mother will be.”

She seemed to soften at this. “Yes, I am sorry for them. But I won’t marry him. I may be lost for this world and the next, but I will never marry him.”

“Marry whom?” I asked.

“That man, Mr. Cheney;” and here she fell into her fits again, and we had hard work to keep her in bed.

“She must be crazy,” said Edward, when I told him. “Cheney’s wife died last summer, I know;



but surely your aunt would never give him her only child."

"He is very rich," said I, "and he sees all the best company in the county. Don't you remember what my aunt said in her last letter, — that Mr. Cheney had a prospect of being raised to the peerage?"

"Yes, because he favored the king's policy; but surely that would have no weight with Sir Robert."

"It would have great weight with my aunt, though; and Sir Robert takes all she says and does for gospel. But, Edward, ought we not to let her friends know that she is safe? They must be in terrible suspense about her."

"I think so," answered my husband. "Rowson is going to set out for Exeter to-morrow morning early. I believe I will ride with him, and carry the news myself."

I agreed that this would be the best way, and so it was settled. By evening, Betty was quite sensible, though still weak. She told me her story, as far as she knew it herself. I had guessed rightly. Mr. Cheney had proposed for her; and her mother, dazzled by his immense wealth and his prospects, had insisted on Betty's accepting him. She refused; and there had been, as I gathered, a terrible scene between them, in which Betty, goaded to desperation by her mother's calm persistence, had reproached her with being the cause of Meg's death. I knew how Betty could go on, when once roused, and could imagine more than she told

me. It ended with her being shut into her chamber, from which she escaped by climbing out of the window. She had left her hat and gloves by the side of a deep pond in the park, which had once been a quarry-hole, and had then walked the whole distance to my door. She had lost her purse the second day, and had been obliged literally to beg her way; sleeping in barns and outhouses like a gypsy beggar, and passing one night on the open moor. It made me shudder to think of the dangers she had run. I asked her if she were not frightened.

“No,” she answered, “I don’t know that I was. I had but one thought, — to get away, and come to you. And I will never go back to marry that man,” she added, her eyes growing wild again. “I will drown myself in earnest first.”

“Surely your mother would never have forced him upon you,” said I.

Betty smiled bitterly. “Don’t you know my mother by this time?” said she. “She would marry me to Satan if he could make me a duchess, and talk all the time about my good, — yes, and make me a present of religious books for my closet at the same moment. I tell you, Dolly, only for my remembrance of Meg, I would throw over all religion as folly and delusion. But I love to think her happy, though I shall never see her.”

“You must not say that,” I said; “why should you not see her?”

Betty only shook her head sadly; and I was too

much afraid of exciting her, to pursue the subject. She was really very ill; and Dr. Dean, who had some knowledge of medicine, thought she would have a course of low fever, though he did not apprehend any danger.

My husband returned from Lady Court the third day. He reported that my aunt seemed greatly relieved to find that Betty was not drowned, as they all believed at first; but she was very bitter, saying that Betty had disgraced herself and her family by her escapade, and she, for one, never wished to see her face again. Let her bake as she had brewed. Sir Robert was more lenient. He thought they had been hard on the girl, who was high-spirited like himself. She had better stay where she was for the present, if we would consent to keep her; and perhaps, after a while, things might be arranged. Indeed, he had never so greatly liked the match, but thought his wife knew best.

Edward remarked that Betty would have to stay where she was for the present, as she was very ill from fatigue and exposure.

“Why, how was she exposed?” asked my uncle.

Edward told the story of Betty's journey, at which Sir Robert broke down and wept, swore she was his own spunky girl, and he only wished she were a boy instead of a maid. He ended by sending Betty a kind message and some money, promising that she should not be pressed to marry

any one, and saying he would ride over and see her some day.

But my aunt was not to be pacified. She was, indeed, wounded in her most susceptible part,—her respect for the opinion of the world. The story had taken wing already that Betty had drowned herself to avoid a marriage with Mr. Cheney, to whom she was betrothed. All Exeter was ringing with it. And now it must be contradicted, and some tale made up, which, after all, nobody would believe. No, she had brought lasting disgrace on all belonging to her.

“I shall never hold up my head again,” she repeated; and then, weeping, “What have I ever done, that I should be so unfortunate in my children? My only consolation is that I have done every thing possible for their good.”

And I believe she really thought so. She did every thing for the best, though she was so terribly mistaken as to what that best was.

Finally, my aunt was won by my husband to send her daughter a message. She forgave her all the pain she had caused her, but she did not wish to see her at present. When Betty was well, she had perhaps better go to her aunt Laneham at Bristol, where Mr. Laneham had gotten some perferment at the cathedral. Her residing in the family of a beneficed clergyman might do something toward restoring to her the character she had lost. Sharpless should send her some necessary clothes.

Betty smiled sorrowfully when she received the message, but seemed to care little about the matter. She lay for several weeks very ill, but recovered her strength after a while; though she has always been slightly lame, from the effects of her exposure. She began by and by to go about the house and to help me in various ways; but I could not get her to go to church, and hardly any thing could draw a smile from her. At last, however, we won her confidence, and she opened her heart to us. On her first going to London, she had been very unwilling to go to the theatre or the opera, having made up her mind that these things were wrong and unbecoming a Christian, and that if, as she said, there was any thing in religion, one's life should be passed in a course of good and pious works. She had been greatly strengthened in this idea by three or four Roman Catholic books which fell in her way. Indeed, I believe they were given her by Queen Mary herself, who took a great liking to her. Betty said she would have become a Romanist, and gone into a convent, only there were a few things she could not get over; and, above all, she could not make up her mind to think that dear Margaret was lost forever. The king himself had condescended to argue with Betty; and if his Majesty had not insisted on this point with the stupid obstinacy which always distinguished him, poor man! I dare say he would have won her over. But by little and little, as Betty said, she was led on to go against her

conscience, and to take pleasure in what she felt all the time were sinful amusements, till at last she lost all peace and hope, and came to believe that there was nothing left her but a fearful judgment. She thought that she had never possessed any true love for God, and was altogether a reprobate.

“Well,” said my husband, when she paused. “What are you going to do about it?”

Betty looked at him in surprise. “What do you mean?” she asked. “What can I do about it?”

“Supposing you to have been the sinner you represent yourself, there are two courses open to you,” said my husband. “You may go on sinning against your heavenly Father, insulting his love and mercy, and defying him to the bitter end; or you may come to him in all humility and repentance, confessing your sins, and asking forgiveness through him who hath said, ‘He that cometh to me I will in no wise cast out,’ and then spending the rest of your life humbly in his service and to his glory. You have the choice of these two ways. Which will you do?”

Betty looked very doubtful. “But I never can go back and marry that man, even if he would have me, which I doubt.”

“So do I, seeing he hath already married some one else,” answered my husband. “I would not say you are bound to do so in any case, though I do think you ought to ask your mother’s for-

givenness for the pain you caused her by your pretended suicide. It was a wicked piece of deception, and I don't wonder your conscience is oppressed."

Betty colored. It is one thing to call yourself a lost sinner, and another to have particular sins brought home to you by somebody else. She began to excuse herself, but broke off, and at last owned frankly that it was very wrong.

"But I had not thought so much about that as about my life in London," said she, — "all those worldly compliances.

"You should have treated them as Meg did, — as so many crosses, — and then they would have done you no harm," said I. "They did not hurt Margaret. Or, if you thought them wrong, you could have told your mother so in gentle and respectful language."

"I know I did not do right in any thing, either in refusing or giving way," answered Betty; "but O Dolly, I was hard bestead, and I had no one to help me."

"Except God," added my husband. "That is a grave exception. But we will admit all that, Betty. You have been a great sinner, like all the rest of us, and your only hope is in the undeserved mercy of God. You can make no amends to him."

"That is the worst of it," said Betty.

"No, my maid, that is the best of it," replied Edward. "You can do nothing, and there is no

need that you should, since One hath done all for you."

And with that he went on to set before Betty the plan of our redemption, all its freeness and fulness, as he had once set it before me. But I think it was harder for Betty to take it in than it had been for me. One day we were sitting in the porch with our spinning, — for she was bent upon learning all sorts of country arts, and I had taught her to spin as Mrs. Williams had taught me. Betty was very sad and not inclined to talk, and I did not urge her. We were sitting thus, when old Alice Yeo came for her jug of milk. She was a good old body, who lived in a little cottage on the farm, and eked out a living by the help of the church dole and what little she could earn by spinning and knitting. She was lame, and seldom came so far as our house, generally sending by one of the schoolgirls, who were very kind to her.

"Why, Goody, this is a wonder!" said I, rising to help her up the step and give her a seat. "You don't often walk so far."

"No, mistress; but the fine day tempted me, and I thought I would like to see the place once more. Mussy, how the myrtle-trees have grown, to be sure! Great trees they be now; but I remember well when Mary Lee and I planted them, when she came here a bride, sixty years and more ago. Ay, and she planted yonder pinks, too, that very time.<sup>1</sup> A sweet and gracious maid she

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<sup>1</sup> I know of a bed of pinks which was planted a hundred and thirty years ago.



was, and a dutiful wife ; but she did not live long : she died with her first babe."

"Poor thing!" said Betty.

"Oh, you need not pity her, my lamb! She died happy, yes, rejoicing, and she saw the room full of angels. I was with her, and it was like a look into heaven. No, no, you needn't pity her. She went to her rest sixty years ago, and I have lived to bury husband and children and all. But you need not pity me, neither," she added, with the sweet, tremulous smile of gracious old age. "I will soon be at home ; and then it won't matter whether the way thither was long or short, rough or smooth: 'twill be home all the same. — Mistress, could you spare me ere a bit of honey now? My cough gets troublesome of nights again, and the honey and hyssop do seem to loosen it like."

I brought her the honey, and some other little matters I had laid aside for her, and sent Peggy home with her to carry her jug down the hill. When I came back to my seat, Betty was gazing abroad over the sea. She was silent a little, and then said abruptly, —

"Dolly, I would give sight and hearing and all I possess, to be as happy as that old woman."

"You have no need to give any of these things," I answered ; "you have only to give up self. Tell me honestly, Betty, is it not some cherished sin that keeps you back from peace? something you know you ought to do, and will not do?"

Betty withdrew her eyes from the sea, and fixed them on her spinning.

“You think I ought to write to my mother and beg her pardon,” said she, after a little silence.

“Yes,” I answered, “and so do you.”

Her color rose. “Oh, yes, of course!” said she. “You think I should say I am sorry I did not please her by marrying that man.”

I began to lose patience. “Betty, you know better,” said I. “Mr. Cheney is married already, so there is no question of that. You know that by your own showing you used very unbecoming and even cruel language to your mother. You ought to beg her pardon for that, and for the still more cruel deception you played upon her and your father, by making them believe you were drowned.”

“But my mother was wrong in trying to force me into a match with a man I disliked. Even you admit that, Dolly,” said Betty.

“Two wrongs do not make a right,” I answered. “Your business is not with what your mother did, but what you did; and I tell you plainly, that till you forgive your mother, and ask her to pardon you, you have no right to expect peace or even forgiveness. ‘If I regard iniquity in my heart, the Lord will not hear me.’ Pride and anger and the peace of this world cannot dwell together, much more the peace of God.”

I went away and left her to think of my words, nor did I encourage her to talk further about the

matter. Two or three days afterward she was in her room nearly all day. At night she brought me a letter, and asked me to read it.

“No, I would rather not,” said I. “Write such a letter as you think will be pleasing to your heavenly Father, and then it will be sure to be right.”

She thought a little, and then, taking up the letter, she tore it to pieces. I heard her moving several times in the night. In the morning she brought me another letter, sealed this time, and asked Edward to have it sent. He held her hand a moment as he took it, and looked into her face.

“It is all right now,” said he.

“I hope so,” she answered, smiling, though her eyes were moist; “but oh, it has been a hard fight, and I fear all is not yet won.”

“I dare say not,” my husband answered. “Such battles often have to be fought many times over, and Satan never attacks us with more vehemence than when we have just humbled ourselves to some fellow sinner.”

“I suppose that is true,” said Betty; “but in truth, cousin, I never tried it many times. I don’t know that I ever did unless I were forced to it.”

“I know. You and Meg were different in that,” said I. “She was always ready to ask pardon, even when she was the least to blame.”

“We were different in every respect, except for the love we bore each other,” said Betty, sighing.

“I know when we had a difference, and I had been far the most in fault, she would ask me to forgive her. But, cousin, will you send this letter for me?”

“That I will gladly,” he answered; and, it being market-day, he posted it that very morning. The answer was not long in coming. I watched Betty with some anxiety as she read it, and saw her color rise, and her eyes fill with tears. When she had finished, she handed it to me. My aunt said that, as Betty had asked for forgiveness, she must grant it, of course. She supposed Betty was weary of her rustication, and wished to come home, but that could not be at present. If she were tired of the country, she could go to her aunt Laneham at Bristol, who would no doubt receive her.

Betty had gone to her own room, leaving the letter with me. I handed it to Edward with an expression of indignation.

“It is a cruel letter,” said I; “and not like my aunt at all. She was formerly always ready to forgive, when any one made submission.”

“I can read between the lines,” answered Edward. “Your aunt’s conscience is uneasy. She knows she has been wrong herself, and she has not the courage to say as much, so she takes it out in this way. She will come to a better mind, after a while. I am glad Betty is here, and not at home.”

“She seems very contented,” said I. “How

handily she takes to every sort of work! It seems as though she had found her true vocation."

"Like somebody else I know," returned my husband. "What a farmer's dame had been lost to the world, Dolly, if you had married a great man!"

The summer wore on very quietly. We had a visit from my uncle, who staid with us two or three days, and seemed to enjoy his visit. My aunt wrote to Betty by him in a much more kindly strain, making no allusion to her fault, and sending her a pretty present. She said nothing, however, about Betty's coming home, nor did Sir Robert encourage it, for the present. Betty sent her mother a pair of fine hose of her own spinning and knitting, and received a kind note in reply; but still nothing was said about her going home.

But it soon became apparent that Betty was likely to have a home of her own, unless somebody interfered to prevent. Mr. Rowson had admired her very much from the first. After a while, they came to an understanding; and the next time Sir Robert came over, he made proposals for Betty's hand. He was very well to do. His living was a good one for those parts, and he had quite a nice little private fortune. His family was respectable; and, though there was a good deal of difference in their ages, it was on the right side.

I could see at once that Sir Robert was taken

with Mr. Rowson. He talked with Betty in private, and also with Edward and me, and assured Mr. Rowson that his good word should not be wanting to his suit.

“I fear her mother will not be pleased at Betty’s marrying a parson,” remarked my uncle to me at parting; “but I will do my best to persuade her, and the maid shall have her way. Methinks we have made enough of sacrifices to the world, which will never make any for us.”

“Nor for any one else,” remarked Edward. “The world is a bad paymaster.”

“I believe you are right, nephew,” said my uncle thoughtfully. “I shall always think that last season in London was the death of poor Meg. I would not say so to her mother, since she acted for the best; but I believe if the maid had staid quietly at home, she might have been alive now. Well, good-by, young folks, and God bless you! My wife pities your lot, but I must say you appear as well to do as anybody I know. I shall never forget your kindness to my poor daughter. And between ourselves, I would, for my own part, a hundred times rather see Betty wed to an honest fellow like Rowson, country parson though he be, than to Cheney, who hath got his peerage by declaring himself a Papist. I don’t know what the world is coming to, for my part. I have always stood by Church and king, but as things are going now — But there, I must not stay longer, or I shall be benighted on the moor.

—Keep up a good heart, Bess. It will all come right in time.”

Contrary to all our expectations, my aunt made no objections to the match, but gave her consent and blessing without delay. In fact, I think she was very glad that she had an opening for a reconciliation. She would have Betty married from home, and we must all go to the wedding. It was in the farmer's holiday, between haying and harvest, and we were not afraid to leave our matters in such good hands as those of Mrs. Williams and Andrew. My aunt received us with the greatest kindness; and no one would have guessed, from her manner, that Betty had not been away on an ordinary visit. Perhaps it was the best way on the whole.

Mr. Rowson had a cousin living in Exeter, the dowager Lady Peckham, who was well-jointured and much respected; though she went little into society, and was accounted a bit of a Puritan. I think this connection did something to reconcile my aunt to the match. Lady Peckham was at the wedding, as were also the bishop and his lady, and Mr. Studley's old friend Lady Clarenham: so it was quite a grand affair. I don't think all the parade was to Betty's taste; but her mother would have it so, and Betty gave way to her in every thing, as was but right. It must have been rather pleasing to her to hear the reprobation which was poured from every side on my Lord Viscount Cheney (I know it was to me), but she made no sign thereof.

Lord Cheney was in London, in great favor at court, where the king was going from bad to worse. His Majesty was at open feud with both the universities, and the clergy (even those who had been most active in preaching passive obedience to the worst of kings) took sides with their colleges. It makes so very much difference whether it is yourself or somebody else that is to be passively obedient. The king had an army encamped on Hounslow Heath, for the purpose, as was said, of overawing the city, which was not overawed at all, but only enraged. The Dissenters were openly courted, and some of them even appeared in court; but the leaders among them, like Mr. Baxter and Dr. Bates, stood aloof, and made no response to the king's advances. The Bishop of Exeter still clung to the hope that matters would be accommodated, but his clergy were open enough in their expressions of discontent; and the dean had declared plainly that the Prince of Orange, Calvinist as he was, would be better than the rule of the Jesuits, — which was what every one thought we were coming to.

It was like coming into a new world to me, who had lived so quietly for the past year and more. I must say I found it very amusing for a little; but I soon tired of the bustle and fuss, and was not a bit sorry to get back to my quiet home again. Betty was to make a little visit at home, and then to Mr. Rowson's old mother, who lived not far from Bath. We employed the time of her



absence in putting the parsonage in nice order, and disposing therein the furniture my uncle sent over. The house was a good one, though not large; but Mr. Rowson's housekeeping had been but slack, even for a bachelor, and such a looking place I never saw as Mrs. Williams and I found when we went over. By good luck, the old housekeeper went off in dudgeon at the news of her master's marriage: so we had the place to ourselves, and soon put it in nice order. Peggy's eldest sister had grown tired of living in a town, and had come home. She was a staid, capable body, and was glad to get a service near her mother, who was growing old: so we installed her in the kitchen, with a little maiden from the school under her; and, when Betty came home, she found every thing in readiness, even to the supper.

I think she has always been happy in her new life. She takes great interest in parish matters, and hath set up a good school which she superintends herself; though her two babes, which might almost as well be twins, give her plenty to do. Her mother has visited her more than once, and they are the best of friends. Betty has never told her what she told Edward and me, that Mr. Rowson refused the offer of being a minor canon at Exeter, which came to him shortly after his marriage.

"It would only vex her," said she, "and what is the use? I can tell you, Dolly, since I had that one to deal with," pointing to her elder child, who

is a little pickle, "I begin to understand what I owe to my mother. I think she mistook in many things ; but, as I call to mind her kindness and self-sacrifice and patience, I cannot too deeply repent my own perverseness."

"In not marrying Lord Cheney?" said I mischievously.

"You know better than that," she answered, laughing. "I would not change my poor parson for any lordling in the land, much less for him whom I always hated. But I might have refused in a different manner ; and I can see, in a hundred instances, how I set myself up against my mother merely for the sake of contradiction. Yes, indeed, Mrs. Peggy, there, has opened my eyes to a great many things I never should have seen but for her."

But I am spinning out my story so long that I fear none of my descendants will have the patience to read it. We lived at the farm for a year longer, prospering on the whole ; though we had to work hard for what we got, and had our ups and downs like other folks. We heard nothing from Dr. Kirton, except that his agent had raised all the rents and exacted them pitilessly. Dr. Kirton himself never came near the Hall, which was now quite shut up and deserted ; for Janey's husband had died, and she would not stay alone, and no one else could be found to brave the terrors of the ghosts, which, according to the old servants and tenants, made a parade-ground of the Hall. Janey

came to us and took up her abode with old Alice, who was altogether bedridden and needed someone to wait on her.

As I said, we lived on quietly, and heard only distant echoes of the storm which was muttering and gathering at home and abroad. When my husband rode to Biddeford market, he generally brought home the "Gazette," — which, however, told us little, being under such close censorship, — and two or three news-letters lent him by Master Gifford. From them we heard of the stirring events in London, of the Declaration of Indulgence, the arrest of the bishops and their acquittal, and the mad conduct of the king and his Jesuit advisers, which men said were by no mean approved by the Pope.

I had ridden to Biddeford with my husband, and was busy in Master Gifford's shop, selecting some household matters, and talking with our good old friend and his wife, when a foreign looking man, with the unmistakable gait of a sailor, came in and asked for Master Gifford.

"I am Master Gifford, at your service," said the merchant.

Now, a foreign sailor is no sight at all in Biddeford, and I turned away carelessly enough to speak to my husband who had just come in. At the sound of his voice, the stranger turned hastily around.

"Ned!" said he with a curious tremor in his voice; "surely this is Edward Studley."

“Edward Studley, at your service, sir,” said my husband; but in a moment his face changed, and he looked like one who saw a ghost.

“Don’t you know me, Ned?” said the stranger. “I should have known *you*, had I met you in Barbary.”

“If a man can rise from the dead, this is my uncle Philip,” exclaimed Edward, catching him by the hand. “Is it really you in substance of the body?”

“Even as you see,” said the sailor, with a mighty shake of the hand, which left no doubt of his corporeal substance. “It is Philip Bassett himself, escaped not from death, but from long captivity, well nigh as hopeless as death.”

It may be guessed what a welcome we gave to our uncle, whom every one had mourned as dead. There was not room for many words, for we had to be on our way home. Mr. Bassett looked surprised when we took the road to Applecombe.

“How is this?” said he. “This was not the road to Studley in my time.”

“Nor is it now,” answered Edward. “We are living at Applecombe.”

“At Applecombe,” repeated uncle Philip. “What, you have parted company with the old gentleman at last! Well, no one can blame you.”

“My father is dead,” said Edward briefly.

Mr. Bassett said no more, but began asking about different neighbors as we passed one house

and another on the road. It was not till we were seated by ourselves after supper, that he began again.

“But if your father is dead, Ned, how does it happen that you are living here? Why are you not on your own estate?”

“Because I have no estate,” answered Edward. My father disinherited me, and left all his property to his second wife and her brother. He gave me nothing but my black horse, and my mother’s old harpsichord.”

“Disinherited you!” exclaimed uncle Philip. “He could no more disinherit you than he could the king of England. The whole estate belonged to you by your grandfather’s will, though your father had the use of it for his life without reserve.”

Edward colored high. “How did it happen that I never knew that?” he asked.

“By the terms of the will the matter was to be kept secret till you were five and twenty,” answered Mr. Bassett. “I don’t know that your father was obliged to tell you even then, though that was certainly implied. I wonder old Mr. Winne, the lawyer in Exeter, did not advise you how matters stood.”

“The old gentleman died before my father, who took his business out of Mr. Winne’s hands some years before,” answered Edward; “naturally young Winne did not care to meddle in the matter unasked. But are you sure?”

“As sure as that I sit here,” replied Mr. Bassett. “My father was one of the witnesses to the will. Kirton hath no more right to the estate than my old master in Tripoli.”

“We must look into the matter,” said my husband. “To-morrow, if you are able, we will ride to Exeter and take council with Mr. Winne, who hath his father’s business, and is an honest man. But now tell us of your adventures. Were you really a slave in Tripoli?”

“That I was for five long years, and might be to this day, only that my master took me to sea with him. We were wrecked off Sardinia, and my poor master was drowned. He was a kind, charitable old man, and made my life as easy as might be. The ship was got off, but I slipped overboard in the confusion, and swam to the shore. There I abode for near a year longer, till I got a chance to ship for Marseilles, where I found an English vessel, and worked my way home, without a tester in my pocket, — not like the uncle in the story-book, who comes home with his pouch full of gold, you see, niece.”

“You have brought news which is better than gold,” I answered; “and if you had brought nothing but yourself you would be more than welcome.” My husband had left the room at some call from Andrew, and I took the chance to tell Mr. Bassett how Edward had gone to Turkey to look for him, having heard that he had been seen in Constantinople.

“Ay, that was like Ned,” said Mr. Bassett. “But why did his father cast him off at last?”

“Because he was bewitched, I think,” I answered, and told him the story.

“Ay, so,” he said thoughtfully. “As there is nothing so good as a good woman, so I believe there is nothing so bad as a wicked woman. But we shall soon set all to rights now. Kirton will not have a leg to stand on. I doubt if he shows any fight at all.”

The next day my husband and his uncle rode to Exeter, found Mr. Winne, and examined the will. It was so perfectly explicit that there was no room for mistake. The proper steps were taken; and, as Mr. Bassett had predicted, no opposition was made. Indeed, Dr. Kirton never made his appearance at all, but fled from Bristol, where he had contrived to victimize a good many people. Even his attorney at Biddeford lost money by him, or so he said; though people in general were of the opinion that he had feathered his own nest pretty well, and some did not scruple to say that he had known the truth all along.

It may be guessed with what feelings we repaired to Studley Hall to take possession of our rights. Great depredations had taken place by cutting of timber and the like, and both Edward and Mr. Bassett groaned over the loss of favorite trees. There had even been a threat at one time of pulling down the Hall, but it had not been carried out; and the old house stood safe and stately

in its grove of nut-trees. How strange it seemed to walk freely through the rooms and the garden, and feel that they were all our own! In turning out the room where poor Rebecca died, I discovered in a secret cupboard in the wall some valuable jewels and quite a sum of money. I had no mind to profit by the poor thing's riches, which might be, for aught I knew, the wages of iniquity; and, with my husband's approval, I gave them all to Mr. Rowson, to be laid out on the new school-house which was then a-building.

As misfortunes never come single, so good fortune sometimes hath its flood tides; and thus it was with us. The poor old Hall needed a deal of repairing to make it comfortable, or even habitable, but where was the money to come from? As may be guessed, Kirton had left no money behind him. We were considering the matter of ways and means, when I received a letter from London with surprising intelligence. Mr. Harpe, the attorney to whom my mother had intrusted her little all, was dead, and had left me by will seven hundred pounds, and a house at Hackney. I was never more surprised in my life. His nephew, who was also his heir and executor, wished me to come to London, and attend to the business which must be gone through. The young man wrote very politely, I must say, and enclosed funds to pay the expenses of the journey.

“How in the world came this man to leave



you such a little fortune?" asked Edward, when I gave him the letter. "What was he to you?"

"A thief and a robber," I answered. "Don't you remember my telling you the story of my poor mother's little property, which was put into his hands?"

"Well, he hath restored it two-fold, at least," said my husband.

"Small thanks to him for restoring what he could no longer keep," I answered. "My thanks are due to God and to this man's honest executor, but not at all to him, that I can see. What shall we do about it? It is not a very convenient time for you to leave home."

"And I suppose you will not go without me," said Edward; "not even with uncle Philip for escort."

"That I won't," I answered. "Don't flatter yourself that you are going to get off so easily as that. Uncle Philip may stay and see to the farm, and protect Mrs. Williams from the Irish, who so haunt her imagination."

There was great talk, about this time, of the Irish whom the king was bringing over to recruit his army, and stragglers from the new levies were straying about the country. Much more to be pitied than feared they were, for the most part, poor things! for they could speak hardly any English, and the people feared and hated them in equal proportion. A couple of them had

come as far out of the way as Applecoombe, and had asked for food humbly enough, poor fellows! and Edward, finding them willing to work, and apt to learn, had found them something to do about the farm. They had not shown the least evil disposition during the few days they had been with us. On the contrary, they had shown themselves very grateful for their rations of brown bread and buttermilk, and their beds of clean straw in a shed. But Mrs. Williams would not be persuaded that they were not the advance-guard of a band of marauders coming to murder us. Nor did she seem much consoled when Mr. Rowson, who loves to tease her, reminded her that if it were settled in the immutable decrees that she was to be murdered by wild Irishmen, the sending away of Dennis and Patrick O'Finnegan would do nothing to reverse it. However, they have staid with us to this day, and have never yet murdered any one, or done any harm, except by their blunders now and then.

Well, it was finally settled that we were to go to London by sea, from Exmouth, with a captain whom Edward knew, leaving uncle Philip and Andrew to garrison the farmhouse, and protect Mrs. Williams. We set out about the middle of September, visiting my uncle by the way, and receiving from my aunt a string of commissions for matters from the London shops. We had rather a stormy voyage, but finally arrived in safety about the first of October, and took lodgings near

my Lady Corbet's old house, with a widow lady with whom I had some acquaintance.

When we discovered what a scene of excitement and confusion we were come into, we almost wished ourselves at home again. It had now become an open secret that a number of peers, spiritual and temporal, had united in an invitation to the Prince of Orange, who was making great preparations for invading England. The king, who for a long time had treated with contempt the warnings of King Louis and his other friends on the Continent, had become suddenly awake to his danger, had dismissed some of his advisers, and ordered others to keep out of the way, and had thus late in the day brought forward proofs of the legitimacy of the poor little baby Prince of Wales, which nobody believed in any the more for all his pains. It was a little curious, by the way, that he who had taken so much pains to throw doubts on the legitimacy of his first wife's children should have so much trouble in proving the birth of this child. Every one, even those who have since been bitterly opposed to him, was praying for a favorable wind for the prince. The fruit and flower girls made their profit of the occasion; for oranges were bought at any price the venders chose to ask, and every man who could procure one had some kind of yellow flower in his hat or button-hole, while orange ribbons and orange plumes were flaunted in the park under the very nose of the king.

We found the younger Mr. Harpe to be a very sober young gentleman, disposed to do every thing in his power for those whom his uncle had wronged. The man had been worse than I had ever supposed ; for it turned out, upon examination, that Mrs. Price had actually left to my mother a house worth at least two hundred pounds, and the same amount in money ; so that, after all, Mr. Harpe had left me only my exact due. Mr. John Harpe insisted on paying interest for Mrs. Price's legacy, and, indeed, showed himself in every thing as honest and open-handed as his uncle had been the reverse. But there is always more or less delay in all legal proceedings ; and one week dragged on after another, and still we were kept in town. Oh, how I did hate the dirt and the smoke and the smells, and long for a breath of Devon air and a good drink of Devon milk !

I did not forget my aunt's commissions ; and, going out one day about some of them, I made my way to Mr. Jackson's shop, where I found Ursula behind the desk. She looked old and worn, and her fretful expression had grown upon her. She pretended not to recognize me at first ; and, when I made myself known to her, she affected great surprise at seeing me in town, and asked what had brought me. I told her I had come up with my husband to look after some property which had fallen to me.

“ Oh, so you are married, after all ! ” said she ;  
“ and who is the happy man ? ”

“Mr. Studley of Studley Hall in North Devon,” I told her.

“What! he who was my Lady Clarenham’s gentleman-usher? I wonder your aunt should have allowed you to make such a match as that. But I suppose after her own daughter went to the bad” — She saw something in my face, I suppose, and she checked herself with, “But perhaps, after all, it was not so bad as people said.”

“I don’t know what you mean, or what people say,” I answered warmly; “I know that my cousin is most respectably and happily married, and living in her own house, if you call that going to the bad. But you are just the same Ursula, I see, always with a wonderful tale to somebody’s disadvantage.”

“And you are the same Dolly, always flying out at nothing,” she retorted; and then, more gently, “But don’t let us quarrel when we have not met for so long. I only repeated what I had heard. I am sure I am glad it is not true. Come into my parlor, and sit awhile; it does me good to see an old friend.”

I did not want any words with her, and something about her made me feel sorry for her: so I followed her into a back parlor, behind the shop, with loop-holed doors by which she could keep an eye on the shopmen. Here she would have me sit down, and brought out some cake and wine. I asked after her father.

“My father is well, but very feeble, and hardly

ever comes near the shop," she answered. "My uncle and aunt Pendergast are staying with us at present. These are fine times for us Dissenters, Dolly. We are courted of both sides alike."

"So I hear," I answered; "but Mr. Jackson is not a Dissenter. How is he?"

"Well enough," she answered carelessly. "He is at the docks about some goods just come in, or I should not be sitting here in comfort. But I made my bed, and I must lie on it, I suppose. We poor slaves of wives must take what we can get, and be thankful."

"I am quite content to take what I get," I answered. "I have the best husband in the world."

"I am glad you think so," said Ursula more gently; "and indeed, Dolly, you do look as though things had gone well with you."

I asked her about my Lady Corbet.

"Oh, yes, poor thing, she is in town! You had better go and see her, Dolly: she often speaks of you."

"I certainly shall do so," I said. "But how is she prospering?"

"As well as a woman can who has married a gambler and drunkard, and sees her money melting away in his grasp. But that she hath property of which he can touch only the income, I believe she would have been in an almshouse before now. He never goes near her except when he wants to coax or bully a few guineas out of her. He would

have her give up her house ; but she clings to that, and there you will find her, like a mouse under a bushel. But here comes my amiable lord and master.”

In effect, we heard the next moment a sharp voice in the shop asking for Mrs. Jackson, and in the same breath scolding the shopman for allowing the sun to shine on a piece of camlet.

“But ’twould be all the same to you, or your mistress either, if it were cloth of gold or velvet of Genoa. Nothing goes right when my eye is turned away for a minute.”

He opened the door with a frown on his face, which he tried hard to turn into an amiable smile when Ursula presented me to him. He looked littler and meaner than ever. I could not but remember poor Mr. Andrews, whose honest love had been so slighted. Certainly he had had an escape.

As soon as I could I went to seek my old mistress. I found her living as Ursula had said, like a mouse under a bushel, in one corner of the old house, attended by a vinegar-faced waiting-woman, — a great contrast, certainly, to former days. The poor old lady looked older and more pinched than ever, with her false locks, and the youthful laced cap for which she had exchanged her widow’s veil. She gave me a warm welcome, and really seemed glad to hear of my well doing. By and by the waiting damsel left the room, and then she asked me if I knew any thing of Mrs. Williams. I told

her my old friend was living with me, and I hoped would always do so.

“Ay, she always loved you,” said my lady. “She did not like my marrying again, and I gave her warning for something she said; but I never meant her to go. However, she and Sir Philip Morley would never have agreed, so it is just as well. Sir Philip is like other young men; but we must make allowances, we must make allowances. He has a great many engagements, and cannot give me as much of his company as we could both wish; but he is kind to me, oh, yes, he is kind to me, whatever people may say!”

Somehow I liked the poor old body all the better for making the best of her bad bargain, instead of complaining of him as Ursula Jackson had done. She kept me a long time, asking all about my marriage, and really showing more interest in me than she had ever done before. I was about to take my leave, when she toddled to her cabinet, and, after some hunting, brought out a very pretty case of silver-gilt spoons, which I remembered as having adorned the table on great occasions. She gave them to me, saying she always meant I should have them some day, and they might do for a wedding present. They were small, but very heavy and prettily wrought, and I was admiring them, when I heard a man's step on the stairs, and my lady said rather hurriedly, —

“There, put the box in your pocket, child.”

I obeyed instinctively the old sharp tone of



command, as Sir Philip Morley entered. I knew him in a moment, though he was changed and grown stout. Could this be the man I had once fancied I loved, — this debauched looking ruffler? He greeted his wife carelessly enough, and then turned to me.

“And who have we here? As I live by bread, 'tis my old flame, pretty Mrs. Dolly!”

“Mrs. Studley, if you please, sir,” I answered, with a courtesy, and by no means relishing the freedom of his address.

“Oh, ho! we are married, and we stand on our dignity,” said Sir Philip with a laugh. “Well, 'tis a pretty dignity, and does not misbecome you. Mrs. Studley, since that is the style, I trust I see you well and happy?”

“Very well and very happy, thank you,” I answered.

“And how long have you worn the rosy chain of Hymen, may I ask?” said he with a sneering laugh. “For of course it is a rosy chain; we all know that, eh, Felicia?” turning a mocking glance on his poor wife, who seemed divided between joy and terror.

“I have been married about two years,” I answered concisely. I felt more and more disgusted with him every moment, as he went on paying me compliments, and seasoning them with ironical speeches to his wife. My husband had promised to call for me, and I never listened more eagerly for his knock than I did then. He came

at last, and I bade my poor old mistress farewell. I never saw her again. I did see Sir Philip once more, as I have good reason to remember.

For my part I was not at all sorry to have met him again, and that without a single feeling save of shame that I should ever have thought of loving him. I don't think, after all, that he was so very much changed: it was my eyes that were opened.

As we were walking home that afternoon (it was the 7th of November) we observed an unusual commotion in the streets. Men were gathered in knots, shaking hands and exchanging looks and words of congratulation, as on some most joyful event. My husband asked one man, — whose dark face, and hat pulled over his brow, showed that he, at least, took no share in the general joy, — what had happened.

“The Devil hath broke loose, — that is all,” answered the man, as he turned away. My husband asked another the same question.

“’Tis that the Lord hath sent deliverance to his people. Praised be his name that I have lived to see it!” replied the old man, whereupon the first cursed him for a traitor and an old Roundhead, and I believe would have struck him, had not Edward interposed. So differently was the coming of the Prince of Orange looked upon. But the number of those who mourned was as nothing to those who rejoiced. We hastened to our lodgings, for the mob were already giving signs

of turbulence. That night a chapel not far from us was sacked, the images and furniture thrown into the street and burned, and the priests obliged to fly for their lives.

But the tumult that night was nothing to what followed the flight of the king. The Prince of Orange fairly scared the poor king into running away, much as I have seen our big tom-cat drive a rival and intruder out of the garden by merely looking at him and growling. The queen and the poor little baby were sent away first, under the escort of a Frenchman named Lauzin; and then the king slipped off in the night. He did his best to leave anarchy behind him, by throwing away the great seal, and writing to Feversham to disband the army.<sup>1</sup> As soon as it became known that the king had fled, every thing was done that could be done to preserve order; but in vain. That night, the longest in the year as it happened, London was a scene of terrible confusion. All the Roman Catholic chapels and religious houses, of which many had sprung up during the last three years, were sacked and burned; and the inmates hardly escaped with their lives. The same fate befell the mansions of the Spanish ambassador and several other foreign ministers, and many private houses were burned and plundered. The mischief was mostly done by that army of human vermin which seems to infest all the chinks and cracks of

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<sup>1</sup> James denied afterward that he meant to disband the army, but his letter could hardly be construed to mean any thing else.

great cities, and in part by the apprentices, always ready for mischief. The next day, London looked as though it had been taken by storm. Our house, a very plain one in a quiet street, was not even threatened ; but Mr. Jackson's shop was plundered, and he himself beaten and abused, — it was said, by his own shopmen and apprentices, who certainly were not likely to love him. Lady Corbet's house was also assaulted ; and though the mob were diverted from it, by the attack upon Wild House, the poor old lady was so frightened that she never held up her head again, and died a few days afterward.

All day long the peers and the city government labored to restore order, and to avert the consequences of the outrages which had been committed. The Spanish ambassador, who had been the greatest sufferer, was lodged in the palace, and treated with all the observance due to the king himself. He was a sensible, good-tempered man, and accepted graciously the apologies made to him, as did the other ambassadors. By sunset, things had fallen into a good degree of order. The poor priests and nuns had been cared for, or had found shelter with their friends, the smouldering fires had been put out, and guards were stationed in dangerous places. We began to hope for a quiet night. Our landlady, Mrs. Jennings, who had kept close all day, ventured to go out and buy materials for a hot supper ; and I was anxiously awaiting the return of Mr. Studley, who had gone

to ask after poor Ursula and her husband. He came at last, and I ran down to the door to meet him. As I opened it, I saw his face wore the pale, resolved look I knew so well; and I became conscious of a distant tumult of screams and cries of alarm.

“What now!” I exclaimed.

“Nothing, I hope, but a false alarm,” answered my husband, quickly shutting and securing the door. “Help Mrs. Jennings to close all the shutters, Dolly. That is the very first thing.”

If I have any talent in the world, it is for doing as I am bid. I had the lower shutters closed and barred before the words were fairly out of Edward's mouth, and ran up-stairs to do the same. Poor Mrs. Jennings, coming up from the kitchen, with both hands full of hot beefsteak and oyster-sauce, could only stand and stare aghast.

The noise drew nearer and nearer, — such a noise as I hope never to hear again, of oaths and curses, mingled with the shrieks of women and children, and above all the cry of, “The Irish, the Irish! The Irish soldiers are coming to fire the city.”

“What does it mean?” I asked, having done all I could do.

“Nothing, I hope,” answered my husband. “There is a rumor that the disbanded army is on its way to sack and burn the city.”

“O Lord! and he calls that nothing,” exclaimed Mrs. Jennings, setting down her dishes for the convenience of wringing her hands.

“ O Lord ! oh, gracious ! ” chorused her hand-maiden. “ Oh, we shall all be murdered and ravished and burned alive ! ” and with that she began to scream.

“ Hold your tongue, Mary Anne, ” said her mistress sharply. “ How dare you make such a noise here ! and see how you are drizzling that gravy all over the floor. Go and bring up the pudding and the mince-pies before I cuff your ears. ”

Scared as I was, I could hardly help laughing at Mrs. Jennings’s sudden change of tone ; but I felt sorry for the poor maid.

“ Don’t make a noise, but keep perfectly quiet : that is the best way to avoid notice, ” said I. “ You see, Mr. Studley thinks it may be a false alarm. — How did the news come, Edward ? ”

“ Nobody seems to know, ” answered my husband. “ To say truth, I do not believe there is much cause for fear. I met Lady Clarenham’s nephew, Mr. Strangeways, who is in the Life Guards just now. He says he believes the poor Irish are too thoroughly cowed and bewildered to attempt any great mischief, even if they wished it, which is not at all certain. At all events we can do nothing but keep quiet and wait the event, commending ourselves to Divine protection. ”

“ And that is true ; and at any rate we need not leave the nice supper to be eaten by the wild Irish, ” said Mrs. Jennings, who I believe worships the goddess of cookery, and is indeed a worthy priestess of that divinity. “ Mary Anne, you have

not put the mustard on the table ; and where are the pickled walnuts ? ”

Mary Anne muttered that one could not be thinking about such things at such a time. She believed her mistress would do so if it were the day of judgment that was coming instead of the Irish.

“ To be sure I should, if mustard and walnuts were in the line of my duty,” answered Mrs. Jennings sharply. “ Come, now, bestir yourself.”

We tried to do justice to the nice things prepared for us ; but nobody could have much appetite with those dreadful sounds ringing in our ears, —cries and screams, and rushing to and fro of excited crowds, now a temporary lull and now another frightful alarm, “ They are coming ; the wild Irish are coming.” Edward called us all to prayers, and then we women lay down in our clothes. Poor Mary Anne was so frightened at the notion of going up to her attic that I made her sit down in the great chair in my room, where she was asleep and snoring in two minutes.

The longest night must have an end, and so did this. When morning came, people bethought themselves to find out what they were scared at ; and then it turned out, as Edward had surmised, that the whole was a false alarm. Nay, there had not been a particle of foundation for it ; no Irishman had attempted any outrage, or done worse than ask for food at a farmhouse door. The report had first been spread in the suburbs

by some men dressed like country wagoners. It might have passed for a silly practical joke, if the same alarm had not been given in other places, widely distant from each other. The whole matter was evidently a conspiracy, but to what end, or by whom planned, remains a mystery.<sup>1</sup>

All this confusion and anarchy was no help to our business ; and I began to think we should drag out the whole winter in London, and spend all our money before we received it. We staid on till after the capture and second escape of King James (though I don't know why I should call it an escape, since all that any one wanted of him was to run away as fast as he could), and the entry of the Prince of Orange into London. Finally, after the Christmas holidays, and when matters were becoming a little settled, we saw the end of our business. The money, which, with the sale of the house Mrs. Price had left me, came to more than nine hundred pounds, was sent to our lawyer, Mr. Winne, in bills, as we meant to go home by coach, and did not care to have so much about us. I had executed all my aunt's commissions, and had made a farewell visit to Mr. and Mrs. Pendergast, and to poor Ursula Jackson, the last of my old acquaintances, whose husband was still in bed from the effects of the beating he had received on the night of the riot. Ursula declared he was more scared than hurt, and I dare say she was right.

We were to travel by the fast coach, which

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<sup>1</sup> So it does to this day.



makes the journey in three days. It seemed a very short time to me, who had been a week going over the same ground in my uncle's coach. The roads were good; and we had pleasant travelling companions in the persons of a dignified clergyman whom I had met at Bishop Lampleugh's, in Exeter, and a brother of my Lady Peckham's, Lord Carewe, who had been out of the country ever since Monmouth's rebellion, and was now going down to visit his sister. He hath since married Mrs. Winifred Evans, a very nice, pretty young lady whom Lady Peckham brought up, and who saved his life in quite a romantic way when he was lying out in the fields, after the woeful battle of Sedgemoor. The roads were good for the time of year, as there had been a hard frost of several days' duration; and we had abundance of wraps: so we were not uncomfortable. There was something exhilarating, too, in such rapid travelling; for in many places we went at the rate of seven or eight miles an hour.

But we were not to get off without an adventure. There had been talk of highwaymen at the inn where we staid the first night. We were travelling somewhat slowly over a desolate heath, when the driver suddenly pulled up, and a voice at the window demanded our money and valuables. My husband and Lord Carewe exchanged glances.

"We will do you no harm if you will give up the money we know you have about you," said

the masked horseman. "It is in vain to deny, Mr. Studley ; we know that you carried away near a thousand pounds from London."

"You are mistaken," said Edward quietly. "I sent the money by sea to a merchant in Bristol a week ago."

The highwayman uttered a curse, and then demanded our watches. Dr. Bristow pulled out his, and the robber reached out his hand to receive it. In a moment Edward had him by the throat, while Lord Carewe held a pistol to his ear. His horse started from under him, and he was left hanging from the coach-door in a very uncomfortable and undignified fashion. His companion, seeing how things were going, clapped spurs to his horse, and was out of sight in a minute.

"You can't shoot," gurgled the half-choked robber. "Your pistols are stuffed."

"That is your mistake," answered Edward, in the tone of polite dignity which he always uses when offended. "They were stuffed, I grant you ; but the stuffing was drawn this morning, as you shall see if you offer to stir. — Doctor, will you have the kindness to tie this gentleman's hands? My wife will lend you her scarf for the purpose."

"I have what will serve even better," answered Dr. Bristow calmly, as he took from his pocket a new silk stole. "It hath never been used in the church, or I should have scruples as to putting it to so base a service," he continued, as he secured the hands of the robber, now gasping for breath

under Edward's bulldog grasp of his throat. The guard at the same time tying the man's legs, he was helplessly at our mercy.

"Let us take a look at your face, my friend," said Edward, as he took the mask from the robber's countenance. I shall never forget the look of agony he bent upon me as I recognized Philip Morley. I spoke his name aloud before I thought.

"For Heaven's sake, let me go," pleaded the poor craven wretch. "Let me go, and I will never molest any one again. — O Mrs. Studley, plead for me!"

The men were obdurate at first; but Dr. Bristow and I finally prevailed with them to leave him, bound as he was, by the side of the road. We had passed a carrier's wagon about an hour before, so we knew he would be found and released before night-fall. A stout strap was substituted for the desecrated stole, which the doctor remarked would make his good sister an apron; and we left him sitting by the roadside, a pitiable object indeed. He was rescued, as we had foreseen, and told some cock-and-bull story to account for his plight. He left the country at once, and I believe has never returned.

We had no further adventures, and reached home in safety, to find all well, and Mrs. Williams quite reconciled to poor Dennis and Patrick. As the season was advanced, and so much was to be done at the Hall, we remained at Applecombe till May, when, having let the farm to advantage, we

removed to this house, where we have now lived for two or three months.

I must confess that at first I woefully missed the farm and its interests. But I soon found enough to do, and my baby's coming after so long a time filled up my cup of happiness to the brim. My good aunt is finally satisfied with my position, and takes great credit to herself for establishing me so well. I am quite willing she should do so, since it pleases her ; but I can't help thinking how it would have been if she had been determined to marry me to Mr. Cheney instead of Mr. Studley. In my state of mind at that time I should probably have been as passive as I was in marrying Mr. Studley. Now Mr. Cheney — my lord, I should say — has fled the country, and people say has joined King James in Ireland. All his great wealth has vanished into thin air ; and he hath left nothing behind him but an immense amount of unpaid bills in Exeter, and various gambling debts. His poor wife has returned to her widowed mother, who tells a pitiful story of her wrongs. Sir Robert let out the whole story the last time he and my aunt were here, and I thought it was a good deal to Betty Rowson's credit that not a look or word escaped her to say, "I told you so."

One thing I know. No considerations of worldly advantage shall ever make me force my Barbara into a match against her will. The baby is named Barbara, after my husband's mother, and my dear Bab Andrews, from whom I hear two or three

times a year. She is well, and seems to be happy in the life she has chosen. Her aunt is dead, and has left her quite rich; and she hath removed to a place called Newcastle, not far from Mr. Penn's new town, which he calls Philadelphia. Uncle Philip visited the place last year, and says it is really quite a nice village. Barbara sent me a little painting of her house, which is neat and pretty. She has a school for girls, which gives her pleasant employment. I fancy Uncle Philip would not be sorry to go into partnership with her, but I doubt Bab will never marry. However, he is going thither again next year, he having taken command of a fine ship belonging to Master Birch, in Bristol: so there is no telling what may happen.

Mrs. Williams is well and happy, and I hope may be spared to us for many years. She surprised us all by going to church when baby was christened, and has been to hear Mr. Rowson preach once or twice since. She hath her crotchets, no doubt, but I am sure a better Christian never lived in the world than Mrs. Mehetabel Williams.

Lord Chesterton was married last year to no less a person than my old school friend and pet, Mrs. Patty, Lady Clarenham's grand-niece. She has grown up a very pretty, sweet young lady, and will make him a nice wife. He lives at home on his own estates, sees to his tenants, and is a very sober, religious gentleman, certainly a great contrast to what he was when I knew him first.

Mr. Baxter is still living, and in much easier circumstances; many of the oppressive restrictions which were laid on the Dissenters during the last two reigns having been taken off, though there is still plenty of room for improvement in their condition. Mr. and Mrs. Pendergast have gone to America, and are settled in the same town as Bab Andrews. My Lady Corbet left them quite a sum of money in her will, with which they bought land: so they are well to do. I am glad, for I always liked them. Ursula Jackson is a widow, but carries on her husband's business.

And now I come to the end of the third of these books, which I began under such different circumstances. Looking back over the way I have come, I can but thank the Guiding Hand which has led me by such unknown and untried ways to this haven of rest and peace. I thank God that he *has* led me, often sorely against my will, instead of leaving me to follow out the paths I chose for myself. Verily, "He leadeth the blind by a way they know not."



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